Dec. 2, 1972

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anna K.—Eugenie Leontovich, an enchantress if ever there was one, here directs and participates in a free-form studio production of "Anna Karenina." It doesn't quite work, but much of it is charming. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-1980. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Beggar's Opera—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Berlin to Broadway with Kurt Weill—This chronological arrangement of Weill's glorious songs, as sung and semi-performed by two young men and two young women, is a bit tame for the writings of the Master, but it has its exciting moments all the same. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Blue Boys—A play by Allan Knee. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 29. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Die Brücke—A two-week engagement of two plays in German. **DER FRIEDEN**, an adaptation by Peter Hacks of a Greek comedy by Aristophanes: Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 29-Dec. 1, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 2, at 2 and 7:30; and Sunday, Dec. 3, at 2. . . . ¶ Georg Buechner's **WOYZECK**: Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 5-8, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2 and 7:30; and Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. For tickets, call CI 5-1800.)

Butley—Alan Bates, continuously onstage and in continuous eruption, as a miserable teacher at the University of London bent on making everyone around him feel as unhappy as he does. The author, Simon Gray, has found the means of making Butley sympathetic; he has also given him wonderfully funny lines to utter. An excellent comedy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Anton Chekhov's Garden Party—An entertainment taken by Elihu Winer from the works of Chekhov. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10.)

The Contrast—A musical version of an eighteenth-century comedy by Royall Tyler, adapted by Anthony Stimac, with music by Don Pippin and lyrics by Steve Brown. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Creation of the World and Other Business—A play by Arthur Miller, with Zoe Caldwell, George Grizzard, Bob Dishy, Stephen Elliott, and Barry Primus. Gerald Freedman directed. Previews Wednesday, Nov. 29. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 30. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Doctor Selavy's Magic Theatre—A very entertaining, wild, and way-out musical set in a madhouse. The show was conceived, directed, and designed by Richard Foreman. Stanley Silverman wrote the music, and Tom Hendry wrote the lyrics. The performances by all hands are highly satisfactory. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

F.O.B.—Jeff Weiss (the author of this unspeakable comedy) and William Finley are the entire cast. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

Green Julia—A two-character play by Paul Ableman, imported from London. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Kid—A play by Robert Coover. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30, and Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 2.)

The Mother of Us All—The Gertrude Stein-Virgil Thomson musical. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Theatre, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 369-1577. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mourning Becomes Electra—An almost flawless revival of the grave and beautiful O'Neill play. With Colleen Dewhurst and Pamela Payton-Wright. (Circle in the Square-Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Much Ado About Nothing—In which to be young and in love is very Heaven, if not necessarily very Shakespeare. With Kathleen Widdoes, Sam Waterston, and a merry company. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Bar-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Mr. Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pippin—A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Rebbitzen from Israel—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Maxim Gorky's play **ENEMIES**, in an English version by Jeremy Brooks and Kitty Hunter-Blair, directed by Ellis Rabb. The first in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 16.)... ¶ At the Forum, in the same building: A Beckett festival, running through Sunday, Dec. 17, and starring Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn. **HAPPY DAYS / ACT WITHOUT WORDS I**: Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 2; Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 2-3, at 2; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 5-6, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 8-9, at 8.... **NOT I / KRAPP'S LAST TAPE**: Wednesday, Nov. 29, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 1-2, at 8; Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 2; Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2.

The Secret Affairs of Mildred Wild—Maureen Stapleton busily stitching away on what she hopes will become a silk purse, but it doesn't. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

6 Rms Riv Vu—Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander meet, flirt, make love, and part, all in the course of some twenty-four hours in a vacant apartment on Riverside Drive. Bob Randall wrote the play, such as it is. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sugar—A musical-comedy adaptation of the celebrated movie "Some Like It Hot," with Robert Morse, Tony Roberts, and Cyril Ritchard. The movie is better. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect, and so is Santo Loquasto's setting. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Via Galactica—A musical with a score by Galt MacDermot, lyrics by Christopher Gore, a book by Mr. Gore and Judith Ross, and a cast headed by Raul Julia, Keene Curtis, and Virginia Vestoff. Peter Hall is the director. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Wedding Band—The setting for this love story by Alice Childress is the black section of a city in South Carolina in 1918, and the middle-aged lovers are a black seamstress and a white baker. The first act is fine; after that, for one reason or another, things fall slightly apart, but Ruby Dee and James Broderick, in the leading roles, and the actors who support them are so good that they save the evening. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

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Wilde!—A play by Frederick Gaines, with Albert Stratton as Oscar Wilde. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-3930. Monday, Dec. 4, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 2.)

Yoshe Kalb—David Opatoshu and Jacob Ben-Ami in a Yiddish musical (with an English narration) adapted by David Licht from I. J. Singer's novel. The music is by Maurice Rauch. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Thursday, Dec. 7, at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS**: 5,238 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR**: The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE**: A revival of that immortal work of the twenties. With Martha Raye, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST**: Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE**: Neil Simon writes very funny lines, and they are being delivered by Hector Elizondo and Phyllis Newman in the leading roles. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION**: An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH**: Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA**: Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Serenade," "Orpheus," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Violin Concerto," and "Pulcinella."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 1, at 8: "The Concert," "Agon," and "Pulcinella."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 2: "Irish Fantasy," "Four Temperaments," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Duo Concertant," and "Firebird."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 3, at 1: "Firebird," "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," and "Pulcinella."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 3, at 7: "Scènes de Ballet," "Duo Concertant," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Firebird."... **THE NUTCRACKER**: Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8; Friday, Dec. 8, at 4 and 8; and Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2 and 8. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée, Nov. 29: "Choros," "Metallics," "The Lark Ascending," "Nubian Lady," and "Revelations."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 29: "Toccata," "Icarus," "Cry," "Masekela Langage," and "Kinetic Molpai."... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 30: "Choros," "Nubian Lady," "Icarus," "According to Eve," and "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder."... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 1: "The Lark Ascending," "Love Songs," "Masekela Langage," and "Mary Lou's Mass."... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 2: "The Lark Ascending," "Cry," "According to Eve," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 3: "Choros," "Journey," "Myth," "Kinetic Molpai," and "Mary Lou's Mass."... ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 3: "According to Eve," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," "Love Songs," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

Batsheva Dance Company of Israel—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 17—Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 7: "Song of My People," "Errand Into the Maze," and "In the Playground of the Zodiac."... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 7, at 2; and Friday, Dec. 8, at 7:30: "In the Playground of the Zodiac," "Three Out of Me," and "Lyric Episodes."... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 7, at 7:30: "In the Playground of the Zodiac," "Errand Into the Maze," and "Moon: Full."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2: "Diversion of Angels," "Errand Into the Maze," "In the Playground of the Zodiac."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 7:30: "In the Playground of the Zodiac," "After Eden," and "Strophe-Antistrophe." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Wednesday, Nov. 29, and Friday, Dec. 1, at 8, and Thursday, Nov. 30, at 1 and 8: "Insects and Heroes," "Big Bertha," "Private Domain," and "Guests of May."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 3, at 2 and 7:30: "Aureole," "So Long Eden," "Scudorama," and "Book of Beasts." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Darpana Dance Company of India—A troupe of thirty dancers and musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 7:30; Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8; Thursday, Dec. 7, at 1 and 8; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 8-9, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2 and 7:30.)

MISCELLANY

Moscow Circus—Russia's celebrated one-ring circus, with Popov the clown, cycling bears, Cossack riders, strongmen, jugglers, aerialists, and acrobats. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and also Friday, Dec. 8, at 2,

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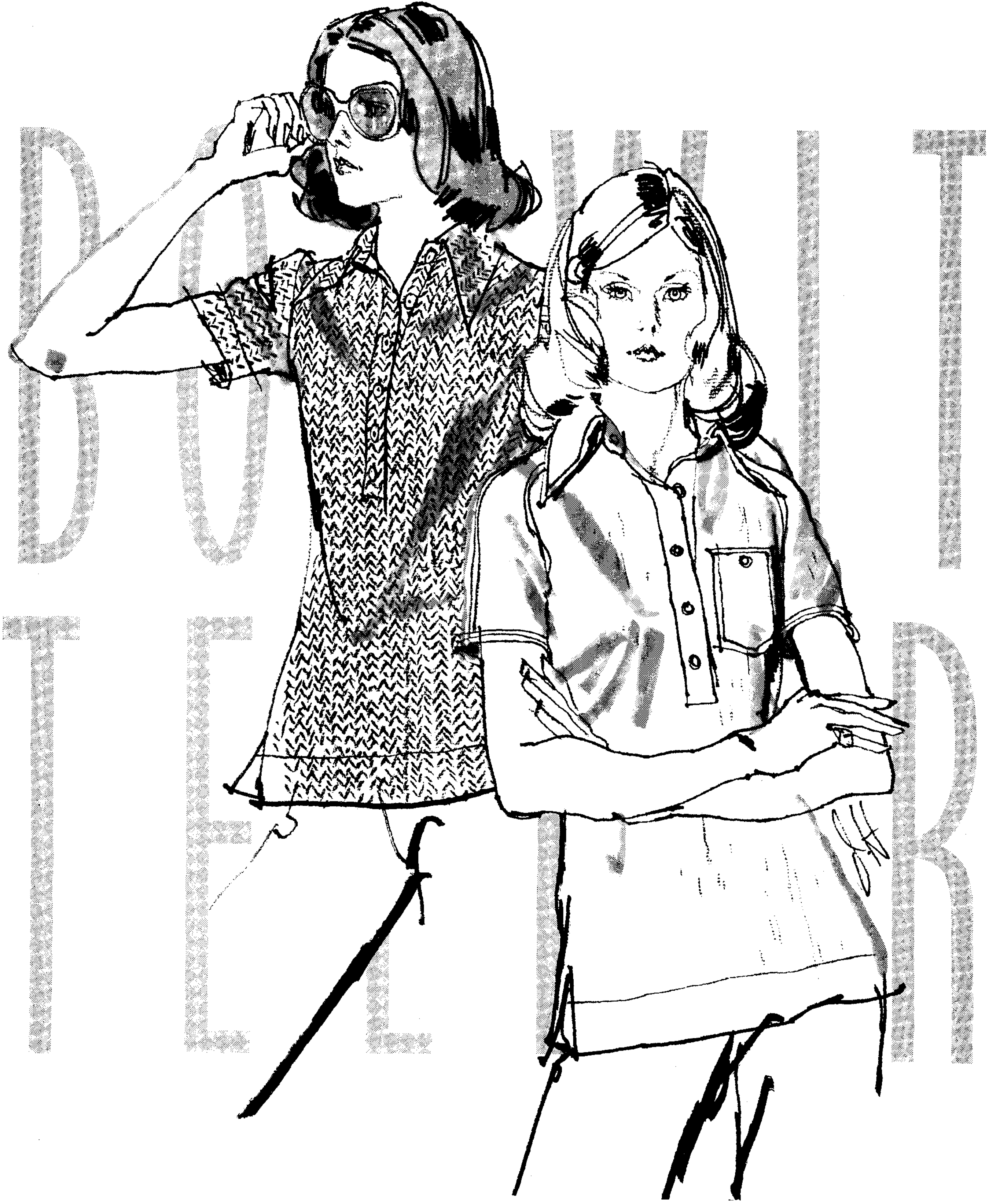

and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Monday, Jan. 1.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine and twelve-thirty, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Sweet Georgia Brown" and similar selections. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen to one, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up *autres temps, autres mœurs.* Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Singer Shawn Phillips, who is given to writing lines like "Lightning slaying shadows in the tremors of the night," starts a gig on Wednesday, Dec. 6. Tuesdays are devoted to visiting performers. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. Pianist Junior Mance will be in charge of a trio through Sunday, Dec. 3. Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 5-6, pianist Cedar Walton will lead a threesome. Singer Barry Miles will come in with a backup group on Thursday, Dec. 7. Mondays are for soul music. Entertainment nightly from nine to two (Mondays from eight).

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Guitarist Jimmy Raney and bassist Mike Moore are the current performers. Nine-thirty to two-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In this seat of the mighty, the songs of Bobby Short lead rewardingly down one well-appointed primrose path after another. Following in his merry footsteps are his two great sidemen—Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Ray Bryant will be at the Steinway, turning out some red-blooded jazz in collaboration with bassist Wilbur Little, through Thursday, Dec. 7. Teddy Wilson returns the next evening. On Sundays, Dick Hyman fills in at the keyboard. Eight until one. Dining in pleasant surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of singers and instrumentalists—not necessarily folk—entertain. Buzzy Linhart will be singing about some of life's travails through Saturday, Dec. 2. Singer-guitarist David Bromberg will come in on Tuesday, Dec. 5. Sounds from nine every night except Sunday and Monday.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—The shadows still reign, but dancing has been added in this Village coffeehouse. Wednesdays, a twenty-nine-piece band called Brownie's Revenge takes the stand. On other nights, smaller bands perform.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the fully guaranteed jazz piano of Ellis Larkins, who performs with bassist Al Hall Mondays through Saturday from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Dec. 3, from four until closing, Larkins and other musicians will jam. Mondays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to eight, singer-pianist Tad Bruce does some subdued and tasteful tunes. Snacks.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to th six-stringed instrument. Carl Thompson will play with a bassist through Saturday, Dec. 2. They will share the platform with a jazz-and-classics guitarist named David Qualey. Guitarist Jim Hall and bassist Ron Carter—who are peerless—will arrive on Tuesday, Dec. 5. Shows Tuesday through Saturday at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. A Deep South kitchen, albeit a limited one.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—A renascence of jazz in midtown? Since this club moved to its new, shiny home a few weeks ago, a lot of people seem to think so. Another favorable omen: the club is presenting two jazz combos each night. Through Saturday, Dec. 2, Woody Herman will present his latest Herd, which still does a lot of the old things. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma, two skilled guitarists, will trade sets with the band. Beginning Monday, Dec. 4, vocalist Joe Williams and the John Bunch trio will alternate with a quintet headed by saxophonist Charles McPherson. Music from nine to four every night but Sunday, when the Duke Pearson seventeen-piece band plays from six to midnight. Light Italian dishes.

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Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Lance Hayward gets some impressive sounds out of the piano every night but Tuesday, when Jimmy Young takes his place. Fridays and Saturdays, bassist Lyn Christie participates. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Roy Eldridge. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—If there's a nautical motif, it pretty well gets lost in the shuffle. Singer Daniel Keefe will appear through Sunday, Dec. 3. Shows beginning at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are turned over to an assortment of aspiring entertainers. Snacks.

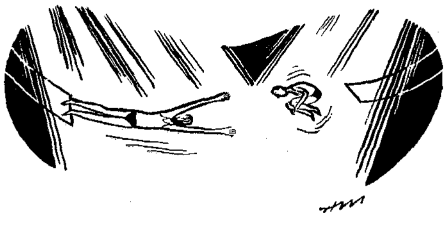
Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas City woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings. Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, two vital country-blues men, will be here through Monday, Dec. 4, sharing the stage with singer-guitarist Roy Bookbinder. The Hoodoo Rhythm Devils, a bunch of very basic boys, open Wednesday, Dec. 6. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the Blue Room Cabaret, on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing between nine and one each night.... ¶ In the Oscar Wilde Room (a misnomer if there ever was one), on the same floor, there is dancing to highly amplified rock groups beginning at ten nightly.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Wood panelling and a portrait of Henry VIII. Also a complete menu and some satisfying sounds. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one, Barbara Carroll brings her practiced hands to the pianoforte. Mondays, from nine until midnight, clarinettist Woody Allen takes time out from his other interests to lead a septet in some traditional New Orleans jazz. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Patti Wicks plays a full-bodied jazz piano, accompanied by bassist Perry Lind, in this relaxed club. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Onliest Place, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Formerly the Half Note (which recently moved to midtown) and now under new management, this little club is located two miles west of Nowhere, but it offers jazz of a fairly high calibre. Drummer Jo Jones and guitarist Skeeter Best will lead a quartet through Sunday, Dec. 3. Reed man Jimmy Giuffre will bring in a trio on Tuesday, Dec. 5. Closed Mondays.



Rafiki, 181 Bleecker St. (473-8220)—Warm surroundings and friendly people (appropriately enough, since "*rafiki*" means "friend" in Swahili). Also, a wide-ranging soul-food menu and some swinging jazz by bassist Raphael Grinage and pianist Cecil Young. They play Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight until two.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, ombudswoman to all who have ever played at love, is singing—with both rue and wry humor—for them and for the rest of us from nine every night but Sunday and Monday. She is assisted by the piano of Jimmy Lyon.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small and attractive bar (dig the ceiling lights) in which some good musicians have to cope with a less than ideal pianoforte. Keyboard man Frank Bell will direct a trio Friday and Saturday, Dec. 1-2. Music Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty. Snacks.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Pianist Ahmad Jamal, who gets a lot of notes into each number, is conducting his trio six nights a week. A talented pianist named Bill Rubenstein starts the evening at nine-thirty and fills in between sets—except on Wednesdays, when harpist Daphne Hellman brings in her Bach-to-Bacharach trio. Mondays are problematical, with new talent showing up. Limited dining.... ¶ Downstairs: On Monday, Dec. 4, from eight until one, Jazz Interactions will present a band that is heavy on the saxes, its personnel including George Coleman, Clifford Jordan, Eddie Daniels, Joe Farrell, and others.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A basement *boîte* where history is sometimes made. Through Sunday, Dec. 3, flutist and reed man Yusef Lateef will lead his quartet. McCoy Tyner, a pianist who used to work with the late John Coltrane, brings in a quartet on Tuesday, Dec. 5. On Mondays, the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band has the stage to itself. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday and by Joanne Brackeen and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday. Eight until two.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Nilotic and pleasantly sybaritic, but given to live entertainment of a sort that brings forth visions of some over-merchandised American pie. Three times nightly, there is a spangly floor show. Between sets—and earlier, beginning at five—people dance to discs. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between floors I and II. Dancing to tapes all afternoon and all evening, ending around three. A fairly complete menu.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Sandy Baron does the narration here; the song is the work of Henrietta Valor. Beginning Monday, Dec. 4, Peter Lemongello will supply the vocals. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Closed Sundays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU

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2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a new portmanteau revue, is on view at nine and eleven every night but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian Brauerei, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from seven to one. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—At dinner and supper, the **ROYAL BOX** is presenting a musical revue called "Catch a Rising Star," with a cast of twenty young performers. Dancing to the Charles Peterson orchestra and the Peppi Morreale trio. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Muchachos de San Juan bound onstage to sing and dance for both dinner and supper; they are counterbalanced by Puerto Rican singer Yolandita Monge. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **FLAMENCO ROOM,** a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (well along in the evening) outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Front and center is Frankie Avalon, whose arias have a certain effect upon the dream life of the very young, and comic Lou Cary. On Thursday, Dec. 7, comedian George Kirby and Australian singer Wilma Reading will replace them. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can still evoke the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas surroundings. The music begins at ten. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT,** where every prospect pleases, the dance music during the dinner hours issues from Mark Monte's orchestra, while the supper hours are devoted to a London-style discothèque. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The **CAFÉ** has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's dance crew calling the tunes through Saturday, Dec. 2, and Phil Wayne's threesome Sunday through Saturday, Dec. 3-9.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—This year, the **PERSIAN ROOM** is serving as a showcase for new musical groups. The Troubadours of Spain are on deck. The schedule is Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Sig and Gary, a brace of strolling musicians, disport themselves in the **GREEN TULIP** from five to ten. Discothèque dancing from ten until one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violin-and-piano music susurrates from four-thirty to six-thirty every day, and from eight until midnight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine until one Fridays and Saturdays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Frank Sinatra, Jr., sings twice a night in the best of all possible hill stations. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Lana Cantrell puts on (during dinner and supper in the **MAISONETTE**) the big, blossomy act to be expected of a clarion soprano. The orchestra of Burt Farber and the trio of Anthony Terini are the tireless dance musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE,** the across-the-way peace haven, simmers ever so quietly to the violin of Jani Sarkozi during dinner and supper every night but Monday. The menu is Russian.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Dinner and supper in the **EMPIRE ROOM** are devoted to Leslie Uggams, a pleasure to the eyes and a pleasure to the ears. Dance music by the Charles Turecamo orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Leisurely evenings, during which Bill Halsey's high-level pianistics can soothe or scintillate, depending on the jazz, blues, or show tunes he is embellishing. With Leonard Gaskin on bass, he plays Mondays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. There's piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from cocktails until whenever. (After nine-thirty, it's by Charlie La Torella.) . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a foursome that cannot be long out of Athens. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The visitor who arrives unaware soon discovers that the restaurant is really a *schola cantorum*, operatic division, for every man jack of the staff. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner and supper hours and chirrups the Bal Tabarin song she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **PAUL REVERE'S TAVERN,** in the Lexington Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 1-1776): A Colonial-American room in which both the music and the food are Hibernian. Arnold Elder and Brandon Sheridan sing ballads on Mondays as well as Wednesdays through Saturdays. Tuesdays through Thursdays, Paddy Noonan and Martin Flinn join in. Music Mondays through Thursdays from seven to midnight and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to one.

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SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song by Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): On a lower deck of Iperbole, and one that is distinctly not steerage, the Three Romans, a dance triad, inhabits a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Beau Bergersen plays piano Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five to nine and ten to one. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Candlelight and memorable melodies, and piano being manned by Marty Berns from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are assigned to a devout contemplation of (1) what's good to eat (French, often) and (2) what's good to listen to (the piano of Gene Bradley from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty). Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A hospice at the top of the stairs that leads from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano) Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. A lot more fun than F.B.I. in the Library. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Those-were-the-days and all that, relived (and not vicariously, either) by a brace of pianists (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays; Murray Grand all the rest of the time) who were on hand when night life ended with the dawn patrol. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Four-thirty to ten-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of table-hopping by both guests and a set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a townhouse can possibly be, and as formal. George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, gives his piano (and occasional lyrics) the flavor that has always been a secret ingredient of Vienna. No sound on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A brace of Lester Lanin's boys go plink-plink on the Barclay Terrace during the cocktail session, in the King's Inn from seven to nine, and in the Gold Room from nine to eleven. Monday through Friday is the extent of this pleasant idea. . . . **LAIR,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): A medieval resting place in which Larry Oleno charms the figures out of their niches Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until midnight. Calm voice, confident piano. . . . **NIRVANA,** penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): The view alone approximates Nirvana, but there is more: the sitar of Arooj Lazewal, the drums and tabla of Badal Roy, and Bangladesh cuisine. Music every night but Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Otmar Alt—Figure paintings in jigsaw arrangements by a German artist; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Shusaku Arakawa—Large canvases that incorporate words; through Dec. 30. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Edward Avedisian—Expressionist paintings on wood that emphasize texture; starting Saturday, Dec. 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

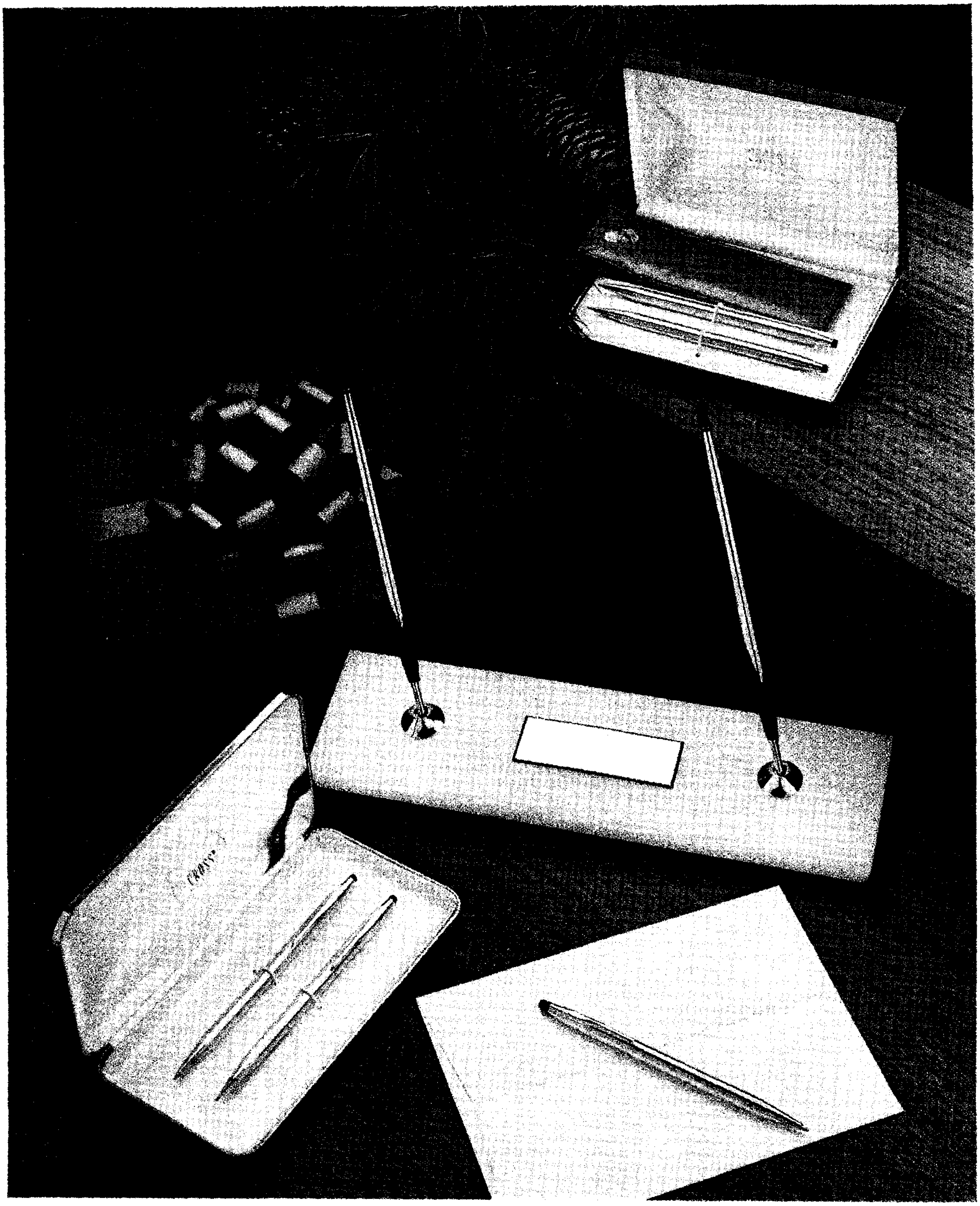
Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Drawings by this American colorist; through Dec. 15. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

Peggy Bacon—Mostly watercolors and ink drawings of New England subjects in a humorous vein; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Peter Bardazzi—Abstract compositions in acrylic and charcoal; through Dec. 16. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harry Bertoia—Metal sculptures with movement and resonances; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nell Blaine—Oils, watercolors, and ink drawings by this well-known figurative and land-



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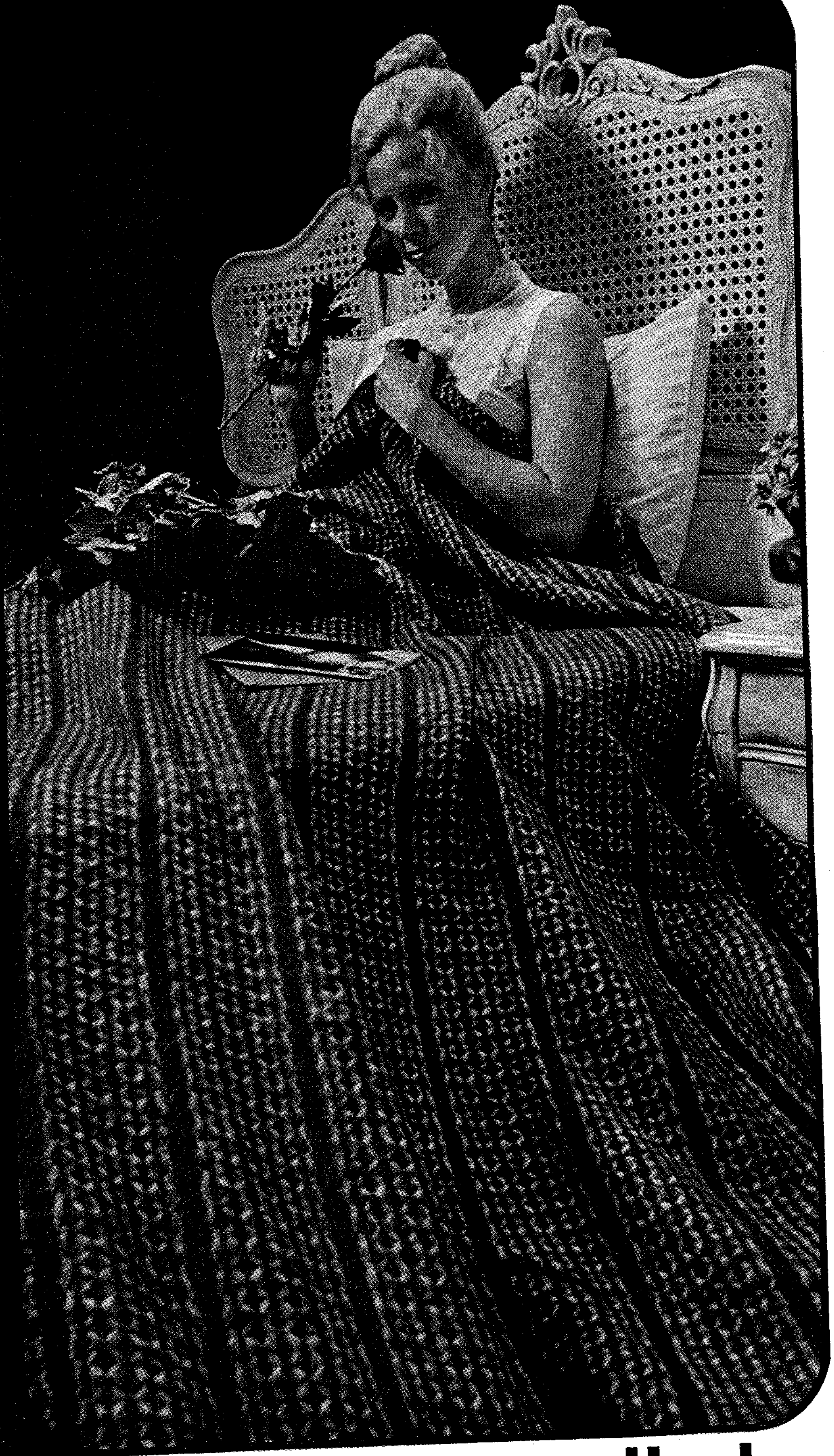

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

scape artist; through Dec. 16. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Blythe Bohnen / Barbara Zucker—Brushstrokes inserted in a grid format. / Plaster or latex sculptures, including wall, ceiling, and floor pieces. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Through Wednesday, Dec. 6. Closed Mondays.)

James Brooks—Paintings by a prominent Abstract Expressionist; through Dec. 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bert Carpenter—Heads and eggs painted close up; starting Tuesday, Dec. 5. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Minna Citron—Drawings, prints, and constructions, going back to the thirties, on the theme of women in society; through Tuesday, Dec. 5. (Pratt Institute Manhattan Center, 46 Park Ave., at 37th St. *Mondays through* Fridays, 10 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 4.)... ¶ Abstract paintings on panels, some with collage; through Thursday, Dec. 7. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

John Civitello—Sculptures made of rusted industrial materials; first one-man show here. Through Dec. 14. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

José de Creeft—Figurative sculptures in stone and polished brass; through Jan. 6. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Dewasne—Paintings of interlocking forms in strong colors; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Burgoyne Diller (1906-65)—Paintings and collages by a leading American Constructivist; through Dec. 14. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

John Dobbs—Realistic paintings and drawings, most of them based on life along the highway; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Alexander Dobkin—Graphics from 1932 to the present, plus watercolors and drawings; through Dec. 16. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Erté—A large selection of works covering the entire range of creations in fashion and theatre done since 1913 by the internationally known designer; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Rizzoli, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.)

Kristina Friberg—Pictorial embroideries, the majority of them landscapes; through Dec. 23. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

A. E. Gallatin (1881-1952)—Abstract paintings and some collages done in the thirties by an early American patron of abstract art; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Charles Ginnever—Monumental painted steel and wood sculptures, one making use of a tree cut by the artist in Vermont; starting Monday, Dec. 4. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, at 47th St.)

Arshile Gorky (1904-48)—Paintings and drawings; through Dec. 22. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Adolph Gottlieb—Abstract Expressionist paintings from 1970 to 1972; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Greene—Figurative and abstract drawings in an Expressionist mood; starting Saturday, Dec. 2. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Hoyland—Large abstract paintings; through Wednesday, Dec. 6. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Indiana—Paintings and sculptures that make use of geometric shapes, numbers, and letters by this Pop artist; through Dec. 30. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Guy Johnson—Paintings of fantasies in a realistic manner; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Kawashima—Abstract stone sculptures; through Dec. 30. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leon Kelly—Still-lifes and allegories done from 1955 to 1970; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Joseph Kosuth—Conceptual works, 1965 to 1967; starting Saturday, Dec. 2. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Gary Kuehn—Poured-paint canvases by a sculptor; *starting* Saturday, Dec. 2. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

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George Kuehn—Constructions for indoors and outdoors of wood, chain, and pipe; through Thursday, Dec. 7. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Diana Kurz—Paintings and watercolors of landscapes and nude figures; first solo show here. Through Dec. 14. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Jan Lebenstein—Expressionist compositions of figures, mostly nude, by a Polish artist who resides in Paris; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Les Levine—Objects having to do with this artist's speculations about art and its public; through Dec. 24. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Mon Levinson—Abstract wall sculptures in cast acrylic lighted to stress shadow formations; through Thursday, Dec. 7. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stanton Macdonald-Wright—Paintings, woodblock prints, and lithographs produced during the past eight years by a pioneer American abstractionist; through Friday, Dec. 1. (Suzuki Graphics, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

André Masson—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings of four decades by this foremost Surrealist; through Dec. 23. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

John L. McNally—Wood sculptures and kinetic- and static-light compositions; through Dec. 16. (West Side Gallery, 250 W. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1:30 to 6.)

Mario Micossi—Etchings of Italy; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Willard Midgette—Two works, one consisting of seven painted panels representing the rehearsal of a dance company being painted by the artist, the other comprising two panels depicting family life; through Dec. 16. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Amedeo Modigliani (1884-1920)—Six oils, four gouaches, seventeen drawings, and one stone sculpture; through Dec. 16. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Nonas—Simply constructed floor pieces made of heavy beams, also wall pieces of lighter wood; starting Saturday, Dec. 2. (112 Greene Street. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Ogden Pleissner—Paintings of Europe and New England; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Archie Rand—Abstract paintings with collage; first solo show here. Through Dec. 14. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anne Raymo—Wall pieces made of cloth, some of them containing words; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Deborah Remington—Emblematic abstractions with Precisionist surfaces; through Thursday, Dec. 7. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

John Rombola—Portraits in various mediums, collages, and takeoffs on Picasso's Cubist paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Weinger, 41 E. 57th St.)

Charles Schucker—Abstract paintings that emphasize color; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.)

Niles Spencer (1893-1952)—Drawings covering the development of this Precisionist painter, plus works from the artist's collection by, for instance, Davis, Kuhn, and Kuniyoshi; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Thomas Stokes / Kathleen Cooke—Atmospheric abstractions. / Sculptures, paintings, and drawings of animals. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Through Dec. 16. Closed Mondays.)

Norman Turner—Realistic figure paintings; first solo show here. Through Thursday, Dec. 7. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Maurice Utrillo (1883-1955)—Oils, watercolors, gouaches, and drawings dating from 1914 to 1940; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Wally F. Galleries, 17 E. 57th St.)

Robert Vickrey—Magic Realist interiors and landscapes with figures; through Dec. 16. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Neil Welliver—Freely handled landscapes with and without figures; through Thursday, Dec. 7. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Wesselmann—Cutouts of objects, some including elements of the nude; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Hiram Williams—Loosely painted figures; through Thursday, Dec. 7. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

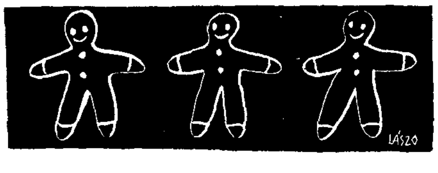
Neil Williams—Abstract paintings on chevron-shaped canvases; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (LoGiudice, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Group Shows—At **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Recent acquisitions of works by Avery, Cornell, Dali, Ernst, Feininger, Klee, and Schiele, for instance; through Saturday, Dec. 2.... **EMMERICH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth-century Navajo blankets, pre-Columbian gold ornaments, and painted and sculpted Mayan ceramics; starting Saturday, Dec. 2. (Closed *Mondays.*)... **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Tapestries by twentieth-century artists, among them Picasso, Klee, Chaim Gross, and Joseph Hirsch; starting Saturday, Dec. 2. (Closed Mondays.)... **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Contemporary paintings of birds of North America; through Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Nineteenth-century American landscapes, individual and group portraits, and still-lifes; starting Tuesday, Dec. 5.... **HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF NEW YORK**, 128 W. 58th St.: *Sculptures by Boxer,* Calder, Hepworth, Lassaw, Nadelman, Nevelson, and others, in a setting of plant arrangements; through Dec. 15. (Closes Saturdays at 3.)... **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Masters of German Expressionism, such as Kandinsky, Jawlensky, Marc, Macke, and Kirchner; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Paintings by nineteenth-century Americans; starting Friday, Dec. 1. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.)... **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A hundred sculptures, paintings, drawings, and prints devoted to humor, satire, and irony by such artists as Bombois, Botero, Red Grooms, William King, Klee, Magritte, Picasso, and Saul Steinberg; through Dec. 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Works in several mediums by a large group of artists, among them Bonnard, Dubuffet, Korbel, Ernst, and Oldenburg; through Jan. 13. (Closed Mondays.)... **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway: Matthew Feinman, Robert Feldgus, and Charles Meyers; through Dec. 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibit of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist masters, including Manet, Monet, Renoir, Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, and Bonnard; through Saturday, Dec. 9.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Forty works by Whistler—oils, selections from a scrapbook, watercolors, drawings, *lithographs, and* woodcuts; through Dec. 26. ... ¶ Medieval and Renaissance stained-glass windows from six European nations; starting Saturday, Dec. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and fifty examples of African textiles and body ornaments; through Jan. 31. ... ¶ Ninety paintings, collages, and sculptures, done in the first four decades of the twentieth century, from the Louise and Walter Arensberg and Albert Eugene Gallatin collections, now owned by the Phila-



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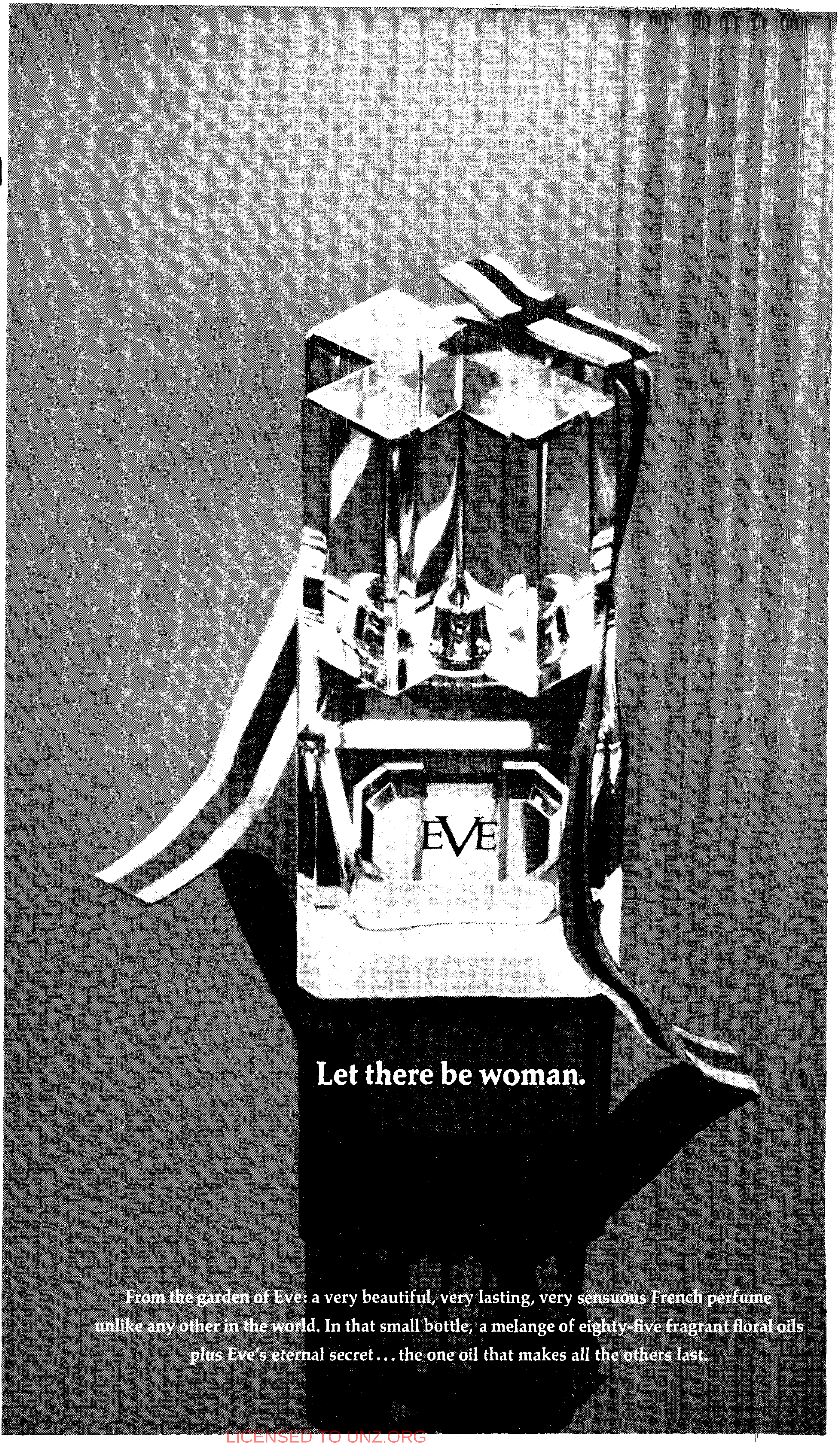

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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delphia Museum of Art. Among them are ten sculptures by Brancusi, eleven major Picassos, and works by Léger, Matisse, Duchamp, Miró, Rousseau, and many others. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings by Jean Dubuffet, which survey his career as a draftsman from 1944 to 1966; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the work of Diane Arbus (1923-71), consisting of a hundred and twenty-five photographic portraits; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Nine abstract paintings with graffiti-like images, which constitute the last works of Gastone Novelli (1925-68), the Italian painter-poet; through Dec. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Approximately sixty paintings by Joan Miró, of the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-sixties, with a less figurative emphasis; through Jan. 21. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Frederick Law Olmsted's New York," a show focussing on the New York creations of the landscape architect who designed Central Park. With slide projections, original plans, maps, and sketches. Through Sunday, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ A retrospective exhibit of three hundred and seventy-seven works covering the entire career of the post-Surrealist Lucas Samaras, including sculptures, designs, and mixed-media works; through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Lithographs from 1923 to the present by Louis Lozowick, the well-known New York printmaker; through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eighteenth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints; through Feb. 4. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs and color slides of shells, along with examples, marking the publication of a book on the subject by Andreas Feininger and William K. Emerson; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by such artists as Benny Andrews, Ann Freilich, Howard Kanovitz, and Herman Rose, eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A major exhibition of ninety-eight Siamese bronze and stone sculptures and gold bas-reliefs representing a thousand years of Siamese art, all being shown in the United States for the first time; through Sunday, Dec. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese landscape paintings from the eleventh century to the eighteenth, devoted to the theme of mountains and rivers, wintry forests, and old trees; through Jan. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A hundred and fourteen drawings done between 1893 and 1946 by Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947); through Dec. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Limited editions of books by poets, most of them French, which are illustrated by Picasso; through Dec. 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings and watercolors by Boris Penson, a twenty-six-year-old Soviet Jewish artist now serving a ten-year prison sentence in the Soviet Union; through Tuesday, Dec. 5. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 6; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Sketches by E. Lee Spruyt of architectural details and interior rooms of the Old Met; through Jan. 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Low Memorial Library and Butler Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St.—Seventeen drawings by the poet E. E. Cummings (1894-1962), of nudes, circus performers, friends, and Paris street scenes; through Friday, Dec. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The Heineman Collection of musical manuscripts and letters by major composers (Bach, Mozart, Wagner, and the like) and German and French books, manuscripts, and letters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by Schiller, Kant, Voltaire, Balzac, and others; through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Twenty-three brilliantly colored illuminations from a fourteenth-century choir book, recently linked together and attributed to a Florentine abbot; through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Autograph letters of an intimate nature by personages in the fields of politics, arts, and literature; through Dec. 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Nearly five hundred historical and contemporary objects used in preparing food, from an antique egg separator to a microwave oven. Supplementary slides and films are shown, including the mind-boggling "French Lunch," taken in the kitchen of La Caravel restaurant. Through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Over two hundred and fifty toy automobiles and accessories revealing the development in the design of the automobile as seen in its toy counterpart; through Jan. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—About sixty paintings, many of them illustrations for "Robinson Crusoe," "Kidnapped," "The Last of the Mohicans," and other books, by N. C. Wyeth (1882-1945), the celebrated American illustrator who was the father of Andrew Wyeth; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ About sixty paintings by thirty-one artists constituting a survey of nineteenth-century Italian painting; through Dec. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A luminous aviary of four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors, the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Sumerian cuneiform tablets, Japanese and Nepalese manuscripts, a Mongolian block-printed book, Shakespeare's First Folio, and illustrations of the complex languages of music and mathematics, all contributing to an exhibit portraying the variety of past and present languages; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Edith Mathis, Edda Moser, George Shirley, John Reardon, Hans Sotin, and Donald Gramm; conducted by Günther Rennert. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Aida," with Lucine Amara, Ruza Baldani, Richard Tucker, Thomas Stewart, Giorgio Tozzi, and Louis Sgarro; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 1, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Colette Boky, Nicolai Gedda, Frank Guarrera, Ezio Flagello, Robert Goodloe, Andrij Dobriansky, and Nico Castel; Jan Behr. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 1: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Gwyneth Jones, Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, Theo Adam, and John Macurdy; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Raymond Michalski; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 4, at 7: "Siegfried," with Ursula Schröder, Judith Blegen, Lili Chookasian, Jess Thomas, Gerhard Stolze, Thomas Stewart, Gustav Neidlinger, and John Macurdy; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 8: "Otello," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Tito Gobbi, Leo Goeke, and Raymond Michalski; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gail Robinson, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Raymond Michalski; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 7, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Gwyneth Jones, Ruza Baldani, Helge Brilioth, Theo Adam, and Hans Sotin; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 8, at 8: "La Bohème," with Adriana Maliponte, Colette Boky, Luciano Pavarotti, Frank Guarrera, Paul Plishka, Robert Goodloe, Andrij Dobriansky, and Nico Castel; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2: "Otello," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Tito Gobbi, Leo Goeke, and Raymond Michalski; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Lilian Sukis, Edda Moser, Stuart Burrows, John Reardon, Hans Sotin, and Donald Gramm; Peter Maag.

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," in English. Staged by Gian Carlo Menotti, with the Juilliard Theatre Orchestra conducted by James Conlon. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 7-9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro," in English, conducted by George Schick and staged by James Lucas. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 7:30, and Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—James DePreist conducting on Friday, Dec. 1, at 2, and Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30 (with Jerome Lowenthal, piano). . . . ¶ Daniel Barenboim conducting on Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 8, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Boston Symphony—William Steinberg directing, with Benita Valente, soprano; Beverly Wolff, contralto; and the Westminster Choir. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 29, and Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Daniel Barenboim conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, Dec. 4, at 8:15.)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting—Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8: A performance of Berlioz' dramatic legend "The Damnation of Faust," with Josephine Veasey, contralto; Stuart Burrows, tenor; Roger Soyer, bass; the Chicago Symphony Chorus; and the Glen Ellyn Children's Theatre Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8: A varied program, with Isaac Stern, violin.

Symphony of the New World—Denis DeCoteau conducting, with Donald Shirley, pianist-composer, and with Shirley Chisholm reading "Legacy," by Mary McCleod Bethune. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 3.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus—Frederic Waldman directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," with Helen Donath, soprano; Leo Goeke, tenor; and Giorgio Tozzi, bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Verdi's "I Lombardi" in concert form, with Renata Scotto, soprano; José Carreras, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass; and the Sarah Lawrence College Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Columbia University Concert Band and Columbia University and Simmons College Glee Clubs—A joint concert, with Donald Barra and Gregg Smith directing. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra—Abraham Kaplan directing, with Jean and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kenneth Wentworth, pianos. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus and Mannes Orchestra—A joint concert, with Daniel Paget and Carl Bamberger directing. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Mount Holyoke College Glee Club—Catharine Melhorn directing a Christmas concert, with the Mount Holyoke Chamber Singers and Concert Choir and others. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call PL 5-4986.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing, with an orchestra and soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Karl Kraber—Flute, in an all-Bach program, with Mary Beth Peil, soprano; Edward Smith, harpsichord; and the Hampshire String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Anne English—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Gerald Ranck and Eric Herz—Harpsichord and flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Narciso Yepes—Classic guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Guiomar Novaes—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Roman Totenberg—Violin, with Artur Balsam, piano, and the Boston University String Players. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Kyung Wha Chung—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 2:15.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The Guarneri Quartet; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Richard Goode, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 5, and Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 7:30.)

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Rebecca Penneys—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Françoise Régnat—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

All-Bach Program—Maureen Forrester, contralto; Julius Baker, flute; Ann Barak, violin; Raphael Hillyer, viola; Bert Lucarelli, oboe; Nathan Stutch, cello; and Jens Nygaard, harpsichord. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Charles Treger—*Violin, in the last in a series* of recitals. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

John Ogdon—Piano. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Fritz Jahoda—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Albert Lotto—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano, in an all-Scriabin recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Jess Thomas—Tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Note—The Beaux Arts Trio will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 17, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Dec. 4, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Benefit Concert—Roy Eldridge, Tyree Glenn, Bobby Hackett, Milt Hinton, Hank Jones, Zoot Sims, J.P.J. Quartet, Maxine Sullivan, Rudy Rutherford, and Grady Tate. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

Jazz Composer's Orchestra—Performing the première of Don Cherry's "Relativity Suite." (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Dec. 1, at 7, preceded by workshop rehearsals of the piece on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 29-30, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, Jay & the Americans, the Four Tops, and Martha Reeves & the Vandellas—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8.

Sergio Franchi—Romantic tenor, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

Countsmen—Chuck Folds, Earl Warren, Benny Morton, Doc Cheatham, Franklin Skeet, and Jo Jones. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 3:30. For tickets, call TR 4-5236.)

Canned Heat, Spirit, and R.E.O. Speedwagon—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Herbie Mann and the Family of Mann (with David Newman) and Jackie and Roy—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 2.

Eubie Blake—Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 8.

Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 8.

Chick Corea Quintet—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8.

Jethro Tull—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Utah, Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Carolina, Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Sunday, Dec. 3, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:05. . . . MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Kansas City, Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8.

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 9.)

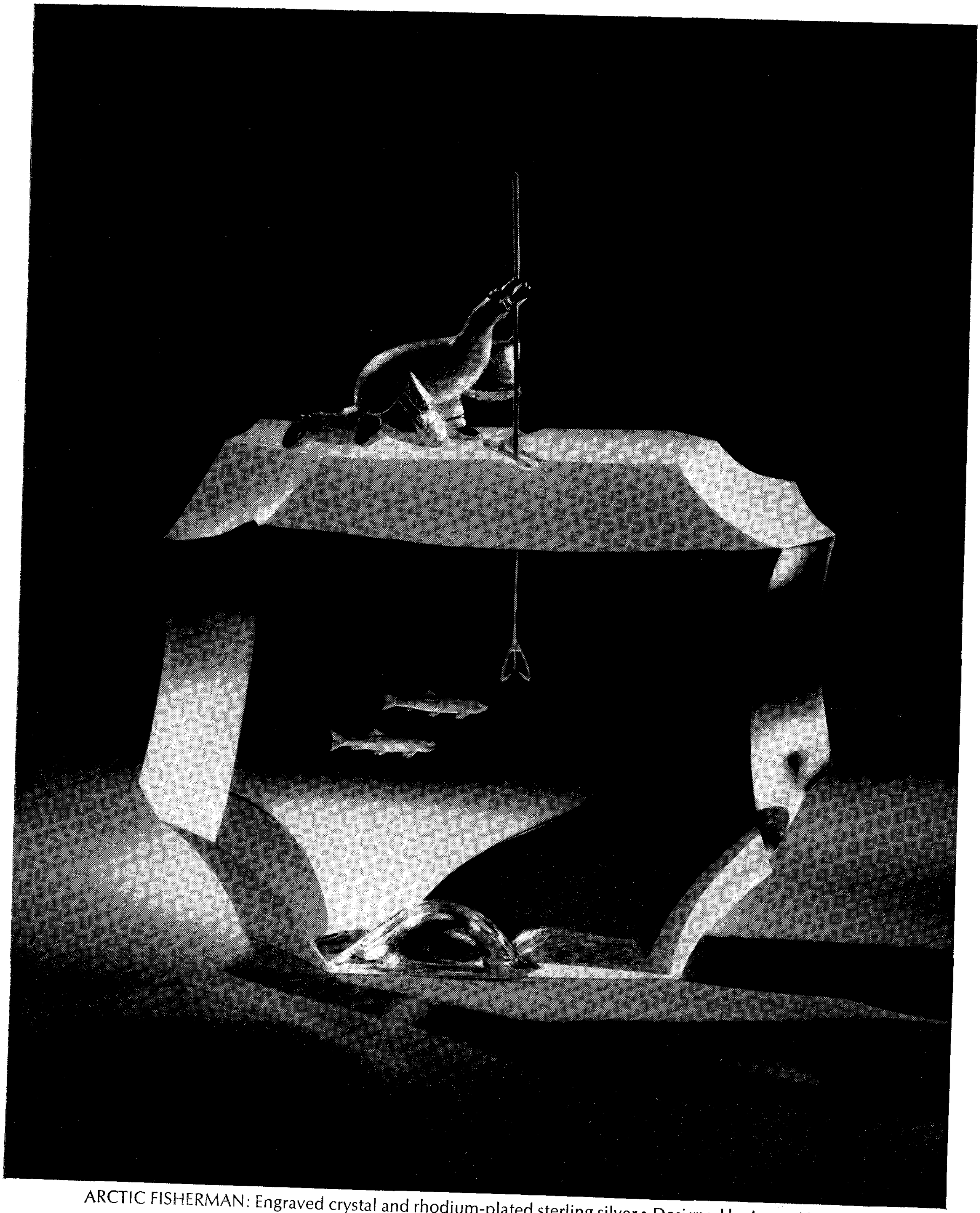
College Football—Saturday, Dec. 2: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 12:50. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Jets vs. New Orleans Saints. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 1.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Raiders vs. New England, Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Minnesota, Thursday, Nov. 30, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Houston, Saturday, Dec. 2, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Cleveland, Sunday, Dec. 3, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Atlanta, Sunday, Dec. 3, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo, Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Detroit, Saturday, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Dec. 9.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 16. The Remsen, Wednesday, Nov. 29; the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 2; the Interborough Handicap, Wednesday, Dec. 6; and the Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 9. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Jan. 1.

Tennis—Clean Air Tennis Classic: Ilie Nastase, Pancho Gonzales, Clark Graebner, Manuel Santana, Tom Gorman, Nancy Richey Gunter, Virginia Wade, Françoise Durr, and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

others. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Monday through Sunday, Dec. 4-10, at noon. For information about tickets, call 355-3611.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 16.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera and Operettas—By the LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN: "The Gondoliers," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 2-3, at 4. . . . ¶ "Ruddigore," Saturday, Dec. 9, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.) . . . OPERAS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE: "Rigoletto," with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 3.)

Around the World in Sixty Minutes—Songs and dances of the Philippines, Hawaii, Wales, Spain, Korea, Japan, Haiti, Mexico, and India, in a benefit performance. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 3:30. For tickets, call 662-8000.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . DRAGON MARIONETTES: "Puss in Boots." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.) . . . KING'S PLAYERS: "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturdays at 2.) . . . PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE: "Just So Stories." (Jonah B. Wise Community House, 123 E. 55th St. 838-5122. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 2.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Stars of Christmas." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum Library, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Gargoyles, Monsters, and Other Beasts," an exhibition of twenty-four sculptures by children, together with nine works by Shay Rieger; starting Tuesday, Dec. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Movies—At BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC: "The King and I," with Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr, Saturday, Dec. 2, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Canterville Ghost," with Charles Laughton, Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2:30. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.) . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): "The Canterville Ghost," with Charles Laughton, Saturday, Dec. 2, at 3. . . . ¶ "The Mouse That Roared," with Peter Sellers, Saturday, Dec. 9, at 3.

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Erica Jong and Denise Levertov reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Dec. 4, at 8.) . . . ¶ John Hollander and Jean Valentine reading from their own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 2: English and Continental silver, from several sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 30, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, including items by Carl Fabergé; from many collections. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art, including porcelains, vases, and snuff-bottles; from many collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, among them works by Kandinsky, Klee, and Vlaminck; from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 7, at 2: Jewelry, belonging to Mrs. Enid Haupt. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 2.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 29 at 5:30: "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 5:30: "The Ravens" (1972), in Italian, directed by Ivo Micheli. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 8: "The Automobile" (1971), in Italian, directed by Alfredo Giannetti, with Anna Magnani. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2: "Nanook of the North" (1922), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 5:30: "Four Nights of a Dreamer" (1971), in French, directed by Robert Bresson. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at noon: "Nanook of the North" (1922). . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 3: "Augustine of Hippo" (1972), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 5:30: "Blaise Pascal" (1972), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 12:30 and 3: "The Unholy Three" (1925), directed by Tod Browning, with Lon Chaney. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 5:30: "Blaise Pascal" (1972). . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 2: "The Ravens" (1972). . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 5:30: "The Night of San Juan" (1971), in Italian, directed by Jorge Sanjines. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 2: "Silent Witness" (1932), directed by Marcel Varnel and R. C. Hough, with Lionel Atwill and Greta Nissen. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 5:30: "The Guest" (1971), in Italian, directed by Liliana Cavani. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 5:30: "Silent Witness" (1932). . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 2: "Diary of a Teacher, Part I" (1972), in Italian, directed by Vittorio de Seta. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 5:30: "Diary of a Teacher, Part II" (1972). . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 8: "Diary of a Teacher, Parts III and IV" (1972). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Four programs in a series of films directed by Donald Siegel: Through Nov. 30: "Two Mules for Sister Sara" (1970), with Shirley MacLaine and Clint Eastwood. . . . ¶ Dec. 1-2: "The Beguiled" (1971), with Clint Eastwood and Geraldine Page. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 6: "An Annapolis Story" (1955), with John Derek and Diana Lynn. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 7: "Crime in the Streets" (1956), with James Whitmore and John Cassavetes. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Flaherty, Dreyer, Eisenstein, Frampton, Kubelka, Griffith, Hill, Hanoun, Jacobs, Markopoulos, Jordan, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except Dec. 1 and 3) at 10. No Mondays. . . . WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Nov. 29: "Moonwalk One," directed by Theo Kamecke. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 30: "Eat the Document." Showings at noon, 1:10 (neither on Thursdays), 2:20, 3:30, and 4:40 (plus 6, 7:15, 8:30, and 9:40 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Note—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its ten thousand red, green, blue, and amber lights, and ready to be turned on at 5:30 on Thursday, Dec. 7.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Professional Basketball—At NASSAU COLISEUM, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Dec. 10, 15, 17, and 22, and Jan. 3, 5, 7, 10, and 12. . . . MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Dec. 12, 16, 25, 28, and 30, and Jan. 2 and 6.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Miami Dol-

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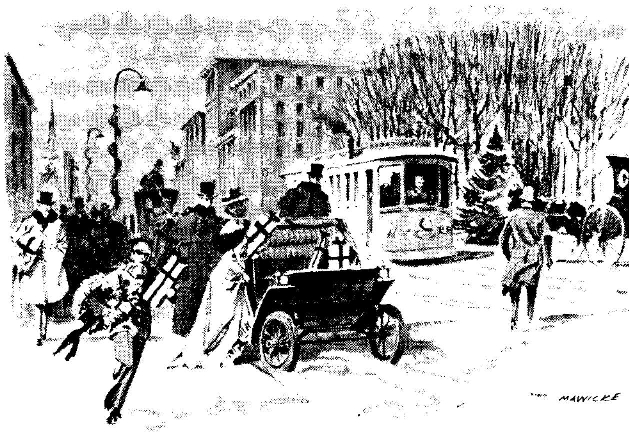

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

phins. (Yankee Stadium. Dec. 10.)...¶ Jets vs. Cleveland Browns. (Shea Stadium. Dec. 17.)

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Ranger games on Dec. 10, 17, 21, 24, 27, and 31, and Jan. 3, 6, and 7. Raider games on Dec. 11, 13, 17, 22, 25, and 31, and Jan. 1, 4, and 8. ... **NASSAU COLISEUM,** Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Dec. 12, 16, 21, and 23, and Jan. 2, 6, 9, and 14.

RACING—At Bowie, Md.: Jan. 2-March 16.

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championship. (New York Athletic Club. Dec. 16-17.)

TRACK MEET—Knights of Columbus. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Jan. 13.)

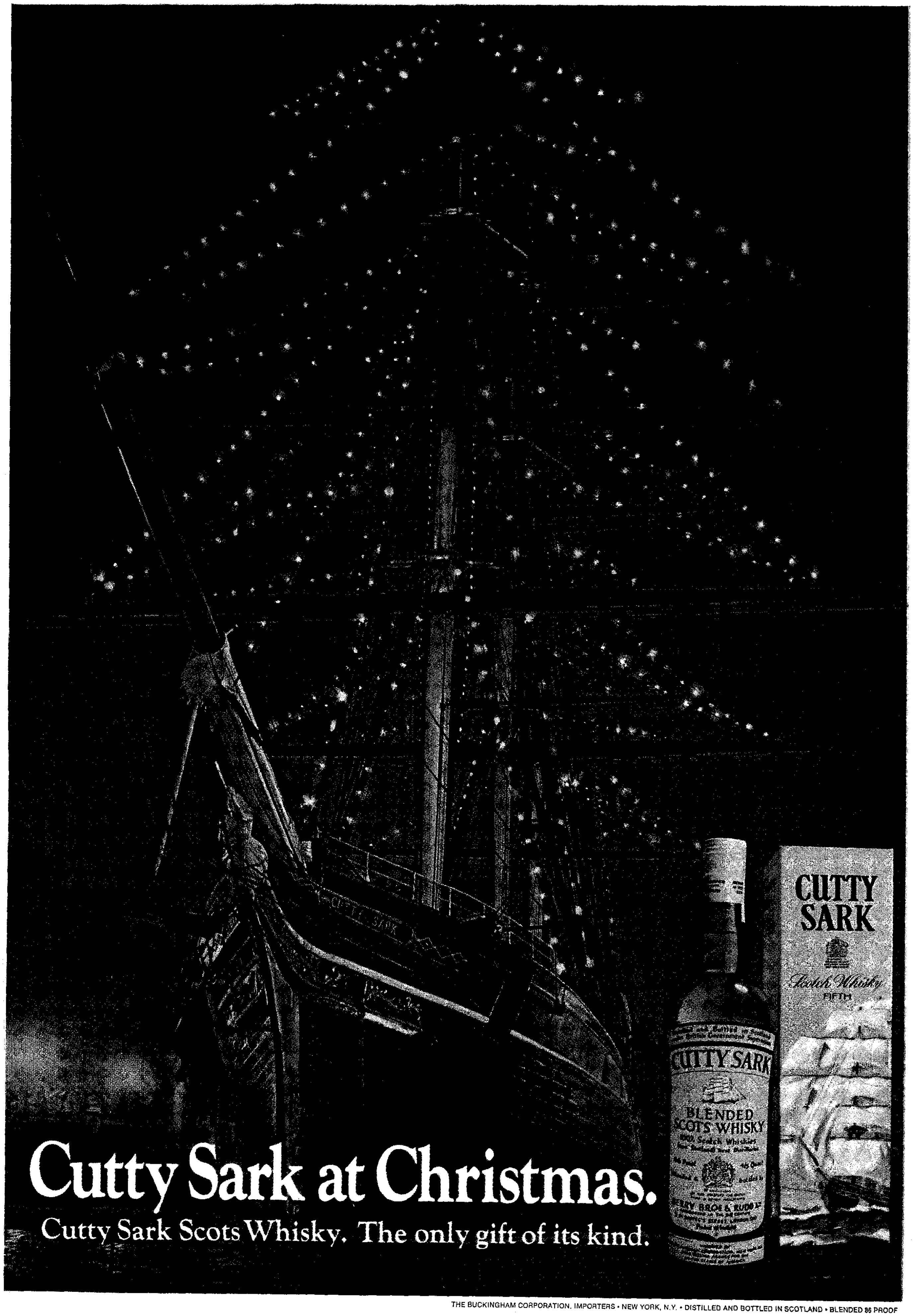
TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Jan. 3-March 1.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (799-4420): The season continues through April 21.... **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 12.... ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 10 and 17.... ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, and Itzhak Perlman, violin, Dec. 15. ... ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, Dec. 17.... ¶ "Messiah" Sing-In, Dec. 18.... ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Dec. 20.... ¶ Vienna Choir Boys, Dec. 28-31.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Jan. 8.... **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Collegiate Chorale, Dec. 10.... ¶ New Jersey Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 13.... ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 15 and 17.... ¶ Virgil Fox, organ, Dec. 20. ... ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 21. ... ¶ New York String Orchestra, Dec. 24 and 29.... ¶ Richard Tucker, tenor, and Robert Merrill, baritone, Jan. 7.... ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Jan. 10.... **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Dessoff Choirs, Dec. 11.... ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Dec. 15 and 17 and Jan. 5 and 7.... ¶ Clarion Concert, Dec. 19.... ¶ Rey de la Torre, classical guitarist, Jan. 9. ... **HUNTER COLLEGE** (535-5350): Antonio Barbosa, piano, Dec. 10 and Jan. 7.... **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Lynn Harrell, cello, and James Levine, piano, Dec. 12.... ¶ Aeolian Chamber Players, Dec. 19.... **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Dec. 15. ... ¶ Gaby Casadesus, piano, and the Guarneri Quartet, Dec. 16.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS—At the City Center: Dancers and Musicians of Bali, Dec. 26-Jan. 7.... ¶ American Ballet Theatre, Jan. 9-28.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Eugene O'Neill's "The Great God Brown" and Molière's "Don Juan" (adapted by Stephen Porter), with John McMartin, Paul Hecht, and Katherine Helmond, presented for a limited engagement by the New Phoenix Repertory Company.... ¶ "The Last of Mrs. Lincoln," a play by James Prideaux, starring Julie Harris as the widowed Mary Todd Lincoln.... ¶ A new comedy by Neil Simon, "The Sunshine Boys," in which Jack Albertson and Sam Levene will have the leading roles.... ¶ Robert Guillaume and Patti Jo in a month-long engagement of "Purlie," the musical taken from Ossie Davis's "Purlie Victorious." The music is by Gary Geld, the lyrics by Peter Udell, and the book by Mr. Davis, Philip Rose, and Mr. Udell.... ¶ The Shenyang Acrobatic Troupe of Manchuria will appear at the City Center for four performances in January.... ¶ Sean O'Casey's "The Plough and the Stars" will be the second in this season's series of four plays by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center.... ¶ A musical, "Tricks," based by Jon Jory on Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." Jerry Blatt composed the score, Lonnie Burstein did the lyrics, and the cast is headed by René Auberjonois.... ¶ Irene Papas will star in Euripides' "Medea," in an adaptation by Minos Volanakis.

OTHER DATES—Christmas Flower Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., Dec. 13.... ¶ The first day of winter is Dec. 21.... ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Mondays.... ¶ Ice Capades, at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 9-21. ... ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, Jan. 15.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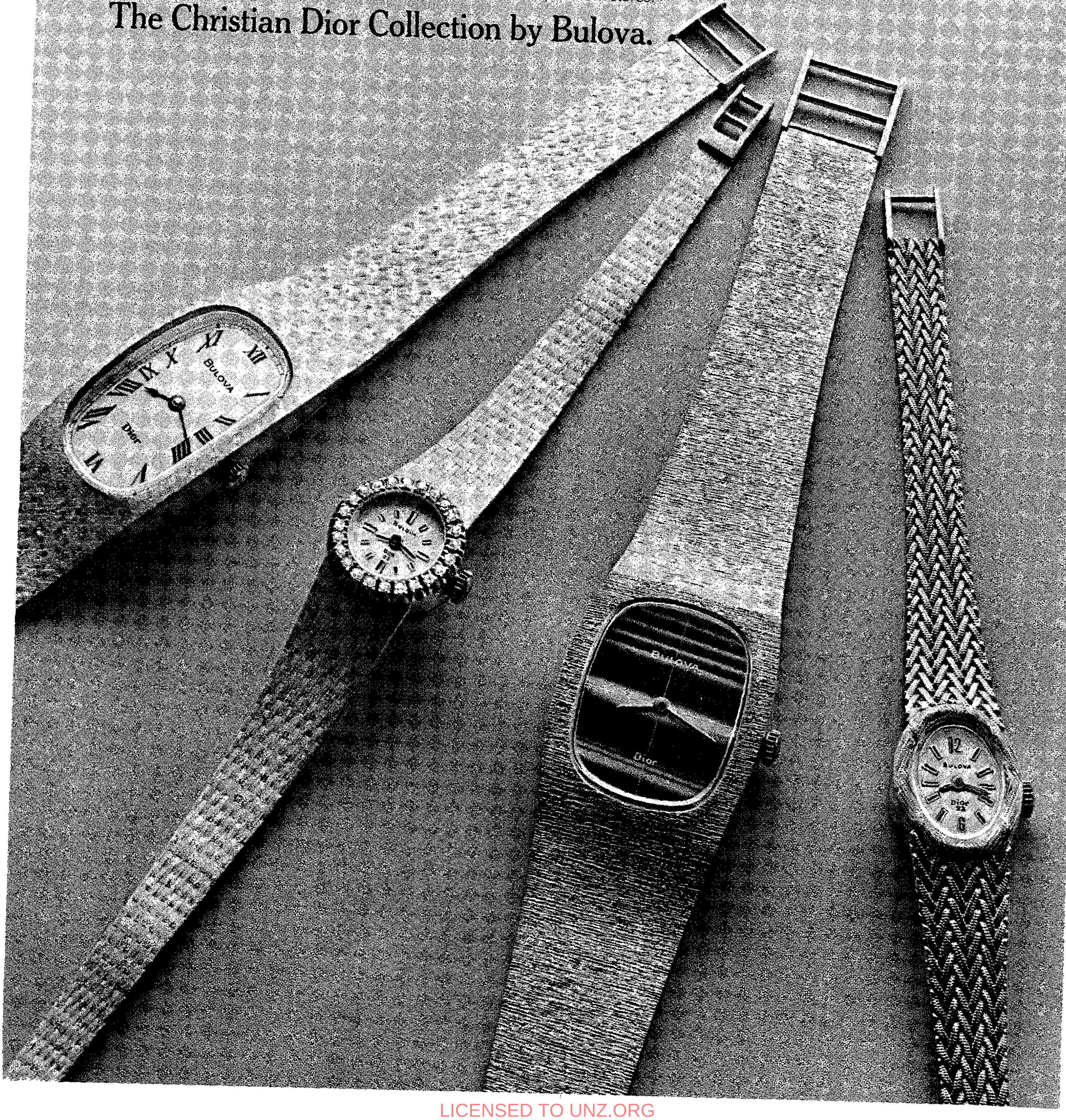


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			29	30	1	2
3	4	5	6	7		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Four Nights of a Dreamer."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Dec. 2: "Maytime" and "Sweethearts."
Dec. 3-5: "High, Wide, and Handsome" and "Love Me Tonight."
From Dec. 6: "Riptide" and "Idiot's Delight."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Dec. 5: "Play It Again, Sam," "Take the Money and Run," and "Putney Swope."
From Dec. 6: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis," "Elvira Madigan," and "The Clowns."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 5: "The New Centurions" and "$."
From Dec. 6: "The Last Picture Show" and "Easy Rider."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Dec. 5: "A Night in Casablanca" and "Copacabana."
From Dec. 6: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Richard III."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Valachi Papers."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Emigrants." (No evening performances on Thursday, Dec. 7.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Dec. 5: "They Only Kill Their Masters."
From Dec. 6: To be announced.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Pygmalion."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Sounder."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Baby Doll."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Two English Girls."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Black Girl."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Asylum."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Ruling Class."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"A Separate Peace."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The King of Marvin Gardens."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Young Winston."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Play It As It Lays."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Chloé in the Afternoon."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Deliverance."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 5: "Fantasia."
From Dec. 6 (tentative): "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Bad Company."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Trouble Man."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 5: "Rage."
From Dec. 6: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Lady Sings the Blues."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Valachi Papers."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Great Waltz."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Black Girl."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
"Asylum."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Chloé in the Afternoon."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 5: "Fat City" and "J. W. Coop."
From Dec. 6: "Play It Again, Sam" and "Where's Poppa?"

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 5: "Bad Company" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
From Dec. 6 (tentative): "The Assassination of Trotsky."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Dec. 5: "Catch-22," "Minnie and Moskowitz," "Fantasia," "Where Does It Hurt?," "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich," "The Green Wall," and "Simon of the Desert."
From Dec. 6: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Nov. 30: "Frenzy" and "Psycho."
Dec. 1-3: "Frenzy" and "The Birds."
Dec. 4-5: "Frenzy" and "Marnie."
From Dec. 6: "The Cocoanuts" and "Monkey Business."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Dec. 5: "Super Fly" and "The Omega Man."
From Dec. 6: To be announced.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Dumbo" and "The Legend of Lobo."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"1776."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Fellini's Roma."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"And Hope to Die."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 5: "They Only Kill Their Masters."
From Dec. 6: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Modern Times" and "City Lights."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Man and a Woman."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Godfather."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" and "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?"

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Belated Flowers."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Chloé in the Afternoon."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Dec. 5: "Dracula A. D. 1972" and "Crescendo."
From Dec. 6: To be announced.

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Dec. 5: "Bad Company."
From Dec. 6: "School Girls Grow Up."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 5: "Phantom India."
From Dec. 6: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" and "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?"

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 5: "Klute" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."
From Dec. 6: "The Assassination of Trotsky" and "The Touch."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Nov. 30: "Weekend" and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour."
Dec. 1-4: "L'Avventura" and "Umberto D."
Dec. 5-6: "M" and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."
Dec. 7: "The Red and the White" and "The Round Up."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Dec. 5: "Gone with the Wind."
From Dec. 6: To be announced.

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"And Hope to Die."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 5: "Super Fly" and "The Wild Bunch."
From Dec. 6: "Une Femme Douce" and "La Salamandre."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

And Hope to Die—With Jean-Louis Trintignant and Robert Ryan, directed by René Clément. (Festival and Riviera.)

The Assassination of Trotsky—Not for anyone who knows, or cares, anything about Leon Trotsky. With Richard Burton as a stuffed-shirt Trotsky, and Alain Delon as the angel-of-death assassin; directed by Joseph Losey. (Symphony; starting Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting Dec. 6, tentative.)

Asylum—With Peter Cushing and Britt Ekland, directed by Roy Ward Baker. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's masterpiece, and one of the most influential of all modern films. A study of a successful businessman who compromises on everything and is too shallow even to be truly lonely. In Italian. (Thalia; Dec. 1-4.)

Baby Doll (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll study of some benighted denizens of the Very Deep South. Directed by Elia Kazan, the picture has a fine cast headed by Carroll Baker, Karl Malden, and Eli Wallach. (Baronet.)

Bad Company—A hip-picaresque comedy set in the Civil War period, with the lively, talented Jeff Bridges as the bumpkin Fagin of a gang of thieving orphans and runaways. There's dazzle in the script by Robert Benton and David Newman, but Benton's direction is tepid, and the yellow-brown autumnal West is getting very tired. The movie is sparked by a caricature of a big-time movie director (Joseph L. Mankiewicz, to be specific) in the character of the cynical robber chief, Big Joe (David Huddleston). (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Greenwich and Loews 83rd St.; through Dec. 5.)

Belated Flowers—Directed by Abram Room. In Russian. (Regency.)

The Birds (1963)—Some of the special effects are amusing, and a few are perverse and frightening, but the effects took over in this Hitchcock scare picture, and he failed to make the plot situations convincing. The script (by Evan Hunter) is weak, and the acting is so awkward that often one doesn't know how to take the characters. With Rod Taylor, Tippi Hedren, Suzanne Pleshette, and Jessica Tandy. (Elgin; Dec. 1-3.)

Black Girl—Based on J.E. Franklin's Off Broadway play, directed by Ossie Davis. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The sets are used expressionistically to convey the angular, warped world as a madman sees it. This famous (silent) nightmare film stars Werner Krauss as the mountebank doctor, and tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist in his cabinet. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Thalia; Dec. 5-6.)

Catch-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Quad Cinema 1; through Dec. 5.)

Chloé in the Afternoon—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a superb lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, Waverly, and Embassy 72nd St.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous old Chaplin. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (Lincoln Art.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 6.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Elgin; starting Dec. 6.)

Copacabana (1947)—Groucho Marx in a dotty musical comedy with Carmen Miranda that concerns a girl applying for two jobs at a night club at the same time. Not the best Groucho, but his furtive slouch at the knees is always irresistible, like his rudeness. (Kips Bay; through Dec. 5.)

Crescendo—With Stefanie Powers and James Olson, directed by Alan Gibson. (Beacon; through Dec. 5.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Loews Tower East.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

$—Bank heist in Hamburg, masterminded by Warren Beatty, assisted by Goldie Hawn as a kook hooker. For the first twenty minutes, it's impossible to know what's going on; after that, there are so many camera setups and such noisy, overextended chases that the whole thing becomes hectic and exhausting. Overwritten and overdirected by Richard Brooks. (Gramercy; through Dec. 5.)

Dracula A. D. 1972—With Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing, directed by Alan Gibson. (Beacon; through Dec. 5.)

Dumbo (1941)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon. Small children react with terror when Dumbo's mother is forcibly separated from him. (Guild.)

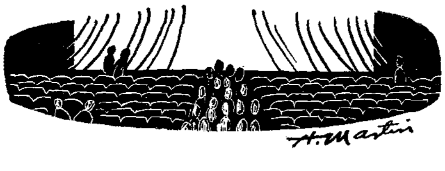
Easy Rider (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (Gramercy; starting Dec. 6.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society, and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 6.)

The Emigrants—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant film; Troell's achievement is prodigious. With Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (Sutton. No evening performances on Thursday, Dec. 7.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Cinema Studio.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (72nd St. Playhouse and Quad Cinema 2; through Dec. 5.)



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Fat City—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors (mostly photographed in Stockton, California), Huston back in the form that makes him interested in the violent and the cryptic. Not to be missed. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 5.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth, and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Ziegfeld.)

Une Femme Douce (1969)—Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first film in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together that Bresson's technique throws deliberately into the past tense in our minds. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (Olympia; starting Dec. 6.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Four Nights of a Dreamer—Dostoevski's "White Nights," adapted to modern Paris by Robert Bresson. In French. (Art.)

Frenzy—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch on his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (Elgin; through Dec. 5.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 6. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 6, tentative.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Paramount.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Riverside; through Dec. 5.)

The Great Waltz—With Horst Buchholz playing Johann Strauss. Directed by Andrew L. Stone, the foremost primitive at work in the musical form. (86th St. East. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30. Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45, and Sundays at 6 and 9. Matinées daily at 2.)

The Green Wall—This would probably be the first Peruvian film you ever saw, and it would even more probably be the last. In Spanish. (Quad Cinema 4; through Dec. 5.)

High, Wide, and Handsome (1937)—Irene Dunne (in musicals, the Julie Andrews of her day) at her wretched primmest, singing alongside a farm horse, when Randolph Scott isn't around. This long, lavish, musical Western, set in the mid-nineteenth century, was written by Oscar Hammerstein II and has music by Jerome Kern, which is, however, of widely varying quality and is sung mostly by the ever-noble Miss Dunne. (Her demonstration of how to belt out beer-hall songs is surely on a par with José Iturbi's demonstrations of how to play boogie-woogie.) Dorothy Lamour has a few numbers, and the cast includes Ben Blue, Akim Tamiroff, Charles Bickford, Elizabeth Patterson, Alan Hale, Raymond Walburn. Rouben Mamoulian is the appallingly guilty director. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 3-5.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Thalia; through Nov. 30.)

Idiot's Delight (1939)—Robert Sherwood's high reputation as a dramatist was always a little mystifying, and never more so than when his windy intellectuality was recorded on film. This one, from M-G-M, has Clark Gable as a hoofer and Norma Shearer as a girl he used to know when she was an aerialist, and who is now the mistress of a munitions maker (the roles made famous on stage by Lunt and Fontanne). It's set in a European winter-sports hotel high above a world about to be engulfed in war. The characters include a leftist, a pair of honeymooners, and so forth; and there's got to be an antiwar message in it somewhere. Gable isn't bad, but oh, that Shearer. With Burgess Meredith, Edward Arnold, Charles Coburn, Joseph Schildkraut. Directed by Clarence Brown. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 6.)

J. W. Coop—Cliff Robertson's rather good and unpretentious movie about a rodeo rider, which has a dopey tragic-athlete ending in the Pagliacci vein but also some finely detailed character observation on the way, and an interesting Romanticism of spirit about sport that will presumably pass from our aesthetics in a century or two. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 5.)

The King of Marvin Gardens—Indecipherable

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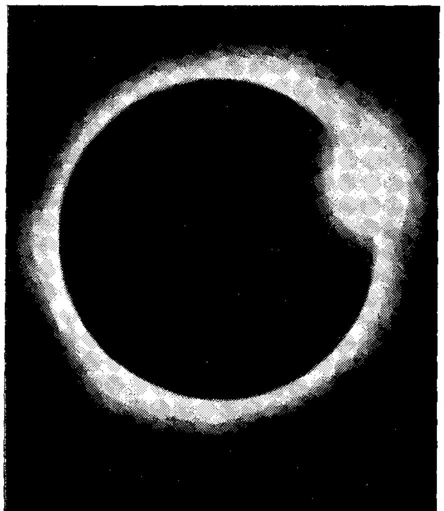

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TELEPHONE

dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries, valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly self-serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (Columbia I.)

Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Symphony; through Dec. 5.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over from her first comic scenes. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (Loews Orpheum.)

The Last Picture Show (1971)—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Gramercy; starting Dec. 6.)

The Legend of Lobo (1962)—A full-length Walt Disney film. (Guild.)

Love Me Tonight (1932)—Cut-rate Ziegfeld, directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with an expert Rodgers and Hart score. In this one, Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald could be called good only in the most perversely camp way. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 3-5.)

M (1932)—Peter Lorre in a great, classic performance as a sexual psychopath. This famous thriller was directed by Fritz Lang. In German. (Thalia; Dec. 5-6.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Paris.)

Marnie (1964)—Hitchcock scraping bottom. Marnie (Tippi Hedren) is a frigid kleptomaniac; Sean Connery, looking pale and beleaguered, plays the man scheduled to cure her on both counts. It hardly seems worth the trouble. With Diane Baker, Martin Gabel, Louise Latham, and Bruce Dern. (Elgin; Dec. 4-5.)

Maytime (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in one of their musicals that is enjoyable for more than camp reasons. John Barrymore brings some style to the picture, which is lively despite a rotten score. The latter includes a number that is actually called "Jump Jim Crow." Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 2.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Symphony; through Dec. 5.)

Minnie and Moskowitz (1971)—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't work. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Quad Cinema 1; through Dec. 5.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Lincoln Art.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd, in the first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense. (Elgin; starting Dec. 6.)

The New Centurions—The policeman as Dr. Kildare. Directed by Richard Fleischer and written by Stirling Silliphant, and acted better than it deserves by George C. Scott and Stacy Keach. (Gramercy; through Dec. 5.)

A Night in Casablanca (1946)—Dud moments in this Marx Brothers film, but it has a wonderful, famous beginning played with a wall. (Kips Bay; through Dec. 5.)

The Omega Man (1971)—Sci-fi. Charlton Heston is the last man alive. If this were the last film alive, we wouldn't advise it. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Dec. 5.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich (1971)—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (Quad Cinema 3; through Dec. 5.)

Phantom India—A megalithic documentary by Louis Malle about the ambiguous subcontinent. The film, previously shown in seven segments, runs close to seven hours in all, and is now being presented in two parts by the New Yorker Theatre (Parts 1-4 Nov. 29-Dec. 2 and Parts 5-7 Dec. 3-5). Fastidiously perceptive about religion, dance, caste, and the notions of solitude that have always interested Malle. (He made "Le Feu Follet," among other pictures.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 5. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 6.)

Play It As It Lays—About empty lives, career anguish, Hollywood and Hell. Tuesday Weld wanders around numbly, looking like a great pumpkin-headed doll, as Joan Didion's hurting waif-heroine. (She's discovered the nothingness of life.) The movie is bound to be a touchstone, like the book: people have different levels of tolerance for stories celebrating soulless high life, and catatonic alienation has never been more poshly narcissistic than in this one. Frank Perry directed; it's visually handsome but a peculiarly passive viewing experience. With Tony Perkins, Tammy Grimes, Adam Roarke, and Ruth Ford. (Beekman.)

Psycho (1960)—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (Elgin; through Nov. 30.)

Putney Swope (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 5.)

Pygmalion (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G.B.S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that fatuous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (Fine Arts.)

Rage—Directed by, and with, George C. Scott. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 5.)

The Red and the White (1968)—Miklós Jancsó's film about the Russian Civil War of 1918, with Hungarians and Russians helplessly fighting the Cossacks. Jancsó's films are like Bresson's: out of extremely physical material, they make something austere and concerned with metaphysics. In Hungarian and Russian. (Thalia; Dec. 7.)

Richard III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate, yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, he was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimaginative, and the Book-of-Hours camera setups decompose into common calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you

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can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear the inflections he gives lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." He must be the wittiest actor who ever lived. (Murray Hill.)

Riptide ("Une Si Jolie Petite Plage;" 1948)—With Gérard Philipe, directed by Yves Allégret. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 6.)

The Round Up (1965)—The Hungarian film director Miklós Jancsó made this beautiful study of men under pressure. It is about Kossuth's followers—twenty years after Kossuth's 1848 rising against the Austrian rulers—penned into a corral in the middle of the great Hungarian plain together with apolitical peasants who are in equal danger from a canny highborn lackey of the Hapsburgs. In black and white and in Hungarian. (Thalia; Dec. 7.)

The Ruling Class—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Cinema I.)

La Salamandre—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with a dialectically energizing English art critic and novelist named John Berger. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity. (Olympia; starting Dec. 6.)

A Separate Peace—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (Cinema II.)

1776—A Broadway folk operetta featuring those lovable old codgers, the Founding Fathers, and double-entendres and the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The whole damned thing has the emasculated, giggly tone that passes for clean family entertainment. (Music Hall.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty divertissement on the foolishness of saintliness. In Spanish. (Quad Cinema 4; through Dec. 5.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Plaza.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Greenwich; through Dec. 5. . . . ¶ New Yorker; starting Dec. 6.)

Super Fly—Gaudy black exploitation film with explicit racism and some that's implicit (the hero deals in cocaine, which is supposed to be O.K., since most users here are white). Partly slick, partly amateurish. With Ron O'Neal and Carl Lee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Olympia; through Dec. 5.)

Sweethearts (1938)—One of the best of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy together. The title is ironic: they are squabbling operetta stars. Ray Bolger, Mischa Auer, and Frank Morgan are in the cast. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 2.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 5.)

They Only Kill Their Masters—With James Garner and Katharine Ross, directed by James Goldstone. (Trans-Lux East and Playboy; through Dec. 5.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? (1969)—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 6.)

The Touch (1971)—A Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple, played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made—exact and very touching. (Symphony; starting Dec. 6.)

Trouble Man—With Robert Hooks and Paul Winfield, directed by Ivan Dixon. (Juliet 2.)

Two English Girls—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Coronet.)

Umberto D. (1952)—Vittorio De Sica's greatest film. His Umberto D. is an obstinate, aging bourgeois with bourgeois standards for himself, a down-and-out's income, and the backbone of nobility. The film is a work of wonderful compassion and piercing purity that gathers more people to cherish it as the years go by. Scripted by Zavattini. In Italian. (Thalia; Dec. 1-4.)

The Valachi Papers—With Charles Bronson and Lino Ventura, directed by Terence Young. (34th St. East and Loews Ciné.)

Weekend (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's extraordinary poetic satire on modern life—a powerfully charged and deeply flawed film. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Thalia; through Nov. 30.)

What Do You Say to a Naked Lady? (1970)—An Allen Funt film. (Cinema Studio.)

Where Does It Hurt?—With Peter Sellers and Jo Ann Pflug, directed by Rod Amateau. (Quad Cinema 3; through Dec. 5.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 6.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Olympia; through Dec. 5.)

Young Winston—Enjoyable junk: a few parts pop psychiatry, a few parts adventure, a few parts politics, and a dash of family scandal. Simon Ward is fine-boned and beautiful, and his intelligent impersonation of Churchill from ages seventeen to twenty-six is fun to watch; Anne Bancroft's eye-popping, haughty Jennie Jerome is the stuff of parody. Richard Attenborough directed, from Carl Foreman's adaptation of Churchill's "My Early Life." (Columbia II. Weekdays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30, and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8. Reserved seats only.)

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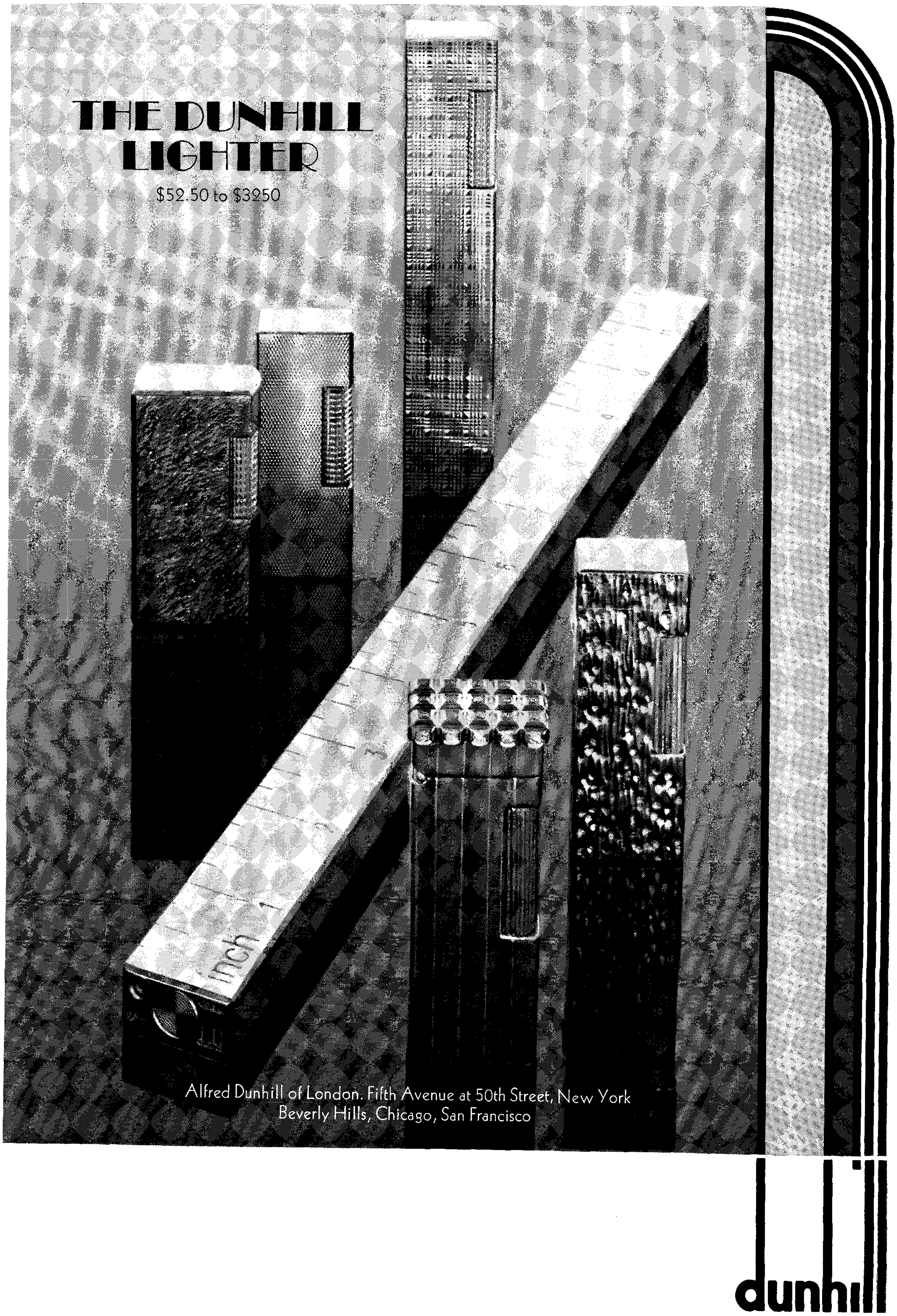
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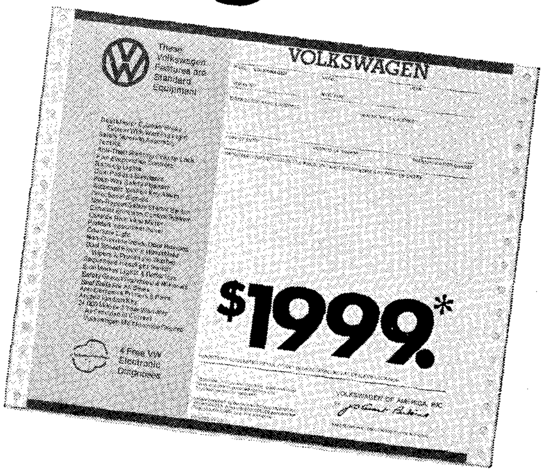

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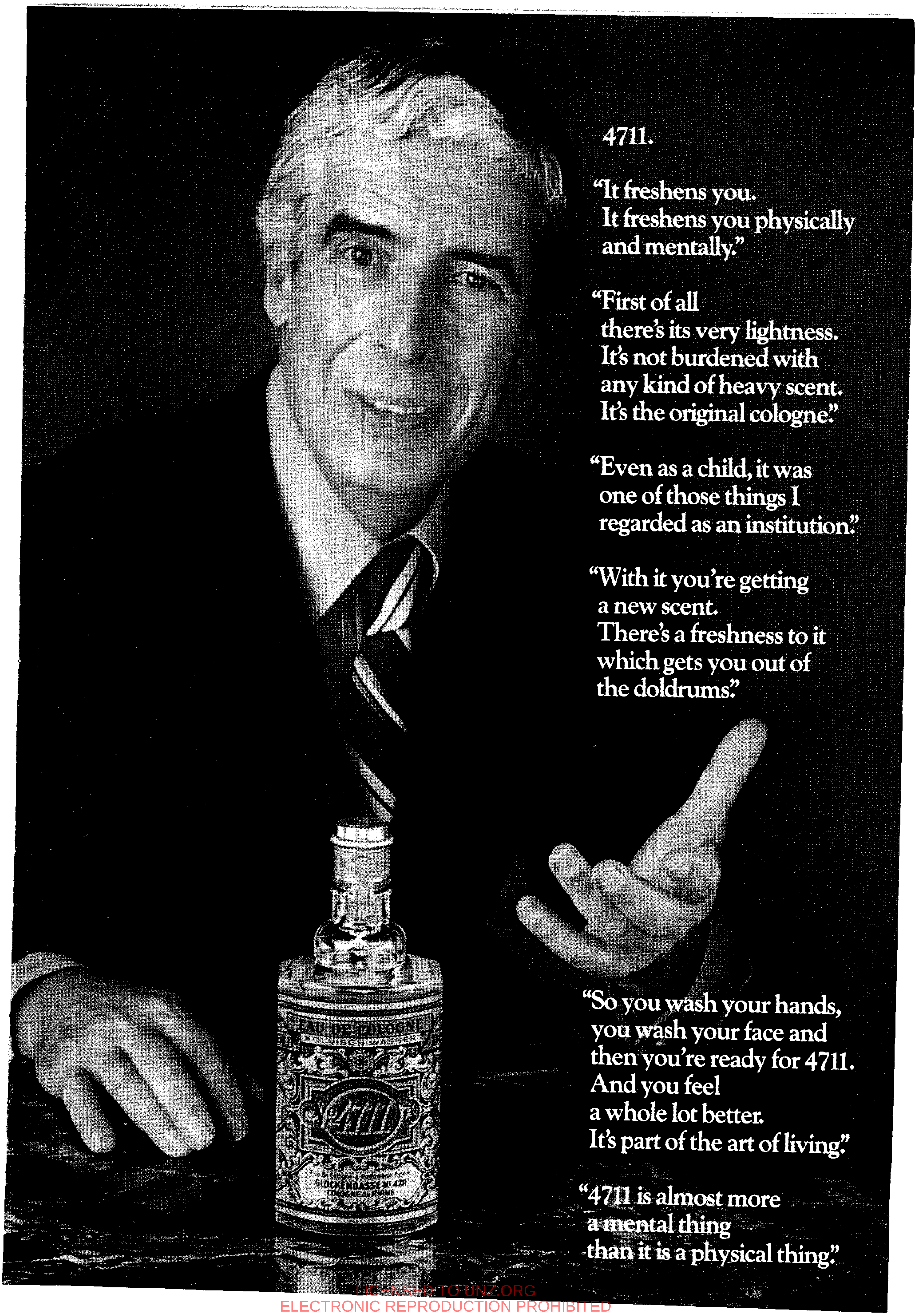
†Source: 1969 manufacturers' suggested retail prices and 1972 average used car lot retail prices as quoted in NADA Official Used Car Guide, Eastern Ed., June, 1972.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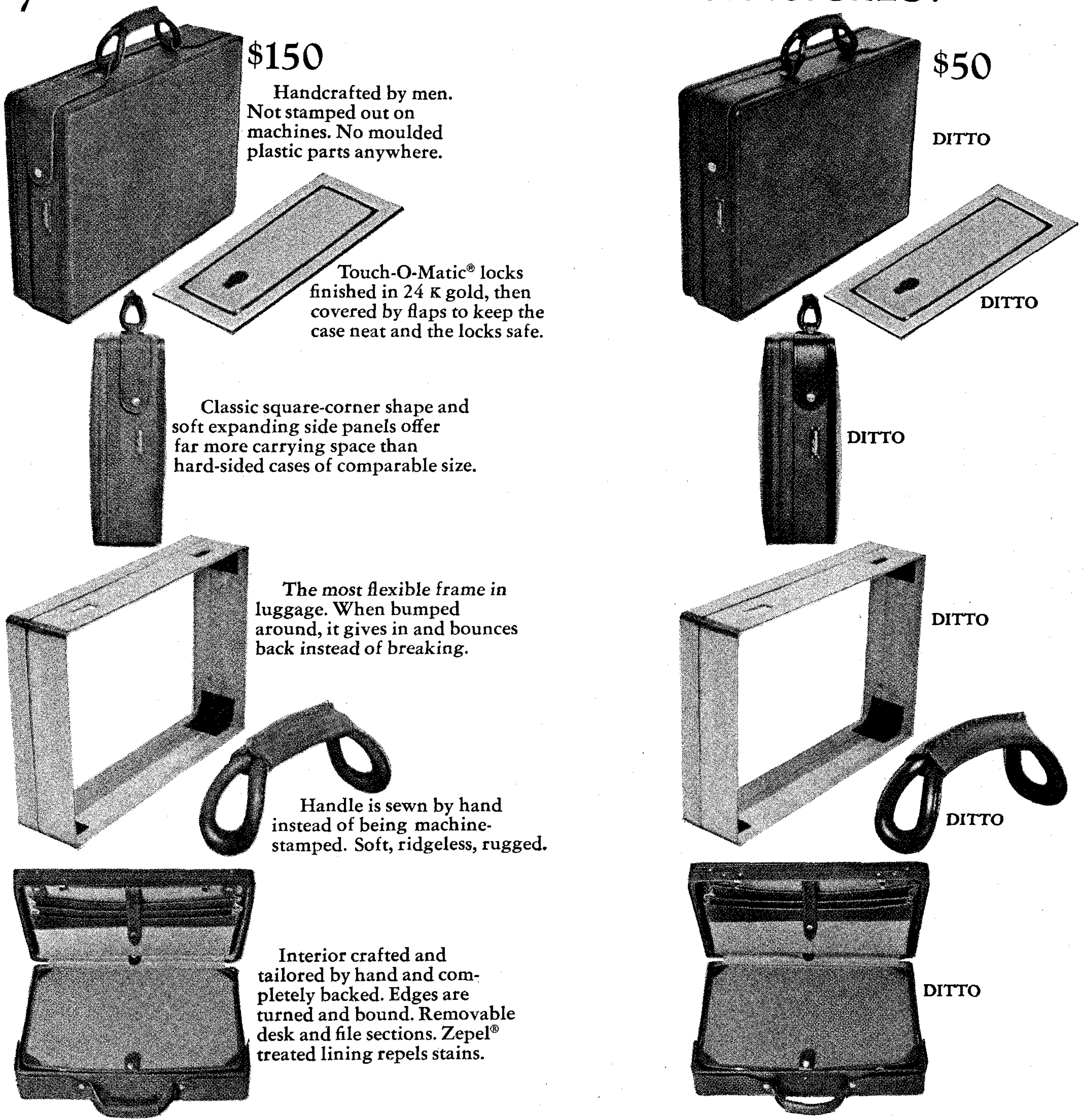

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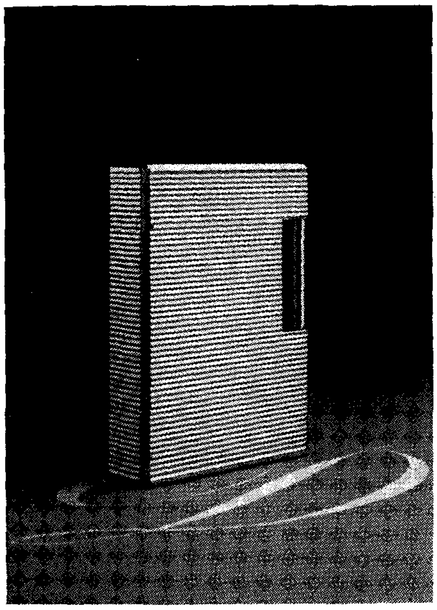

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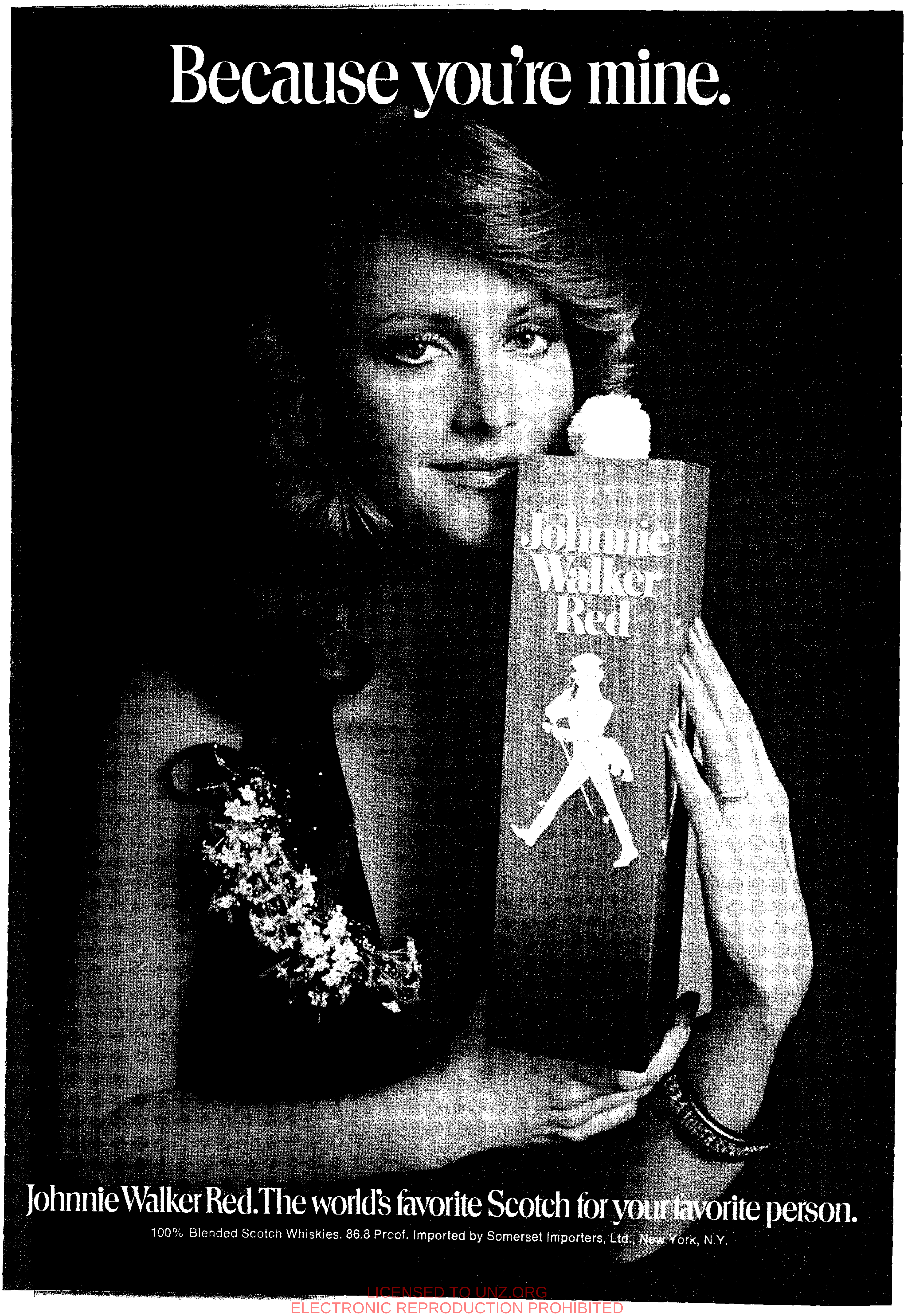

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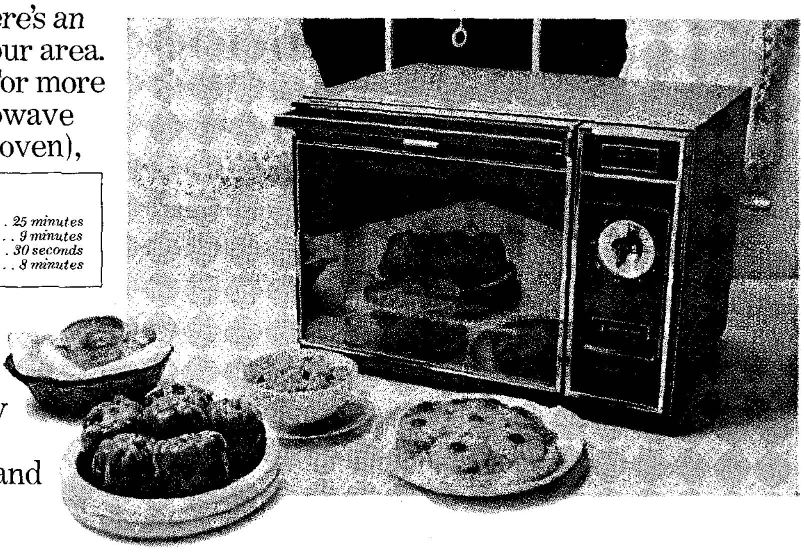
Stuffed Green Peppers (6)	*25 minutes*
Frozen Corn Mexicali	*9 minutes*
Dinner Rolls (4)	*30 seconds*
Pineapple Upside Down Cake	*8 minutes*



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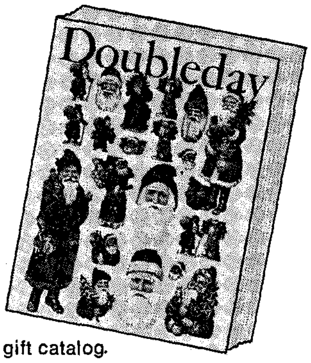

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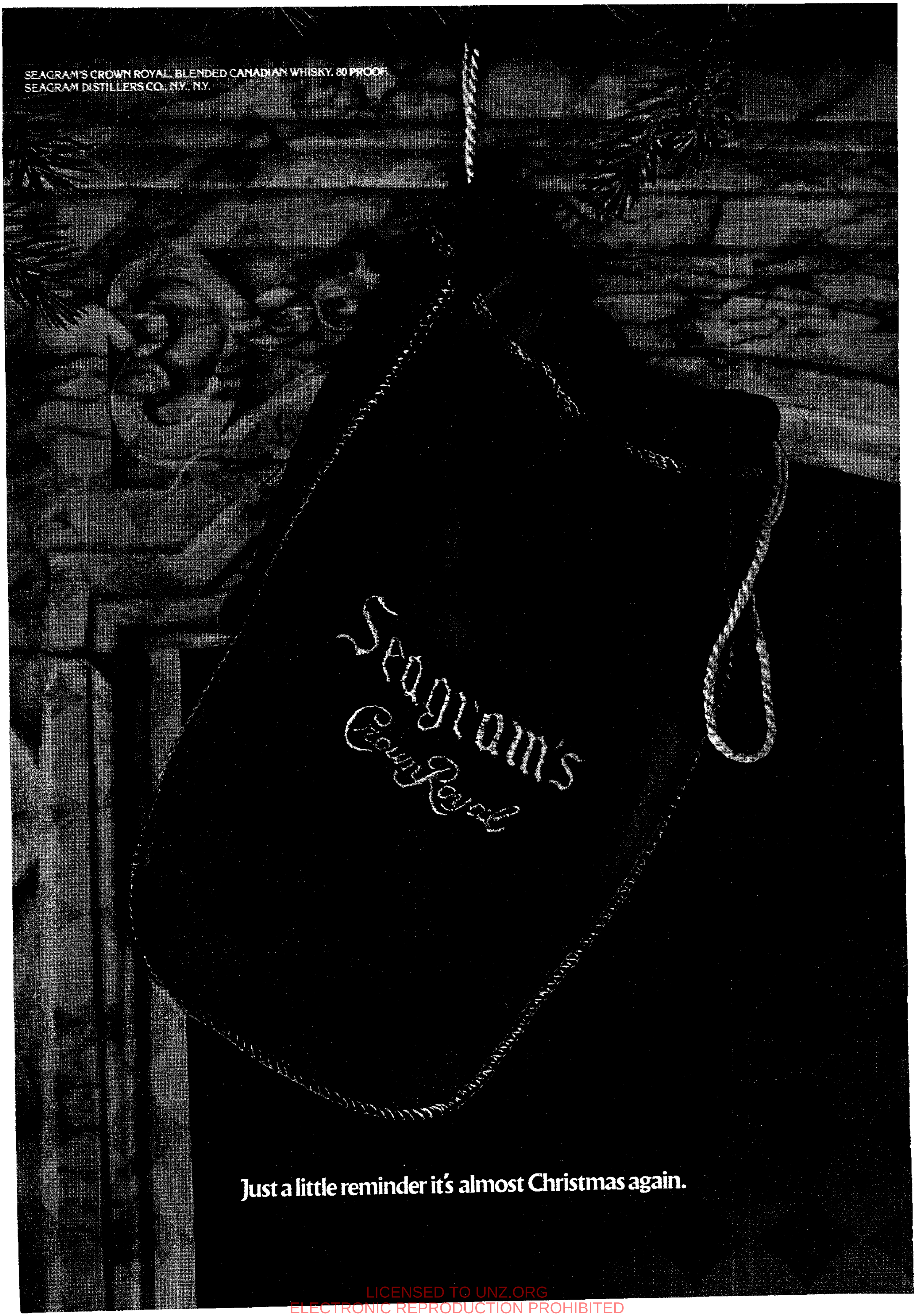
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Girl: But we just sat down.
Man: So we'll just get up.
Girl: But why?
Man: All the waitresses are Japanese.
Girl: That doesn't mean you're getting the usual Japanese food.
Man: No? What's a Japanese waitress going to serve? Corned beef and cabbage? Vermont roast turkey?
Girl: What I mean is just because they're Japanese doesn't mean you're going to get sukiyaki. Or raw fish.
Man: Says who?
Girl: Myrna. Myrna ate in this place.
Man: I could kill Myrna. Why—why did I let you drag me down here!
Girl: Why don't you believe me? This place won't give you the usual Japanese food.
Man: Yes they will. (Morosely) I'm going to eat creepy, quivering masses of who knows what.
Girl: No, you're not.
Man: Mysterious blobs wrapped in rice.
Girl: You're wrong.
Man: Strange shapes that leaped out of the ocean only this morning.
Girl: Will you stop it!
Man: Little pickles that can burn a house down...

At this point the chef arrives. He begins doing his stuff right there at the hibachi table. The couple spends the next hour or so engrossed in an absolutely glorious hibachi feast. They eat the most scrumptious hibachi shrimp, steak, and chicken. (Raw fish? It's not even on the menu.) Then it's all over. They settle back in their chairs.

Man: Boy, I thought that was fantastic.
Girl: Me too.
Man: I guess I've been wrong about a lot of things.
Girl: Yes you have.
Man: I'm really a narrow, prejudiced person.
Girl: Yes you are.
Man: Maybe I've even been narrow and prejudiced about raw fish.
Girl: No, you haven't Harry, you really haven't.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

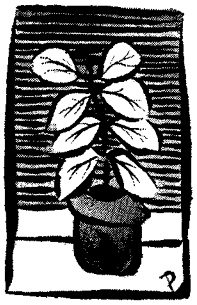
Notes and Comment

IN line with the government's policy of altering the dates of holidays to give people more time for rest and recreation, we have a suggestion for one more change. Christmas should be switched from December 25th to February 29th. This would provide a decent interval between our spells of national hysteria, stem the tide of inflation, restore millions of American males to a state of health, build the character of the nation's children in accordance with President Nixon's ideal of discipline and responsibility, take women out of the stores and put them back in the home and the office, and usher in a new era of tranquillity, sanity, and peace. If small groups of carollers and worshippers wish to celebrate the birth of Christ on December 25th, they will be free to do so without interference from the government. But all other Yuletide activities will be moved to the new and official date—February 29th.

Bombard Him!

THE Twenty-fourth Precinct, on Manhattan's upper West Side, has for some years been known as a high-crime area—a scene of numerous burglaries and robberies. This year, it is reporting about twenty-two per cent fewer crimes than last year, and the reasons for this drop seem to lie both in the police force and in the residents of the area themselves. At the beginning of the year, a number of policemen who had been assigned to the precinct for some years were transferred elsewhere, new patrolmen were brought in, and something called the Neighborhood Police Team Concept was instituted. In addition, an increasing number of block associations have been formed and have hired private guards to patrol their streets in the evening. Where the criminals have gone is unclear, but our friends in the precinct generally feel the situation has improved.

A regular event for the new precinct personnel and for the new block associations is a meeting at which police officers can advise residents on how to cope with crime. We attended one such meeting in May, in a brownstone on 101st Street, and it turned out to be an opportunity for about twenty residents to exchange stories of muggings, near muggings, and the like. Last week, we attended another meeting, this one held at the Equity Library Theatre, on 103rd Street, by the 102nd-103rd Street Block Association, and it was a less gossipy affair. About ninety people were there. They heard speeches by four police officers, asked more questions than could be answered, and then took up their regular business. The meeting lasted over two hours. Deputy Inspector Norman Andersson, of the local precinct, explained that the Neighborhood Police Team Concept meant that the precinct had been divided into six areas, each with its own team of patrolmen. "A big part of police work is getting to know where your trouble spots are—who your bad people are, and your bad places—so you can concentrate on them," he said. "Our Neighborhood Police Teams can do this. It's like having six little police departments in the precinct."



Sergeant John Moreno, the leader of the team in that particular neighborhood, urged the residents to call him if they had any complaints. He also told of a study he had made, which showed that blocks with private guards had about half as many burglaries and robberies as other blocks had. He was followed by Patrolmen Charles Rodstrom and Vincent Albanese, who instructed the residents in how to reduce these crimes further. "The best thing you can do to keep burglars and robbers out of your buildings is to be rude," Patrolman Rodstrom said. "That means to slam the door in someone's face if he's coming in after you. It's very rude, but if you don't know them you have to take it for granted that they don't belong there."

Patrolman Albanese demonstrated a number of locks, and said that the best combination to have is a mortise-mounted dead-bolt or drop-bolt lock with a guard plate; a pick-resistant double-cylinder dead-bolt lock as a secondary lock; and an indoor buttress, usually called a police lock.

The residents' questions often touched on alleged incidents of police negligence, and sometimes concerned matters that were not the responsibility of the police at all. One woman complained to Inspector Andersson about her doorman, who had refused to hunt down a burglar. Several people expressed opposition to a methadone-treatment center that St. Luke's Hospital has considered setting up in the neighborhood. Only two people showed any inclination *not* to worry about crime. One, a woman, said, "I just want to say something positive. My parents were burglarized twice, and my brother once, and although my parents didn't get their things back, my brother had a serial number on his TV and he got his set back."

The other person, also a woman, said to Inspector Andersson, "We always hear, 'Don't go out at night. Don't go out at night.' Isn't this a mistake—to be afraid of going out at night?"

"Yes, sure," the Inspector said. "The more people in the street, the safer the people are."

"But when you ask the police, they always say you should be afraid of crime," the woman said. "Isn't this wrong?"

"I don't know—you can't get involved if you're not out in the street," the Inspector said. "But the more people there are out in the street, the safer it is for everyone."

The 102nd-103rd Street Block Association now has two guards patrolling each evening. At the meeting, the residents voted unanimously to raise money to hire a third, who would patrol part-time—four hours a day from Monday to Thursday and eight hours on Friday. We might comment that since the guards are equipped only with billy clubs and a walkie-talkie, they do not present quite the prospect of "armed men on every street corner," which Chief Justice Warren E. Burger recently said was "not the kind of America that we want."

The most persuasive speaker of the evening was the last—Jenness Eertmoed, who gave a report on bright street lighting as a deterrent to crime. She said that two new lamps had been erected on the corners of 103rd Street at West End Avenue and at Riverside Drive, and that the one at West End Avenue had been turned on but the one on the Drive had not. "Con Edison is supposed to turn it on," she said, "and we've been calling and calling and calling. And we've been calling the Mayor's Office. And we've been calling the city. And nothing happens. That light was put up in July, 1971. It's been a year and a half, and it's still not on. I think we should ask why not. Here's the man to call—Philip Brooks! His number is 566-3555. Call Philip Brooks! Bombard him! Bombard him with calls! Ask him why that light isn't on! That number is 566-3555."

We saw several people writing the number down. Philip Brooks is superintendent of street lighting in the Bureau of Gas and Electricity, in the Department of Public Works, in the Municipal Service Administration. His number is actually 566-3551, and his office says he will be on vacation until mid-December.

Covering the Big Game

THE PROGRAM

STADIUM: Legion Field, Birmingham, Alabama.

Home team: University of Alabama Crimson Tide, undefeated and untied, coached by Paul (Bear) Bryant, one of the greats.

Visiting team: Louisiana State University Tigers, undefeated and untied, coached by Charles McClendon, a former pupil of Bryant's.

Play-by-play announcer: Chris Schenkel, of the American Broadcasting Company, one of the busiest and most popular men in television sports; covers football, basketball, golf, bowling, the Olympics.

Analyst: Charles (Bud) Wilkinson, tall, handsome, soft-spoken; quarterback, in 1937, of the first College All-Star team to beat the pro champs (the Green Bay Packers); head coach at the University of Oklahoma from 1947 to 1963, when he deserted football for politics, business, and television; builder of razzle-dazzle fast-break teams that often reeled off three or four plays at a time with no huddles, relying less on muscle than on speed and finesse; winner of three national championships and six Bowl games; compiler of one of the great coaching records and of the longest win streak—forty-seven games—in the history of major-college football.

The rest of the A.B.C.-TV crew: producer, Chuck Howard, vice-president in charge of program production; director, Andy Sidaris; associate producer, Terry Jastrow; associate director, Roger Goodman; color announcer, Bill Flemming; technical and production staff, fifty or sixty men from New York and Birmingham, operating eight cameras and electronic equipment that fills two trailer trucks.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON

ABOUT one o'clock, we went out to the stadium with Wilkinson and Schenkel to watch the two teams work out. It was a mild, breezy, cloudy day. The Tigers took the field first, wearing dark-blue sweatsuits and helmets but no pads. The stadium was soon echoing with shouts and laughter, and with the thunk of shoes against footballs and the splat of bullet passes hitting receivers. The Tigers seemed playful and relaxed. Instead of calling the usual signals, Bert Jones, the quarterback, was saying, "Ready on the left? Ready on the right? Ball, PLEASE!" Wilkinson said that Jones was the best-looking passer he'd come across all year. We followed Wilkinson and Schenkel down to the field for a better view of the team and stood near the sideline, at midfield. We also got our first closeup view of artificial turf. It looked and felt a lot like a deep-pile carpet with a foam-rubber pad under it.

Coach McClendon, a friendly, talkative big guy, came over to see Wilkinson. He said, "Hi, Coach."

Wilkinson said, "Everybody ready?"

"Yeah. We're even kinda glad to get away from home," McClendon said. "You know, Coach, you play around your own people and you take things for granted. Sometimes it's good to have to start fightin' for your life."

"That was a real thriller last week," Schenkel said, referring to a game that L.S.U. had won by a single point.

"If you had written a script like that, people wouldn't have believed it," McClendon said. "I tell you, that Jones has got *so* much confidence. He thinks he can do anything. There was one second left, and I said, 'Well, son, this is it. Stick it to 'em.' And you know what he said? Nuthin'. He just winked at me. Then he strolled out there and threw a touchdown pass." McClendon was obviously sky-high for the next day's game. His conversation had a jittery, compulsive quality, like that of someone who's talking to cover the sound of his teeth chattering.

"You have anything special you're going to do?" Wilkinson asked.

McClendon said, "Naw, Coach, I tell you. There's just one thing. Like the punting game. We might—depending on where we are and what the score is—we might drop one off on 'em. I don't know whether they're going on the returns, but they're trying to get all the rushes up there. But basically we just want to do the things we do best. Stick with 'em. Last year, we tried to get real smart. Two years ago, we ran straight at Alabama. It wasn't pretty at all. It was just those three and four yards. But *we* had the football. They couldn't score. Our best defense has got to be our own offense. We've got to control the ball and not let them have it. They didn't make a mistake last year. Damn, they're due one. They're *due* one, aren't they, Coach? I mean, God O'mighty, how long can you *go*?" McClendon's eyes sparkled. He looked ready to suit up and make some vicious tackles.

When the L.S.U. team headed for the locker room, two young boys approached Wilkinson and asked for his autograph. As he signed, we asked him if he missed coaching. "Well, you don't miss the recruiting, I'll guarantee you that," Wilkinson said. "You're glad to be out of that phase of it. But I do miss the relationship with the players. Some people look on that relationship as no longer valid. But that's a misunderstanding. It's very valid. A kid coming to a major university as a freshman today is not a whole lot different from the kids of fifteen or twenty-five years ago. These kids are people of great potential, not only athletically but as people. They are people who are not in any way defeated by the world yet. They honestly believe that they're capable of winning the big brass ring. So *they've* got *that* super-enthusiasm. Now, when you've got talent and enthusiasm and willingness to grow, it's really something—it's a unique circumstance. You miss that. In most businesses or political campaigns, or whatever, you've got a full range of emotions and interests, some good, some bad. But with these kids it isn't that way at all. And then the game itself is very, very fascinating—the strategy and tactics of how you play. This changes—not dramatically, a little every year. There is very seldom anything really new in football, but there are interesting mutations. So every year you have these new—well, fashions, really." This year's fashion is the Wishbone T, a mutation of the Split T, which Wilkinson perfected at Oklahoma, and its principal exponent is Darrell Royal, the head coach at the University of Texas, who played quarterback for Wilkinson.

We remarked that Wilkinson looked fit enough to play a few downs, and asked him how he kept in shape. "Well, I don't want to get wound up about physical fitness, but, you know, the one basic fact of life is that we are physical beings," Wilkinson said. "To say that you should be fit is *not* saying *that* you should be an athlete, that you should be able to start for Alabama. But it is saying that you're going to age prematurely and you're going to subject yourself to debilitating illnesses if you don't have a sound cardiovascular system. And the only way you can have that is to get the proper rest, eat reasonably well, and exercise a reasonable amount. I try to play golf, handball, and tennis, do some calisthenics, jog, swim a little. I usually work out two or three times a week. My own definition of a workout is very simple and basic, and it's this: You move vigorously enough to raise your pulse rate. You maintain that, and pretty soon you perspire. And then you maintain *vigorous* movement for another ten or fifteen minutes. That's what a workout is. It makes no difference what you do. Anything is better than nothing."

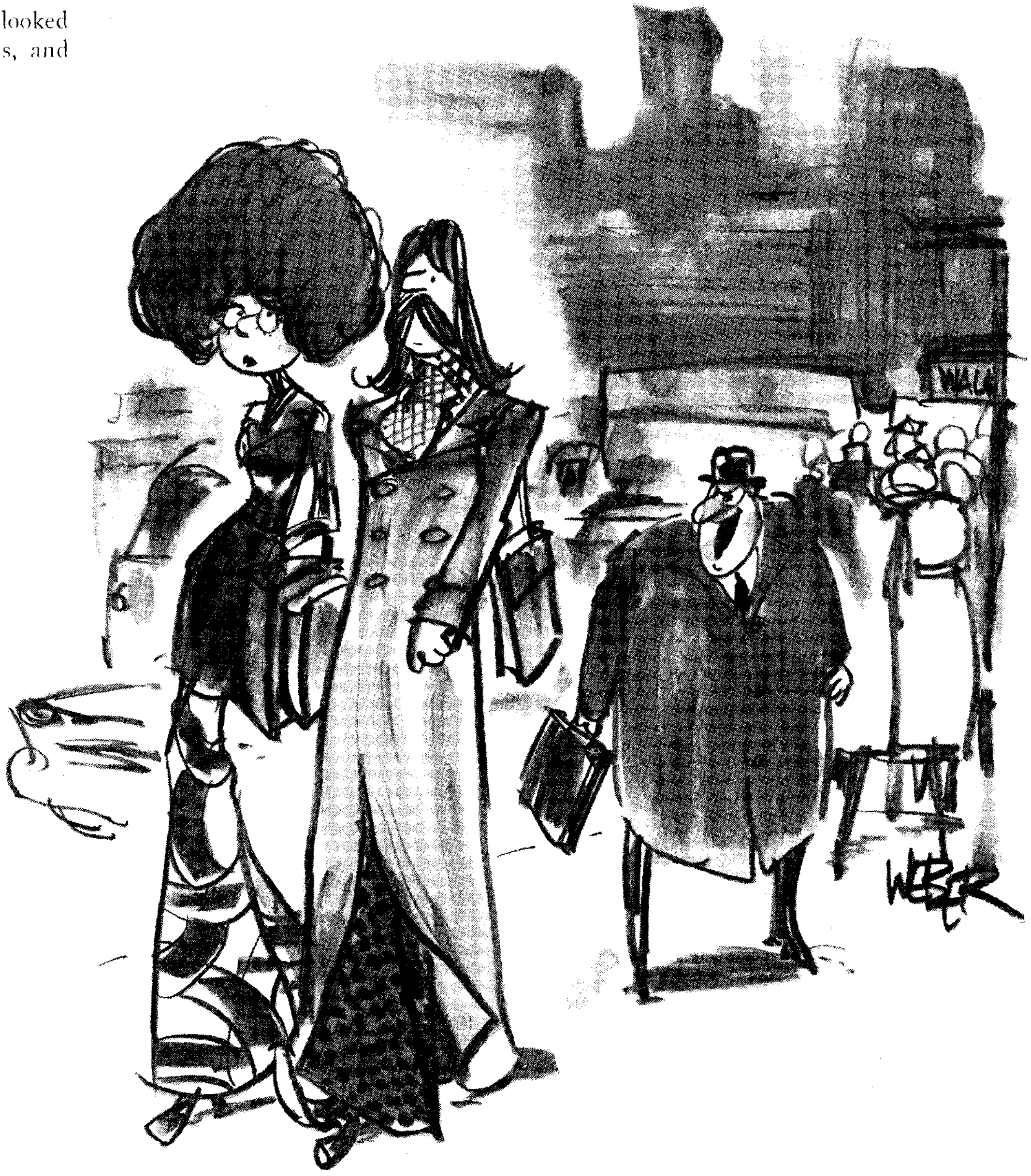
The Alabama team trotted out onto the field, and walking slowly behind them was Coach Bryant, exhaling clouds of cigarette smoke, as usual, and wearing his checked, narrow-brim hat. The Bear was squinting into the wind, and he looked preoccupied. He didn't have a lot to say to a little knot of well-wishers, mostly middle-aged men, who surrounded him in the end zone. He and Wilkinson, who are old friends, greeted each other near the ten and strolled upfield. We tagged along, eager to hear what the two genius strategists would say to each other. (What would Patton have said to MacArthur? Clausewitz to Jomini?) All we heard was Bryant saying, "Bud, I just don't know what kind of team we got. I don't know how good we are this year. But I think we're going to find out tomorrow."

The three of us stopped near the other end of the field and watched the scrimmaging in silence for a few minutes. Bryant was not happy with what he saw, and he turned to Wilkinson and said, "Hell of a way to make a living, huh, Coach? Watching a nineteen- or twenty-year-old boy run down the field with your job?"

Wilkinson brought up the subject of the Nebraska Cornhuskers, who beat Alabama decisively in last year's Orange Bowl game. For the past few days, there had been rumors of a rematch. The Bear was in no mood to be bothered with Nebraska. "I think them and Notre Dame deserve one another," he said. (A few days later, it was announced that Nebraska and Notre Dame would meet in the Orange Bowl.)

FRIDAY NIGHT

THE weekly production meeting was held in a small conference room at the Parliament House Motor Hotel, where the A.B.C. crew was staying. Chuck Howard, a slim, in-



"The fun's over, kids!"

tense man in his late thirties, briefed the announcers and the production people on the plans for the next day's coverage.

Howard: Chris, I want you to really hit hard on the importance of the game when we come on. You know, the old could-be-for-the-national-championship, two-undefeated-teams thing. Then, after you've had, like, a minute for this, with the teams running on, and the bands and the cheerleaders and so forth, I want you to go down to Bill, who will talk about last week's game. You know, "L.S.U. is undefeated, but they almost weren't, and, to really fill us in on the specifics, here's Bill Flemming." We go to you, Bill, and you're to set exactly what it was—they're behind sixteen to ten, two minutes and forty-five seconds to go, they drive the length of the field, and they score as time runs out. Then we come back to Chris and Bud from there, with whatever you want to use to set the game, Bud. I think maybe we ought to talk about the two quarterbacks or the two contrasting offenses.

Wilkinson: I think the depth of their offenses, too.

Howard: Well, that's right. Alabama is going to play three backfields. L.S.U. plays two. Pick one of the two points and make it, and if we're lined up on the field with the player intro, we may cut you short. In which case you have to make the other point after the opening kickoff. Now, what we ought to do, Andy, is have two freeze frames of the quarterbacks, in case he's going to talk about them. At half time, a station break immediately followed by the campus footage of L.S.U.

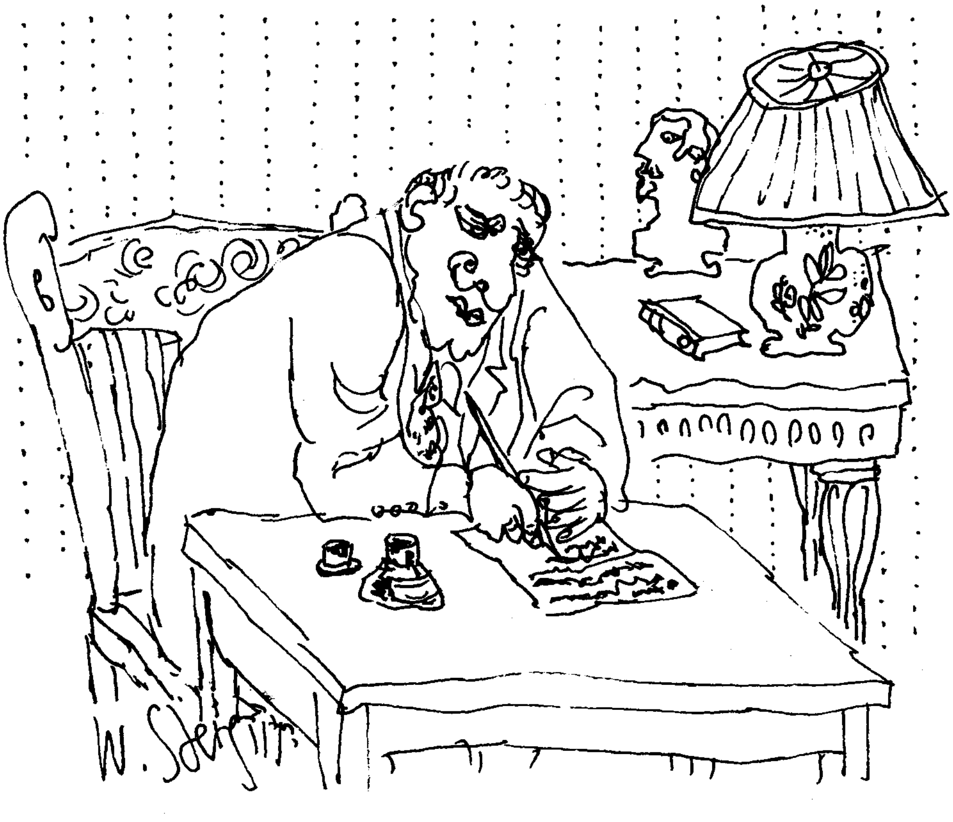
Terry Jastrow: There's only one band. No L.S.U. band. They called Monday and said, "We can save several grand if you guys will just tell us that you won't cover us."

When the planning was complete, Roger Goodman, the associate director, wheeled a blackboard over to the conference table and said, "Today's weather slogan is 'Chuck.' " He wrote "Chuck" on the blackboard in block letters and then began altering them. "You cross that, cross that, make a little box, right? Cross that, a wheel there, a wheel here, another box, and you've got a train, right? And 'Train' spelled backwards is 'Niart,' right? And now I want you to meet—*Niart the Weather Girl!*" A waitress from the hotel's Cork Room, dressed in a medium-skimpy outfit, ran into the room, said, "Is this Chris Schenkel?," kissed Schenkel on the forehead, and then ran out. Wild applause, whistles, and stomping from the crew.

Saturday Afternoon

A HALFBACK takes a handoff, runs wide, and is just about to turn upfield, and then a linebacker shoots in from nowhere and nails him. When they show the play again on television, it's from a different angle—an "isolated replay" focussed specifically on the linebacker and showing all his moves before and during the play. The TV people couldn't have known he would be involved in the play, so how did they get the shot? In the case of the college games, the answer is that Chuck Howard has studied both teams well—he knows who the key players are and what they tend to do in certain situations. For instance, on an obvious passing down he may reason that the offensive team has had little success with its wide receivers and so this is a good time to pass to someone coming out of the backfield. He gives the order to isolate on one of the running backs, and as soon as the play is over, if he has guessed right, there on the screen is a shot of the back faking a block and then swinging out of the backfield to take the pass. During the game, in a trailer truck parked beneath the stadium, Howard sits in a miniature control room beside Andy Sidaris, the director, facing a wall of twenty monitors. Howard calls out the shots he wants to Sidaris, who is in touch with the cameramen. Sidaris must decide which cameras to use for isolation and which for live coverage. Howard also is hooked up electronically with several other production people and with Wilkinson and Schenkel, who must be alerted for commercial breaks and replays. During the few minutes we spent in the truck on this afternoon, we were impressed by the way Howard and Sidaris composed a smooth, coherent visual narrative out of the jumble of images before them.

We were up in the broadcast booth most of the afternoon, enjoying the game. (Both teams played very well, and Alabama won, 35–21.) The booth was a surprise. Watching football on television, we had imagined Wilkinson and Schenkel high above the noise and action, enclosed in glass, perhaps munching hot dogs during commercials—two friends chatting quietly about the game. Instead, all was noise and haste. The booth was completely open, and the racket from the Alabama fans was such that Wilkinson and Schenkel could hear themselves and each other only through their headsets. The base noise level, between plays, was equal to what New York pro-football fans manage for a seventy-yard touchdown play. When something happened, like a two-yard gain, the roar went up into the jet-engine-revving-right-in-your-face range. Wil-



"Come back. I will never speak ill of woman again."

kinson and Schenkel seemed to be busy every second. College teams run quite a few more plays than the pros do, so there is a lot for the college-game announcers to say and not much time to say it in. While Schenkel called the plays, he was looking at the field and at a monitor in front of him, consulting his notes about the players, marking the progress of the ball on a chart, and accepting the promptings of his spotter, Bill Friel. Friel sat on Schenkel's right, following the game with binoculars; on a roster of both teams he pointed out the names of players who made tackles, punted, entered or left the game, and so on. Wilkinson was explaining plays, listening to replay cues from Howard, and keeping track of errors (fumbles, penalties) and of net punt yardage. Wilkinson had written out two small charts for himself, one showing the Alabama offense versus the L.S.U. defense, the other the L.S.U. offense versus the Alabama defense. This is what one of the charts looked like:

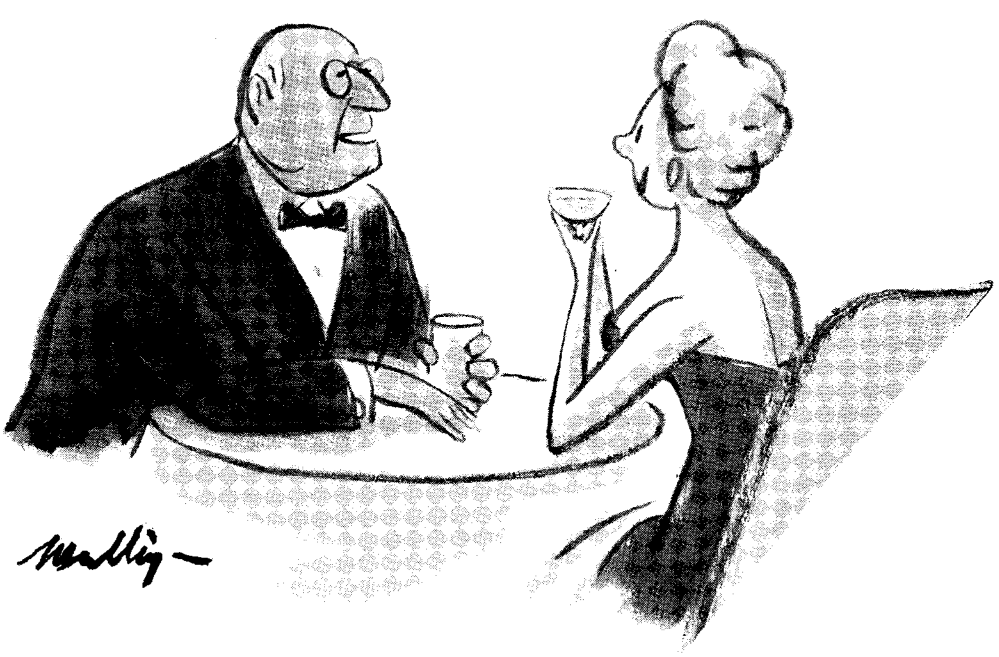
L.S.U. Offense
I. Formations
Walking I   Split backs
Slot   Power I
II. Plays
Wham lead   Option
Wingback attack   Play passes
Sprint out   D.B.
III. Plan
Must throw and can
Play passes for maximum protection
Use what got us here

——vs.——

Alabama Defense
I. Pattern
4-3-4
II. Plan
Rush effectively   Use height
Avoid breakaway

SATURDAY NIGHT—THE GETAWAY

FOLKS in Alabama like their football, and they like the TV people who cover their football. Since the A.B.C. people prefer not to linger after a game, the city of Birmingham helped them escape the stadium on this Saturday by providing a police escort—a squad car and two motorcycles. The members of the crew checked out of their hotel before the game, and loaded part of their gear into a rented car and the rest of it into the squad car. The instant the game was over, the crew ran a power sweep toward the cars, with Wilkinson out front, showing some of the blocking form that won him fame at Minnesota. There was a moment of indecision at the cars—departure time of their flight was in twenty-five minutes and that seemed impossible in all the traffic. The cops said don't worry. Then—acceleration, screaming sirens, high speed, blurs, swerves, honking, no braking, scenes from "Bullitt." They made it in fourteen minutes.



"I want you to know that I'm not nearly the great human being everyone seems to think me to be."

• •

Builder

THE city got its first look at the new Uris Theatre, in the new Uris office building at 1633 Broadway, last week, and soon after that we got *our* first look at Harold D. Uris, who is president of the Uris Buildings Corporation and thus one of the important landlords of the city. The Uris Theatre owes its existence to the new breed of zoning law, which cajoles developers into adding "amenities" in exchange for height bonuses and the like, and not to any spontaneous resurgence of theatre-building, and when we first called Mr. Uris, he was quick to set us straight on his involvement with Broadway. "I'm not in the theatre business, and I'm not in the publicity business," he said. "I'm in the building business, and if you want to talk about buildings, come on over." We did go over—to the Uris offices, in the Uris-owned building at 850 Third Avenue—where we found Mr. Uris, a gentle-spoken but forceful man in his sixties, sitting at a large, not quite rectangular conference table. He was wearing a blue pin-striped suit, black socks with white clocks, and a blue-and-white tie. His hair is rusty and his face is slightly red. We immediately began to talk about Uris buildings. There are eight Uris-owned office buildings in the city, including the I.T.T. Building at 320 Park Avenue, the Sperry-Rand Building, the J.C. Penney Building, 2 Broadway, and 60 Broad Street, and there are three not quite finished Uris buildings, including the nearly complete building-with-theatre at 1633 Broadway and the building at 55 Water Street, which for a while will be the largest privately sponsored office building in the world, and we asked Mr. Uris if he had a favorite.

"I like them all," said Mr. Uris. "Would you ask me which finger on my hand I liked best? I like them all. Of course, some buildings *are* better than other buildings. A definition of a very good building is a building with a very good balance sheet, and some buildings have better balance sheets than others. Uris buildings have good balance sheets. There is a tendency in this city to attack anyone who has the connotation of being a landlord, but the landlords are the city's best customers. Last year, our buildings paid the city thirty-five million dollars in taxes. I'm sixty-seven years old and I've been in the building business for sixty-seven years. The way I learned the alphabet, 'B' stands for bulldozer. My father was in the construction business, and my brother Percy was my partner until he died, last year. My father's firm was the Harris H. Uris Iron Works, on West Twenty-sixth Street. He made ornamental iron. Do you see this table? The top of the table was part of a coal scuttle my father made for the St.

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Regis Hotel. In 1904, on the opening day of the ironworks, my father had been in this country only ten or twelve years. He came from a little town in Russia. My father was not very literate, by American standards, but within ten years he had his ironworks. I have a wonderful picture."

Mr. Uris took us over to one wall to see a picture of opening day at his father's ironworks. It was a fine picture of a fine, simple brick building. Mr. Uris's father and mother were off to the right. The employees of Mr. Uris's father were ranged in front of the building in yearbook fashion. Some stood on the building's fire escape. There was a very pleasant feeling about the picture. "I don't know, but I think that building's still up, over on Twenty-sixth Street," Mr. Uris said. On the same wall there were lots of other pictures, and plaques, and a certificate appointing him a trustee of Cornell University. "My brother Percy was a trustee of Columbia, and I'm a trustee of Cornell," Mr. Uris said. "There is a Uris Hall at Columbia, to which we donated quite a large sum of money, and there is a Uris Hall at Cornell. In everything we did, my brother and I were always partners. It was one of the most beautiful relationships. I got out of college in 1925, and I never bothered to go home. I took my valise straight to the office. We built a few buildings in the twenties. In 1930, we were flat on our back, but it never occurred to us we wouldn't make it. During the war, we built housing for the government, and that's the only thing we built that I was ever ashamed of. That stuff was so cheap. We built some of it for twenty-two hundred dollars a unit. Until 1947, we built residential buildings in New York—2 Sutton Place South, 930 Fifth Avenue, 880 Fifth Avenue. Then we started on our office buildings."

We asked Mr. Uris what he thought about people who criticized office buildings and deplored their dominance of the city.

"These people are very artistic," Mr. Uris said. "I happen to believe that the *interior* of a building is much more important than the exterior. None of the architectural people agree with me. But you build a building for those who occupy it, not for those who stand across the street and look at it. We have always built good buildings. I won't say I am not a perfectionist, but my brother *was* a perfectionist. I can't help it if people think every building should be the Taj Mahal."

RIDE

The most unusual vehicle the Jordanian monarch has driven was a taxicab. He disguised himself as a cab driver in Amman to find out what the people thought of their ruler.

The response, he said, was favorable, even if the tips weren't always so generous.—*Boston Globe, November 8, 1972.*

"MIDTOWN," I said at the airport. "The Roosevelt." The cab driver, I thought, winced. He was hard to make out behind the plastic murk of the anti-mugging partition. Five-o'clock shadow and a ski-jump nose, was my impression when he turned his head. "Ya want the tunnel, the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge, or the Triborough?" His voice was unexpectedly grave and orotund, yet with a snag of uncertainty in it. On some words, he fought a stammer, and his eyelids (at least the lid of the eye I could see) went into a series of rapid little blinks, as if a moth were caught in his socket. He was shy, I sensed, but determined.

"You decide," I told him. "You're the boss." It seemed to be what he wanted to hear. His shoulders relaxed, though his eyes kept twitching toward me in the rearview mirror. They were dark and anxious eyes, burdened by their brows. He wanted to communicate. Lonely devils, I thought, trapped in their cabs twelve hours a day with only the radio for company. How many times can you hear the Top 40 without wanting to scream? Sitting there behind the wheel, a prey to backache and coronary sludge, all that traffic tension barking in the pit of your stomach.

"Let me make this perfectly clear," he said. "The tunnel comes out into this mess at the U.N. The Triborough puts more mileage on the meter and foments inflation. Myself, if it was my ride, I'd opt for the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge. You go through Queens. A lot of decent, hard-working, forgotten people reside in Queens."

"O.K.," I said, "Queens. And step on it."

He said, "I'm for forward progress all right, but let's not go overboard on this acceleration angle." We rolled along the middle of Grand Central Parkway in second gear. After my ears had adjusted to the sound of grinding, he called back through the little change drawer, "Some election, huh?"

"Some election," I agreed.

"I mean, you'd have to call it a goddam mandate, right?"

"You could say that." Talking politics makes me nervous these recent years; everybody takes it so personally. And the driver's eyes wouldn't rest. They kept checking up on me in the mirror. Maybe we were being tailed. We did seem to be surrounded by gray cars full of men in gray suits, whose hands kept touching their breast pockets. I remembered stories of cabbies, not really cabbies, who take their fares into a warehouse district and rob them. When he spoke again, I jumped, his tone was so tense and menacing.

"Well, what d'ya think of 'im?"

"Think of who?"

"You know, come on. Him. The Prez. Number One."

"He certainly is."

"Is what?"

"Number One."

For the first time, he smiled. His eyes kept watching me in the mirror, but his head turned, and I could see half a smile. His teeth weren't good, but they were his own. He shouted into the change drawer, "Fabuloso, huh?"

He wanted something from me. I could feel his disappointment in the way we jerked to a stop at a red light. Outside the cab, kids were playing some tattered game in a concrete courtyard, and tight little streets of speckle-siding semidetached houses receded to the horizon. For a moment, the sun rubbed through the overcast, then gave up, and the light became again as subtle as the taste of chemical bread. "God, I love Queens," the driver volunteered.

1886
ST. GEORGE GREEK ORTHODOX

"Why?" I was really curious; for I noticed he had a tan. A Florida tan or a California tan, I couldn't tell, but a fresh one, or rather one of those renewed ones that never have a chance to fade, like that of a golf pro who goes from Westchester to Palm Springs when the greens freeze; or of a golf pro's pet student, some corporation lawyer retired from private practice. His hair had the slightly curly and pampered look around the collar that bespeaks money. Though his cap was greasy, his collar was white. There was something fishy here.

"Let me be extremely frank," he said, his eyes shifting unfrankly. "I love Queens because it is populated by loyal American citizens who want peace, but peace with honor; who want change, but change that works; who want quality education for their children regardless of race or religion but not at the price of a kindergarten child spending one hour each way every weekday on a lurching, overcrowded, groggy-making bus." I felt he had made this pronouncement before; the words emerged unfalteringly, and with almost a devil-may-care adroitness he knifed between a flaming oil truck and a curtained limousine, preëmpting the middle, at the clangorous approach, spiked with rubber gnome hats, to the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge. He cut to the left of a red truck laden with frozen eggrolls and to the right of a police car emitting clouds of Mace.

"Whew," I said, on the edge of my seat with terror. "Quite a traffic situation around here."

"In my considered judgment," he said grimly, "we can hack it."

"Is it too late to try the Triborough?"

"Stick with me."

I gulped. "I have to."

He laughed—an uncanny, canned sound. "I'm getting better at this all the time. Play to win, right? Last wreck I was in was in California. Where ya say you're from, anyway?"

"Massachusetts."

There was a silence from the front seat. "Must be a lot of kooky people," he offered at last, "up there in Massachusetts."

At the hotel (the Taft, as it turned out), his meter said $6.80. I gave him seven dollars and accepted a dime of the change. To get a big tip from me, you need charisma. —JOHN UPDIKE

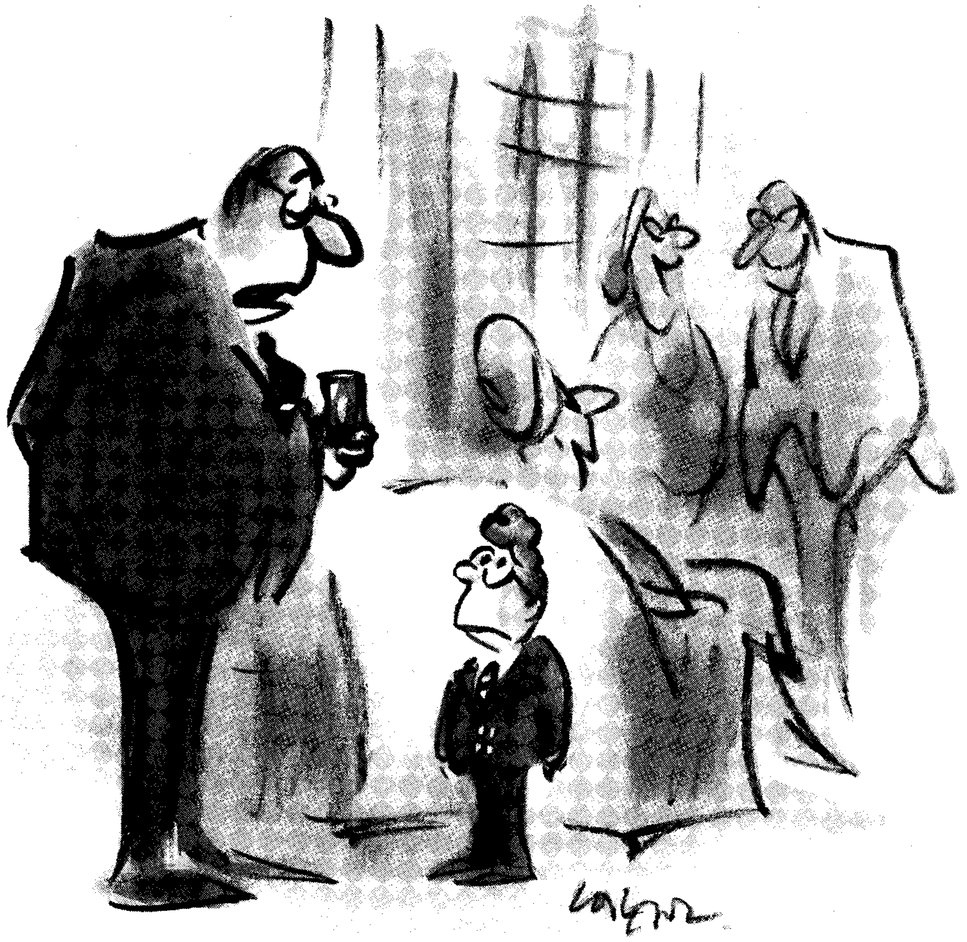
OVER

OH, my dear, I would like to be something else, anything else than an albatross. In short, I wish I never knew you. Or could forget. Or be a bone—you could suck it. Or a stone in the bottom of your pocket, slipped down if you like, through one of the holes in the lining and wedged into the hem more or less forever, until you threw the coat away or gave it to one of your relations. I never saw you in a coat, only in a sort of jacket—what they call an anorak. A funny word. The first time you came to see me you were on the point of leaving as I opened the door. Leaving already. Yes, you were that intrepid. So was I. You asked me where you might put your coat—or rather that anorak thing—and I couldn't think, there being no hall stand.

Do you remember, the room was too big for us? I remember. Seeing you sitting an ocean away, on a print-covered chair, ill at ease, young—younger than your thirty years—I thought how I would walk across somehow, or even stride across and cradle you. It was too grand—the room, the upright piano, the cut-glass chandelier. I have had notions of grandeur in the past, but they are vanishing. Oh my God, everything is vanishing except you. A younger man. I go over our years ahead—jump ahead, if you will. I will be gray before you. What a humbling thing. I will dye my tresses, all my tresses. Perhaps I should experiment now with a bottle of brown dye and a little soft brush. I must forestall you always, always. Leave no loopholes, nothing that will disappoint or disenchant you. What nonsense, when you have already gone. I don't expect to see you again unless we bump into one another. I think I am getting disappointed in you and that is good. Excellent. You told me yourself how you lied to me. You are back from your lecturing and probably thinking of getting in touch with me, probably at this very moment. Your hand on the telephone, debating, all of you debating. Now you've taken your hand away. You've put it off. You know you can put it aside like a treat—a childhood treat. I did that as a child with a watch. Not a real watch but still a watch. It was the color of jam, raspberry color, and I left it somewhere—actually in a vestibule—in order that I could go and look at it, in order to see it there, mine. Mine. I did it. I crossed the room, and what you did was to feel my hair over and over again and in different ways, touch it, with the palm of your hand—your drink was in your other hand (at first you refused a drink)—felt it, strands of hair, with your fingers, touched it as if it were cloth, the way a child touches its favorite surfaces: a doll, a toy. I keep saying "child." It was like that, and you staring, staring right through me, into me.

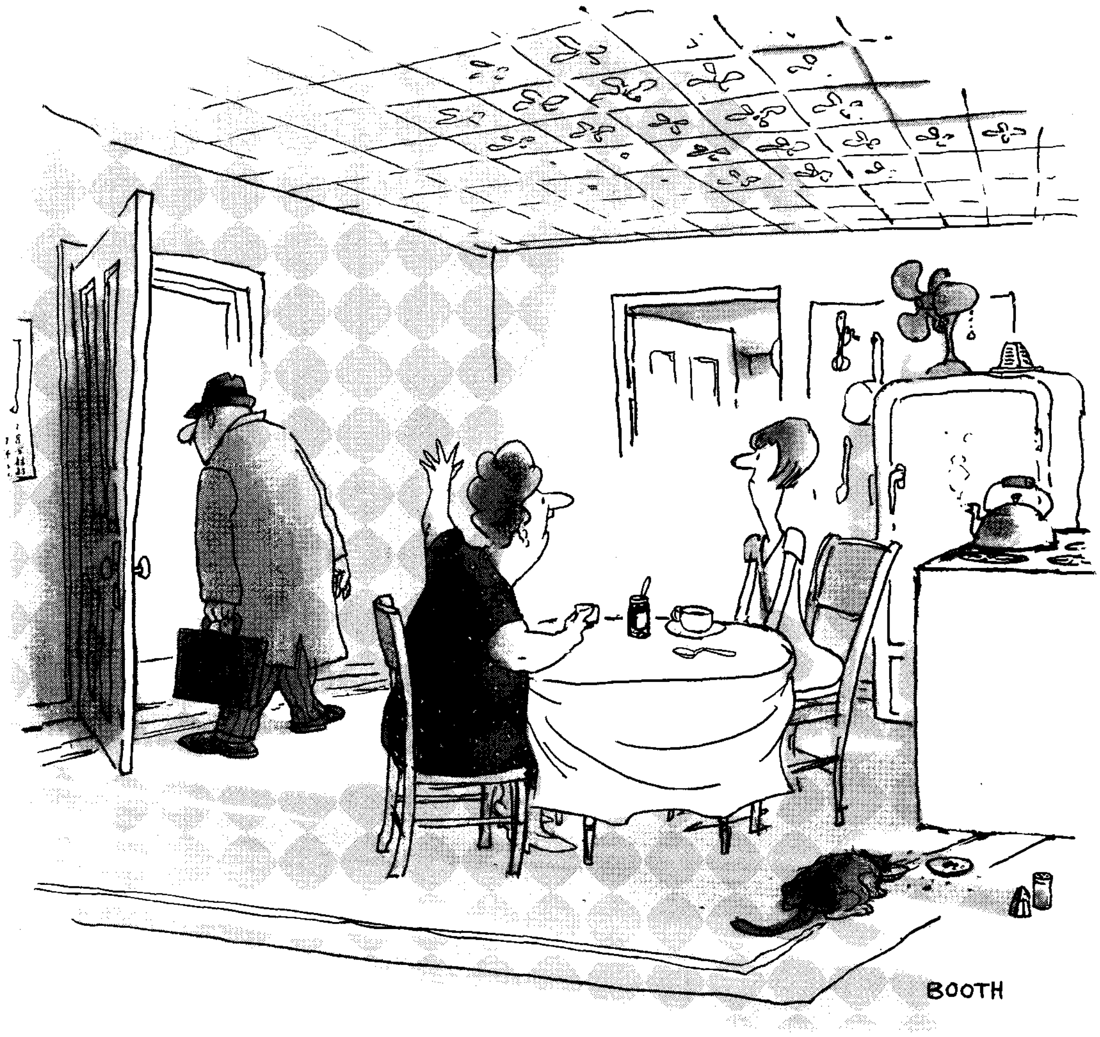
No knowing what I surrendered that night, what I gave up. I gave up most people, and I gave up the taste for clothes and dinners and anything that could be called frivolous. I even gave up my desire to talk or intrude or make my presence felt. I was right back—that is true—right back to the fields where I grew up; the simplest things, old sensations repossessed me. Crystal clear. A gate, a hasp, a water trough, the meadows. A hayfield. Dew again. And the image I had was of the wetness that babies and calves and foals have when they are just born and are about to be licked, and yet I was the mother. Undoubtedly I was the mother when I gave you that soup and peeled a potato for you and cut it in half and mashed it as if you couldn't do it yourself and you said, "I have a poor appetite." You thought I would be more imposing. Even my kitchen you liked—the untidiness and the leaves in a jug. They last a long time and I am told that they are lucky. I should have enjoyed that night, that first unplanned meeting. As a matter of fact I did, but it has been overlaid with so much else that it is like something crushed, something smothered, something at the bottom of a cupboard that has been forgotten, its very shape destroyed, its denomination ignored; and yet it is something that will always be there, except that no one will know or care about it, and no one will want to retrieve it, and in the years to come if the cupboard should be cleaned out—if, for instance, the occupants are leaving—it will indeed be found but it will be so crumpled as to be useless. Someone will say, "Oh that old thing." Pitiful.

I dreamed of you before I met you. That was eerie. I dream of you still—quite unedifying dreams where you are embracing me and whispering and we are interrupted, the way we are constantly interrupted in life. You once told me that there were only ten min-



"I understand you are a gifted child. I was a gifted child myself."

utes left for us because you had to buy a piece of glass for a painting, make sure of getting it before the shop closed. The painting was a present to you both. You say it's pity that holds you to her, but I believe that you are afraid of her and don't know it. And I believe that you love her and don't know it. You don't know very much about yourself; you shirk that. I asked you once—I went down on my knees and asked you to go away for three days without her or me or anyone, and you looked at me as if I were sending you to Van Diemen's Land. And another thing, you told me the same stories, the same escapades. You seemed to forget that you had already told me the story of when you broke bottles of whiskey—stole them and then broke them. In your youth. And how you pity chambermaids—make the bed with them, help them with the tuckings. You have many virtues. You never flirt. You don't trade on your good looks, and really you deserve a beautiful young girl. I don't think you are in your right mind. Neither am I.



"If Iggie Goldfarb wants to play 'Death of a Salesman' every morning of the year for thirty years, I say let Iggie Goldfarb play 'Death of a Salesman' every morning of the year for thirty years."

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We should never have met. I do believe it's a tribal thing. When I saw the child you had had with her I thought it was me. No, not quite. I thought—I knew—I was once her. She looked at me like a familiar. That gaze. She wasn't shy. I touched her all over. I had to touch her. I had to tickle her—her toes, her soft knees, her little crevices (like blancmange she was)—and she smiled up at me and you said, "Smile for your Auntie," and I was glad you called me Auntie, it was so ordinary and so plain and put me in the same circle as you. Couldn't we all live together, the two of you and the baby and I? Couldn't we try? I used to be so jealous, eaten up with it. I still am, but couldn't we ride the way the waves—the white horses—ride the sea? When I said it to you the mere suggestion made you panic, which makes me realize, of course, that you are not able for it. You are only able for lies, you are only able for deceit. So one day you will disappear forever. Maybe you have disappeared. Isn't there some way of letting me know? I had so many wishes concerning us, but I had one in particular, the smallest, most harmless one, and it was this: that one day I would come in from the outside and you would be here, already waiting for me, quite at home, maybe the kettle on or a drink poured. Not an outlandish wish. I suppose you wouldn't have wanted to make the journey without the certainty of seeing me. You said that coming up the street you always wondered what I would look like and what I would be wearing. I wear brown now. I suppose it's to be sombre. After your baby smiled you put her on the swivel chair and I watched her and you watched me, and your friend, whom you'd brought as a safety measure, was watching you watching me, and the baby watched over us all. It was a perfect moment. I know that. None of us wanted it to end. Your friend knew. He knew how much I loved you and maybe he knew how much you loved me, but neither you nor I knew it, because we didn't dare to and possibly never will. "Possibly" and "perhaps"—your two favorite words. Damn it. You see, I had just got used to the possibility of nobody, a barren life, when you came along. Of course you don't believe that—you think with all my frocks and my bracelets and my high-heeled shoes that I am always gallivanting. The truth is I used to. I have collected those garments over the years, and that parasol you saw was given to me once on my way to a bullfight. About a year ago I stopped gallivanting. It is not that I want to be good—no. If anything, I want to be bad, because I would like it to end without its being too sickly. Endings are hideous. Take flowers, for instance; some go putrid, the very sweetest-smelling of all go putrid—so does parsley. I would like it to just shrivel away. It mustn't, though.

The strangest thing is that my father, like you, lost his parents at a young age. You see, I am mixing you up with everyone—my father, my mother, my former husband, myself. Could you not come, could you not get in touch with me now, so I could tell you about them, their traits and their ways? The whole parish I know. The lady called Josie, walking out for three evenings with a man and saying, "I have no story to tell," meaning was he going to propose to her, and next day he sent for a tray of engagement rings—he must have done it out of coercion. Later she went mad. People depend on each other too much. You listen to me all right—you repeat things that I say. My thoughts are like sprouts, like sprouts on the branch of your brain. Why are you so cold, so silent? Your element is mercury?

All sorts of things remind me of you. On a dump today I saw the remains of a gas cooker and a Christmas tree, though we're bang in the middle of the year. Next Christmas—that will rankle. You will celebrate it with your little family, as you did last year. A quarrel, you said—a friend of yours who didn't like your ladylove's tone. He might like mine. You stood up for her. Well anyhow they looked pathetic out in the rain—a small gas oven and a Christmas tree with a stump of clay around it. I stood and looked at them. I had a feeling that you might come around the corner—swiftly, the way you do. We would not have needed to say anything; you would have understood. That is the worst thing, that at times you understand. We were seen twice in public. I hated your buying me drinks, but you refused to allow me to pay. I wanted to slip you a note but couldn't. I lost all my confidence and quite a few of my movements. I was ashamed to remove my coat, even though I was sweating. I thought it would make me seem too much at home, and after all I had asked you there and you hadn't wanted to come. You had resisted even to the extent that you couldn't think of the name of a pub despite the fact that it was your district, and I had to go and prowl around and find a quiet one and ring you. You allowed me to ring because she was away, staying with her sister. Her sister is an invalid. You seemed to imply that she had harmed herself. Are they a hysterical family—are they musical? Shall we call her Bimba? I can't use her name; that would be too friendly. I dream of her death—in her sleep, in an airplane crash. In the pub you made me promise, take an oath, that I would never ring again. I took an oath. Is that commendable? I was thinking of you as I sat there and promised. I was thinking of you in another state altogether, a former state, a state of grace, and your saying, "I'll always come back to you, always; there's nothing else," and I was thinking of the expression attached to that time—the sad eyes, and so forth. Your eyes pierce people. You may say it again with your sad, true eyes. Anything may happen—anything.

GRACE

I'll be father to lark and berry,
rough mourner in the lampblack height
and sere horizon of December night.
You'll be sleeping Mary.

I'll be father to dolphin and aspen,
fond watcher at the species' gates,
appearing a wistful boy with his leg in a brace.
You'll be the scent of jasmine.

Always the second ape up the tree,
hot on the heels of the primate ghost,
orphan and avatar,
gazing out bewildered on the worked faces of the fluxsequent host—

I need my Mary.

Who were you? A turned tree glows at the house.
That is your butterfly mad in the grass—is it not?
I was less than the winter, inert as the swept rock.
Were you what woke me? There had seemed a waiting.
The sun and moon lay down together: call
from ice that darkness; some first thing palely shone.
First frost will come tonight, and time is long.
I love what shines. Ah! were there two of you?

When the rain had ended
stillness
deep above the valley
rose.
It was an exhalation.
As across that indistinct green zone of time,
behind the house
a lucid presence was of
these steep woods and lofty cliffs.

I'll be father to spring and the circle,
loved husband hard by the black hush
down which my wish and dread of loving rush.
You'll be twice fertile.

O Grace!
The three-pronged fork.
The double urn.
The child.
Alive.

—THOMAS MCNAMEE

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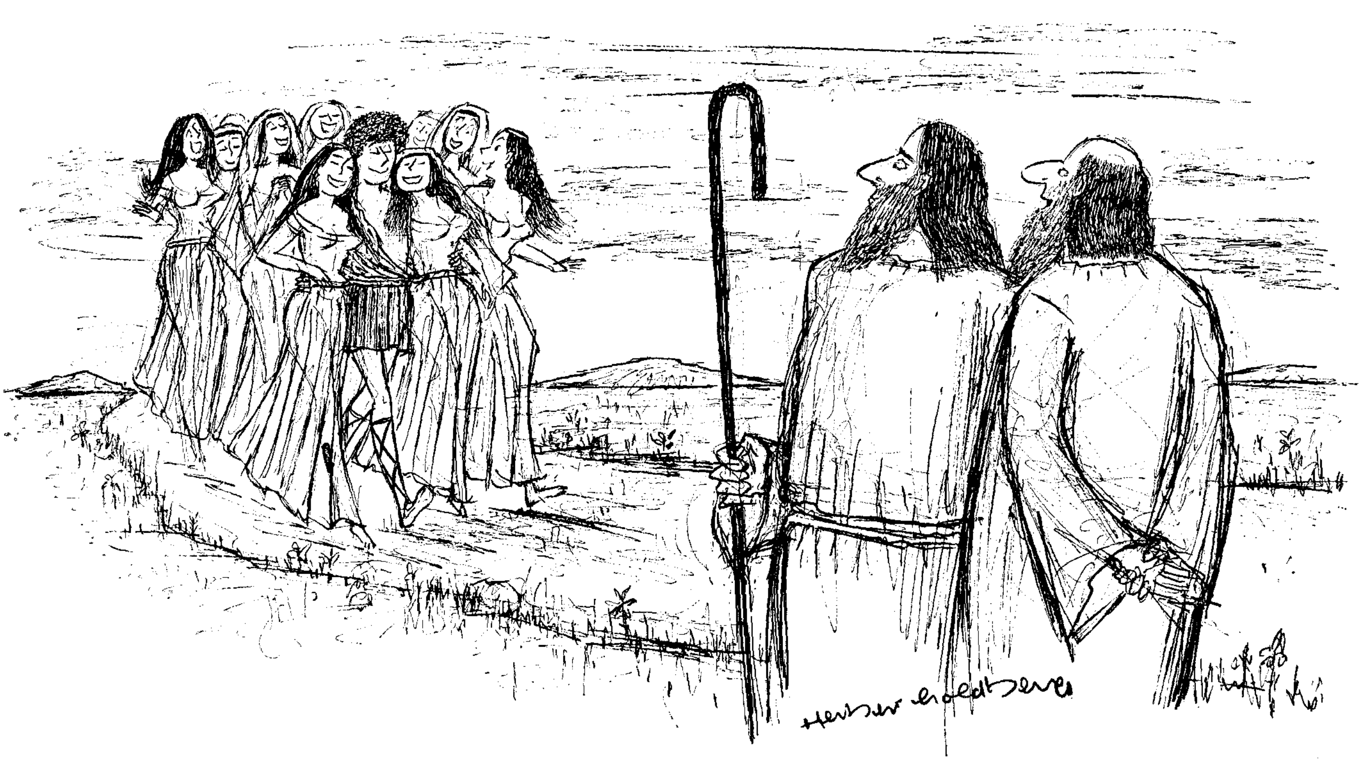
To get back to my father and yours. There are resemblances and there are differences. Yours loved his wife and died soon after her, to rejoin her in the next world. You felt left out maybe, excluded, as a child. In the middle of a family—neither the youngest nor the eldest. My father's parents also died within a short space of one another. Pneumonia. Winter, and snow at the funerals and snow falling in on the coffins, and then the four children divided up among cousins, and the method of division was that each child was told to choose which pony and trap it wanted to be in, and in so doing choose its future home. Not a scrap of love had he. Once when he was sick he hid in the harness room, and when he was found the woman of the house gave him a good thrashing and then a laxa-



"Ever since he knocked off that giant, he's been collecting these groupies."

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tive. Not a scrap of love had he. Maybe you're like him somewhere in the center of you; maybe you're alike. No, you're not. You're as unalike as chalk and cheese. You have good nature. He lacks it. Not many people have good nature. And not many people have gentleness.

It's teeming today. Wouldn't you know. I have a feeling—a very definite feeling—that it might not clear up but might turn into a second flood. We will all be incarcerated wherever we happen to be. Are you indoors, are you addressing a meeting, are you on your way to a bus stop and obliged to take shelter under a tree? You said you had no knowledge of ever in your life missing anybody. Yes, I think it might rain forever—or at least for forty days and forty nights. That is a form of ever. I will smash this chandelier bit by bit. It won't be difficult. They break easily. Once when we were washing it a few of the crystals crumbled. The woman who was helping me couldn't understand why I laughed; neither could I. She gave me a bit of advice. She said that by loving you I was closing the door to all other suitors.

Maybe you are in bed making love to her, or just caressing, the curtains drawn. Your rooms are so small that if you are indoors you are bound to be very close. I can see it, the little room, the sofa, the cushions, and—I never told you this, but there are three ornaments in that room identical to three ornaments in mine. I shall not tell you now, either, as I am leaving you to guess. If only we had been more exuberant. I went there three times in all, two of them against your will. The last time I was hungry, as it happened. You offered me nothing. Are you by any chance a miserly man? I dearly wanted a keepsake of yours, and on one of these unfortunate visits you did give me a handkerchief to dry my eyes, but it was a new one and had nothing of your person on it. I cried a lot. I wonder who washed it. I know you wash your own trousers, because when I inquired about the white round stains on them you said it was where you had spattered undiluted bleach. I could have warned you. I wish I had them. If I could hold them now! I would hold them and hug them and press them to me. It is not right to love so. I suppose there is a sickness of heart as well as a sickness of mind and body. Yes, when you first came I really had reached a point where I had stopped looking and you appeared at my door and you were leaving again and I liked the look of you and I invited you in. They call it fate.

DON'T get married—or, if you do, tell me, give me warning, so that I can get used to it. I won't give you a wedding present. What an ugly thing to say. Yes, it's ugly. This house is upside down, that drawing room you saw—well, it's a shambles and there are glasses lying around and the plants haven't been watered, or if they have it has been reckless: too much water one day so that they brimmed over, then none for days. There are little pools of water on the floor, and where some have dried up white marks upon the parquet not unlike the bleach on your trousers. How long is it now? My God, it is all a matter of how long it is. The days are jumbled. Just now, lying on my bed—another fatal habit—I saw the tree that I always see, the plane tree, its leaves, and would you believe it, it seemed to me that the bits of sky I saw through the leaves were leaves also, different-colored leaves, serrated at the edges, so I saw tree leaves and cloud leaves. I am losing my reason. The garden is soggy, a wreck. And although it is summer, I definitely smell autumn. I keep thinking that by autumn it will have improved a bit. Then again I think that you will have come back as you threatened to, and that we will be together in the darkest light, under covers, talking, touching, the most terrible reconciliations uttered, uttering. Do you know that in your sleep I stroke and stroke you and when you waken, no matter how late the hour, you always say, "A lovely way to waken," and you always stay a few minutes longer, defy time, and, yes, come to think of it, those have been our most sacred moments. You were your best then, and without fear. I stood at the door to see you off and only once did you look back. I expect you hate farewells.

THE last fling I had was not like this at all. An odd fellow. A Harry. We spent five days away from his country and mine, though in a country much similar, dark and craggy and with a heavy rainfall. Some interesting excavations there, people intact in peat. We drove a lot. He was married. He told me how he loved his wife, always did, always would. Wives do not come out too badly in the human maul. We had the same thing each day for lunch: salt bread and herrings and a small glass of spirits. When we got to our destination we had a suite, and one set of windows faced the sea and another set faced the dormitory town. We picked stones the first morning. I found a beautiful white stone, nearly pearl. I wanted to give it to you. I gave it to a friend of yours, the man you brought here. I didn't do it to make you jealous but rather to let you know that if all this weight didn't exist between us I would be able to be nice to you, and maybe you in your turn would be nice to me and even funny and even frivolous. Yes, we once made the noise of turkeys, beeping. As I got to know this man Harry he decreased in my estimation. He made a point of telling me about other loves of his, and there was always a lot of blood in question. One story of his concerned a very beautiful Spanish virgin—all about her beauty and her moisture, etc. On the very last evening, just as he was consulting the menu for dinner he said he hoped I had money, because he hadn't brought very much. You see, I was ashamed of him and that is why I paid. Whereas when we went to a hotel, you, who could scarcely afford it, paid. And you set the clock twenty minutes before we were due to waken so that we could be together for one of those lovely moments—those lovely series of moments. Even you, who profess to miss nothing, can you tell me you don't miss those?

That morning in the hotel was when you first talked of love and made a plan for the future—our future. That morning you lost your head. You must have imagined yourself as someone else, or that you could explain it to her, iron it out. You were quite practical. You said it would take five weeks, but you were back in one, and I might have known something was amiss, because you came early and you drank heavily and you said could we talk, could we talk. We talked. You said you had two rows with her, two dirty rows, and then at the very end you said you collapsed into one another. Sweet Jesus, never have I known such a stab. That collapse. I could actually see it and feel it. I saw the hour—it was dawn—and your tiredness and hers, and both of you washed out and one or the other of you saying, "What am I saying, what am I doing?" and then the collapse, lying down in your clothes, fitting in a bit of sleep until your baby stirred, and she going to tend to it while you prepared two cups of tea. Perhaps while you were shaving you called in and said, "Hey, I hope I didn't give you a black eye." Of course it was not all erased, or indeed forgotten, but it was over, it was behind you and you had accomplished something—shown your ugly colors and got nearer to one another. I brought you nearer, God help us. Most probably you went out for the day and dawdled somewhere. But I'm sure you said roughly what time you would be back, and that is the thing. You made it known that you would be back, whatever the hour.

That was the second bitterest thing, for there is another. The evening—one of the three occasions when I telephoned and later saw you in the pub—I asked if I could have a child of yours. You told me point-blank that it was impossible. Also, you implied that I was too old, what with my divorce and my children reared and all that. Then after a few whiskeys you decided to invite me back to your house, and on the way you allowed me to link you until we got near your street and then you ran on ahead so as not to be spied upon and I followed, slightly ashamed and, as I said, like a dog.

Still, inside the house you were different. The moment you discovered that your baby hadn't smothered itself or wasn't kidnapped or wasn't choking, you kissed me fondly—fond kisses, many of them—and you removed my coat, and later, as we fell talking, you said that in the morning you had got someone to mind your child and you had gone to market and bought razor blades and white cotton handkerchiefs, one of which you offered me. And as you were telling me I realized that you had had free time, that you could have seen me, that you could have called me, that for once you were not tied to her. But you didn't, and I realized that it wasn't always she who came between us—that sometimes it was you. That was the bitter blow. You turned to me then and, guessing my thoughts, you said you loved no one and were only interested in your political work. When you remember that night—that is, if ever you let loose the dogs of memory—do you remember the time after: the goatskin, you, me, us? You can't have forgotten it all.

Couldn't you have written? Ah yes, you did. A circumspect little letter about how you mustn't go out of your depth, how it mustn't be allowed to blossom. Well, it didn't. Yes, it did. It blossomed, and what's more it caught fire—a whole forest of fire. And another thing, you have softened me toward others. I am prepared to nurse my aged father and my aged mother when the time comes and they call on me. Shall I tell you why? I think by your expression and by one or two things you said that you did want to be by my side, and constantly, but that a sense of duty restrained you, and a compassion. Of the two of us, I needed you less. It seems to you that I have advantages over her.

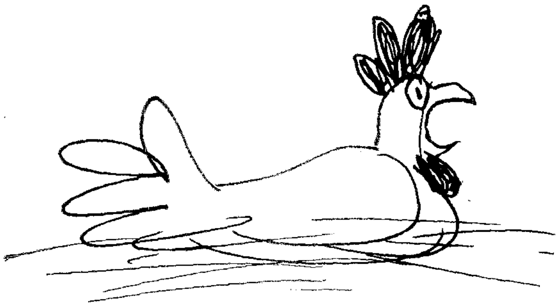
Which reminds me, I haven't told you about the boy who died. I feel

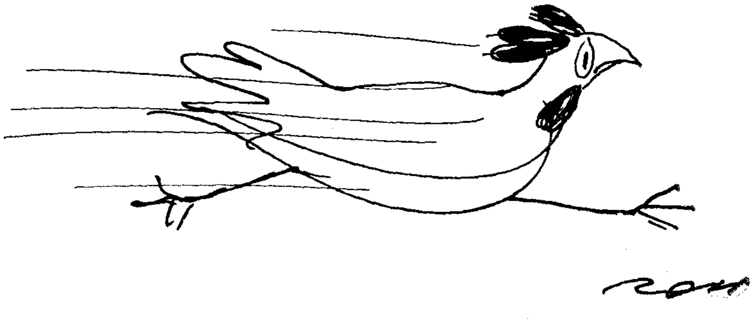
responsible—no, not responsible but somehow involved. The day I met you I also met another good-looking young man, a doctor. He was a new doctor that I had gone to, and he took a bit of a shine to me. I'd gone about my depression—a thing I didn't want you to know. He saw how it was and he prescribed accordingly. Later that day I met you, having taken the first set of tablets and believing that magic was at work. The young doctor visited me in a private capacity—that is, after I had met you. He kissed me, yes. By then I was so enraptured with you that I was nice to everybody. I let him kiss me. I remember our exact conversation—his describing a Caesarean birth, putting his two hands in and lifting the imaginary baby out. He said Caesarean babies had less gumption because they didn't have to push. He was telling me all this and I was remarking that he went a bit far demonstrating this Caesarean, and I jumped up off the cushions. That was another thing. He arranged the cushions for us to loll on. You never did that. You sat at a distance; we talked stiffly. After a long time and nearly always as you were about to leave, you asked if you might come and kiss me, and quite often we met halfway across the room like two animals, little animals, charging into one another. Only once did you rebuff me altogether—you said did I have to be so demonstrative. I rushed toward you and embraced you, and you threw me off. You even said that if we did make love it would preclude its ever happening again. Why did you say that? To punish me for going to your house, for pleading with you? And on your way out I said, "Are you angry?" and you said no but that maybe I was, a little. Of course I was. Not a little but a lot. Another time you said did I have to talk so much. The trouble is I talked to no one else in between. That is the worst of putting all one's eggs in one basket. I loved your smell. You may have heard it from others, but you smell of gardens—not flower gardens but herb gardens and grasses and plants and dock and all those rampant things. With her do you use the same words exactly, the same hesitation and exactly the same touch? Are you as shy with her as with me? If only you had had courage and a braver heart. I do believe we would have been happy. It is perhaps foolish to say so, but there was nothing in you that I did not like and admire. Even your faults; even your forgetfulness. There was nothing in you that clashed with me. You were startled once by the flowers—very white flowers they were, with very thick blossoms. You admired them. It was as if you had never seen flowers before, or certainly never seen those. You made me feel as if I had grown them—as if they were an extension of me.

I HEARD from those friends of yours that she is more demanding, makes her needs felt. You found a lack in me. You told me I am kind. I did favors for your friends, but that was only to woo you. I am not kind; I cut people off with shears, and I drop them like nettles. At this moment there are several people who could do with my company and I withhold it, and that poor black cat sits day after day on the window ledge or outside the door and when I open it to take in the milk that poor black cat tries to slink in but I kick it with my shoe—in fact, with the heel of my shoe. The same cat that I held on my breast one night when you came and I had spread a blanket on the floor. That was a moment of coquetry; the previous time you said it was unnatural to spend so many hours over a dinner table, and I felt I had to vary things, that already it was all getting a bit stale, and I wished in my heart that you would invent something—that you would think up some new plan, arrange for us to meet elsewhere.

Of course you couldn't. There was a matter of secrecy and shortage of money. When I am short of money I borrow, and to tell you the truth my debts are catching up with me, but when you are short you go without. I wanted to give a big cushion to your child. You refused. As to the secrecy you swore me to, I told a few of my women friends, and then you introduced me to a few of your men friends. I think you were showing me off. Come to think of it, we were like children. It is just as well it got nowhere. Yes, there are times when I think the whole thing seems ridiculous. For instance, the night you were to come to dinner, or rather one of the nights you were to come to dinner, and after waiting for about two hours I got restless and began to pace back and forth, and did small things hoping that would speed you up—changed my shoes, brushed my hair, thumped the piano, kept opening and shutting the door. It was winter then, and I could tell the seconds passing by a lot of ways but most of all by the candle's burning. It was a blue candle. At length I couldn't bear it any longer, so I turned down the stove—I always had food that could be kept hot—and went out without a coat to wait at the bus stop. And do you know something? There was a moment while I stood there, an absolute moment, when I mistook someone else for you. I was convinced. I saw him at the top of the bus—bushy hair, the anorak—and then I saw him rise and I saw his back as he went down the stairs of the bus and I got myself ready to smile, to kiss, to reach out my hand, and, yes, I was shaking and excited as if it were you. I wish it had been.

That was the second occasion I went to your house. A very cold reception. You kept on the television. I was prepared to end it, and then the next day





you appeared out of breath and you sat and you talked and you said how it would all improve and everything would be better between us. Did you believe that then? I must confess I did. That particular evening—the room getting dark, the end of the blue candle, the two of us thinking that the worst of our troubles were behind us. You had to go away next day.

Of course there are ways of passing the time. I didn't see my friends; I abandoned my friends, but what I did do was go to cafés where it was very full and very noisy. I searched them out, for no matter how full a café is there is always room for one, usually at someone else's table. I was having a rest from you.

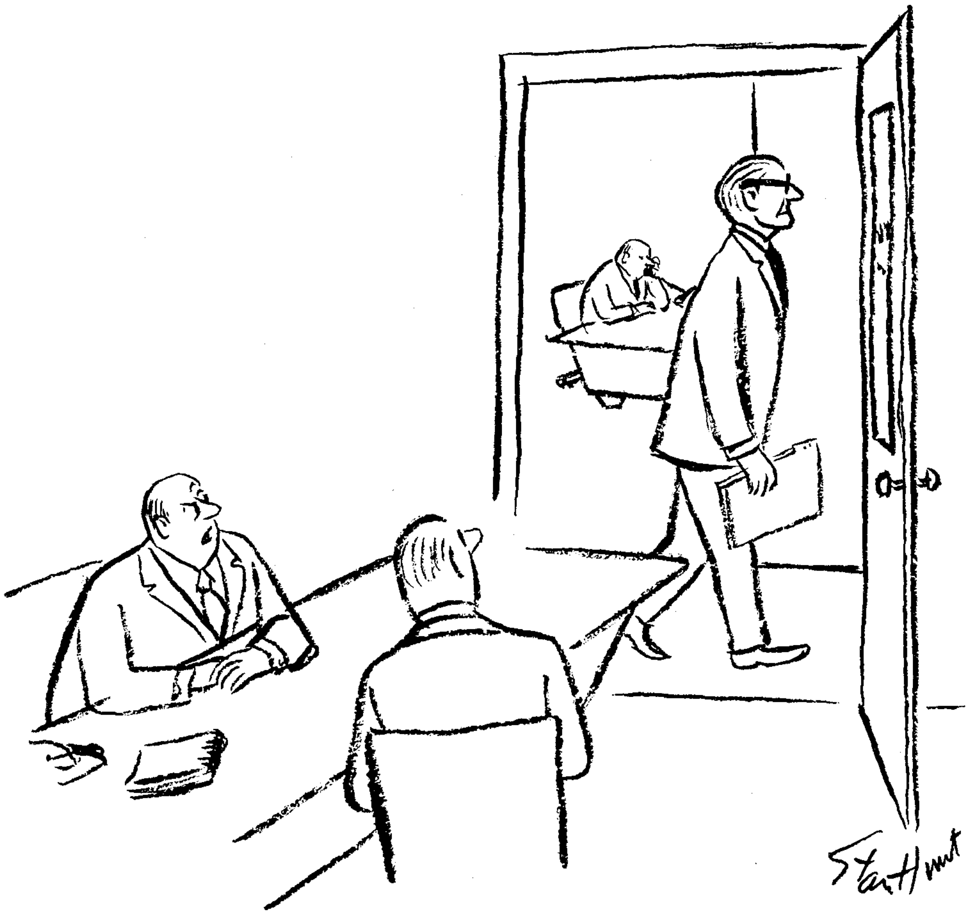
The way they argued or looked into one another's eyes. I could tell those who would be together forever and those who wouldn't. I had such a way of seeing into them, such clarity. That is another thing. I often see you as an old man, and you are in a trenchcoat—white, with the belt hanging down, one of those stiff trenchcoats with perforations under the arms—and you are recuperating from some illness and you are, yes, a disillusioned man. It will all be behind you then, she and I, and your daughter, and your life's work, and how will you remember it—how? In those cafés they play waltzes—Strauss. I loved the first bars of the waltz. I often stood up to dance, with my mind meandering. Yes, that has been my life of late—restaurants, people saying to each other, "Happy?" and people saying what François said and how much of that hair they should cut.

I did something awful. Friends of mine were going away on a boat forever, and I didn't see them off. It was my godson going away forever and I didn't see him off. I thought you might ring and I didn't want to be out. My lovely godson. I sent him a cup and saucer to the dock, but it is not the same thing. You see, I had a very special moment with him. It was this: I had been in his house once, in their garden, and there was a party in full swing. A lot of people, a lot of drinking and jabber, and he and I sat far apart from the others, under a tree, playing. There were flies bothering us and we blew them away and he told me about his dreams, where he was always winning, and then he said would I like to walk around, to go out of the garden. And we did that; we went out and walked all around the clapboard fence, and met a lady, a sort of serving lady, going in with a platter of strawberries, and he held my hand and squeezed it on and off, and when we got back to our starting point and were just about to go in by the lychgate he pointed to the nearby woods and told me there was a dirty man in there who pulled down his trousers and showed his butt, and then we hurried in. I didn't see him off. And another thing, I bought fire irons—don't ask me why, because it's summer—and I tried to beat the lady down about the price. I went to her private house, having got the address from the assistant, and when she opened the door I saw that I was confronted by a hunchback, and still I tried to beat her down about the price. It was nothing. A matter of shillings. I stood there waiting for her to concede, and she did. We are to be pitied.

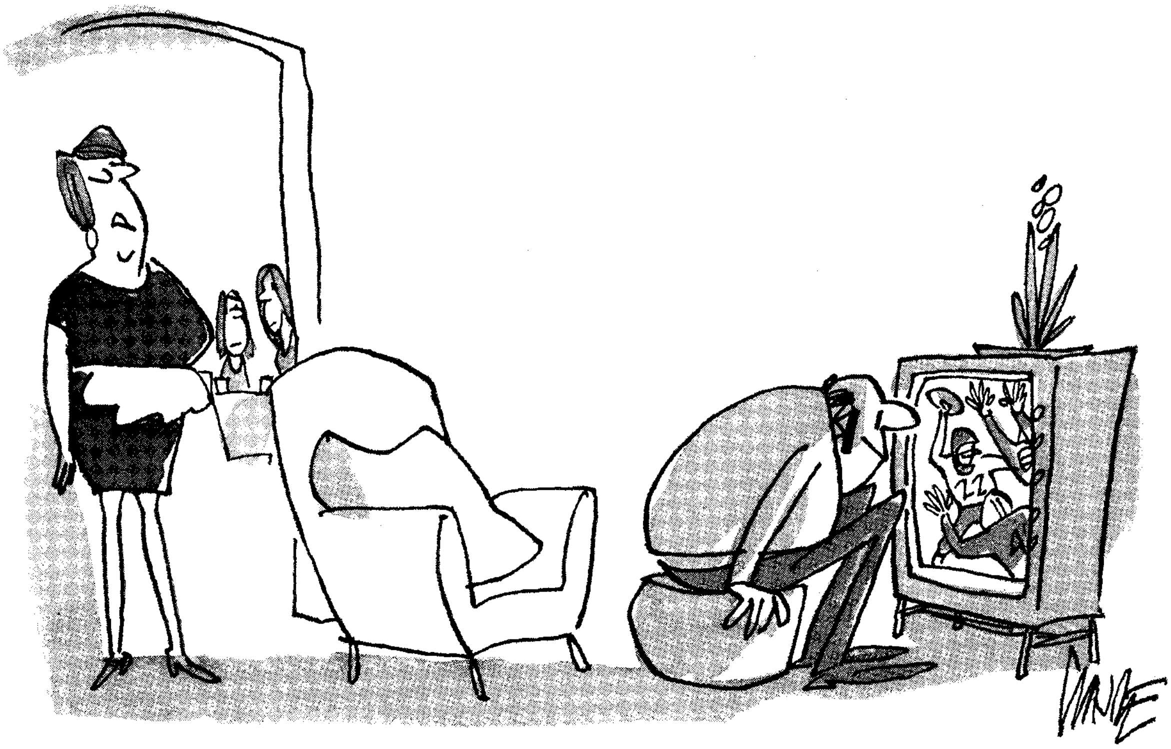
Another haunt of mine is cinemas before they open. Oh my God, they have to be seen to be believed. Shabby. Quite a long way from Strauss and the waltzes. Usherettes, mostly elderly ladies, and people like myself killing time in the afternoon. I want all my teeth drawn out of me and other teeth—molars, if you will—stuck back into my gums. I want to grind these new teeth, these molars, to a pulp. Perhaps I want to eat you alive.

The seat of this love must be a hate. So the analytical people would tell me. The hate extends to others. Good friends. How boring they are. They tell me the shape of their new rooms and the colors of their walls and what they ate in restaurants. Most terrible bilge. I get listless. Then I get angry. I have to leave in the middle of their conversations. Mostly, I don't see them. I don't work now. Waiting. It gets on one's nerves. I can keep going a little longer but only a little. One good thing about being out is that I imagine you telephoning. I exist on that little ploy for hours. I even live your disappointment with you. Your phoning once, then again immediately, asking the operator to get the number, then phoning again in about an hour and another hour, and concluding that I have gone somewhere—abroad, maybe as far as Morocco. And all the time I am in one of those cafés listening to one of those waltzes, thinking of you, or in one of those cinemas waiting for the performance to start, reading a sign that says "Fruits and Ices," unable to stop thinking of you. It can't be hate.

Do you ever imagine me with another man? You offered me one of your friends once, the night we were all together here, dancing and cavorting and laughing. "Why don't you



"He's the kind of guy who never admits to feeling just plain lousy. With him, he's not quite up to his optimum level."



"Would you care to join us? We're having a family reunion in the dining room."

have Mike?" you said. But your arms were all around me, and anyhow we were on the landing, on our way to bed. Why, when all I wanted was to waste away in your service? Am I saying "wanted" when I actually mean "want"? It is still my purpose, still my intention. You denied me any of your children and I was too honest or else too cowardly to dupe you. Maybe you have taken the plunge, maybe you have married her and that is why you are not showing yourself. You told me once that you had muttered something about it. You mutterer.

That doctor I mentioned got killed in a plane crash along with a hundred others. You may get killed. Do you know what I hate about myself? I have never done a brave thing, I have never risked death. If only I had done something you could have admired me for. If only I'd renounced you.

She is by your side. Your guardian angel, perhaps your helpmate? Not from what I know of her. You told me little, but you implied a lot. We are so hard on ourselves. Ah yes, those waltzes in those cafés made me cry, and so do mushrooms If only I could hear your voice for a minute. Half a minute. Less. You go from place to place. She is by your side, whether you like it or not. I often imagine you in trains sitting opposite each other saying the odd word, then getting off, the two of you carrying the baby's cot. What bliss! Tell me, is she pretty, is she soft, your lady, or does she have a whim of iron? I did ask you once if she had blue eyes and you professed not to know. You must know. It is not that I am a lover of blue eyes; the question simply cropped up. You must have seen them in all lights, and at all moments, maybe even in childbirth.

On these numerous train journeys, do you ever think of me? I know you do. I am certain of it. I can feel you thinking of me even now. You may carry the thought through. You may get in touch with me. Yes, he died, that young doctor. I am glad that I didn't make love to him. I would not care to have made love to a man who is dead. Yes, it got killed between us, you and me. Contravened. That is a fact, a bitter fact. It wasn't that it didn't happen; oh, it did. Your face and mine, your voice and mine. Evening. Milking time. The cows lowed. We were in the byre. The moon came up. Our faces shone. I could have eaten the stars. One should be thankful for a moment, ever grateful, and not be plaintive like this. Yes, it is nothing short of a miracle, the way you met me, more than halfway. The way you came out of your innerness and complexity and came to me, and I told you things, nonsense things. I told you about the one wooden sweet, which was mixed up with all the other sweets in a carnival assortment. This wooden sweet had bright wrapping like all the others, and more than once I got it and I didn't know whether to be glad or sorry, and neither of us could tell why it was in the box in the first place, whether it was some sort of joke or the like. And you told me about having to undress at the doctor's and having a dirty vest on and being scolded by your mother. Whereas in reality she was ashamed. In reality. It is when I think about you suffering that I cannot bear it. I think of you crying. You cried lest you could never see me again, and I said you always could and that I would always understand and be womanly and be patient. King Lear says women must be kind, or comfortable, or something to that effect. That is what I must be—kind and womanly. I know what I will do. I will talk to your friend Chat, the friend you first brought here. I will tell him some little pleasantries and he will pass them on to you, and you will be touched, regaled. I will do that now.

Oh God, he told me. You have gone away to a new country—a young country at that. Gone with your family. I knew it. It seems she did something silly like her sister, something extreme. I was mad to think that she would give you up, that we would all share. Oh, how cracked one's thoughts get. You did the right thing, the only thing. Yes, I will see you when you are old, just as I visualized it, in the white trenchcoat with the perforations under the arms, and you will be convalescing. I suppose you're married. Oh God, send me some word, some sign, some token. Tell me if you are lost to me. Tell me how you are. It has all been for nothing. Tell me something, I have to know. I will never know. I do not want to know now.

—EDNA O'BRIEN

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Chuckle of the Week

The first state to abolish capital punishment was Michigan in 1847.—*Edmond (Okla.) Booster.*

Now you've got us giggling again!

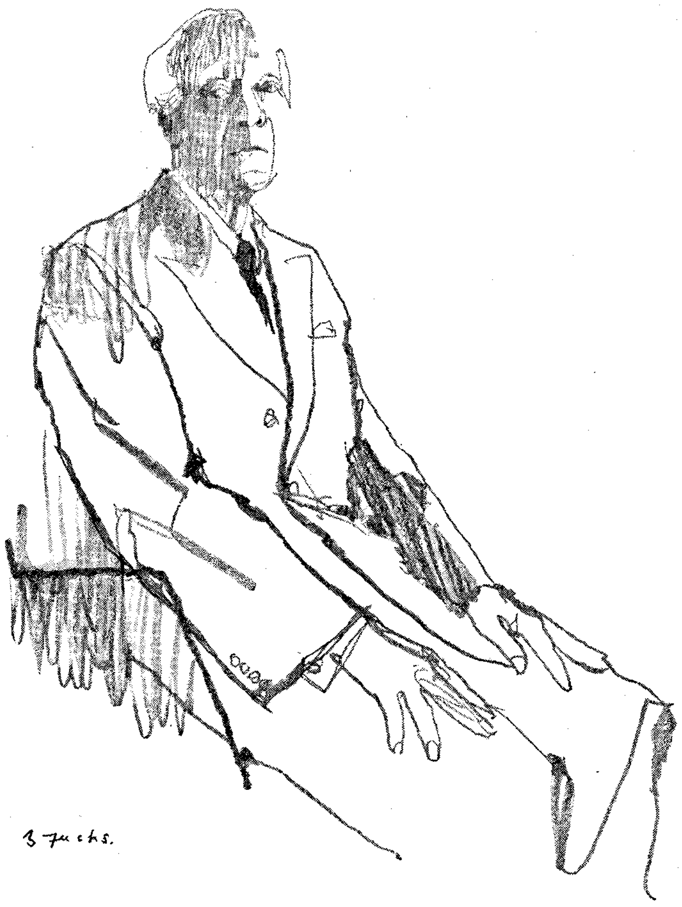
PROFILES

EARLY VOICE

I—FROM FLORIDA TO HARLEM

These were the poorest people of the South, who *poured into* New York City during the decade following the Great Depression. These migrants were told that unlimited opportunities for prosperity existed in New York and that there was no "color problem" there. They were told that Negroes lived in houses with bathrooms, electricity, running water, and indoor toilets. To them this was the "promised land" that Mammy had been singing about in the cotton fields for many years. *—Claude Brown in "Manchild in the Promised Land."*

BLACKS had been coming to New York long before the Great Depression. One was A. Philip Randolph, who lived in Harlem through most of its history as a black community, having arrived from Jacksonville, Florida, in 1911, at the end of the first modern wave of black migration to the North. During the First World War, there was an even greater flow—the one that furnished the Northern reservoir for Marcus Garvey's great black-nationalist movement. And then there was the swell after the Depression. The migrants, especially the ones before the Depression, did not come only from the South: thousands came from the West Indies. Nor were all the Southerners from the cotton fields: some were businessmen or aspiring politicians, and some, like the young Randolph, were budding intellectuals, filled with hopes for careers in art, education, or mass culture, or in the arenas of political protest and radicalism. And to all of them New York City—Harlem—was the promised land.



A. Philip Randolph

Of course, things did not turn out that way. A few people found what had chiefly drawn them there. Aspiring black Republican politicians—men like Charles W. Anderson and Edward Johnson—achieved great power in Harlem during the first two and a half decades of the century. Real-estate men and speculators did so well for themselves that they are to be credited with having opened up Harlem as a black residential community. And those who came in search of nothing more than "houses with bathrooms, electricity, running water, and indoor toilets" cannot have been disappointed. But the essence of what New York City, or Harlem, promised was freedom from the "color problem"—an equal opportunity for the pursuit of racial and political happiness—and that kind of freedom has proved elusive to this day.

Yet the early experience in Harlem was not a total loss. The migrants—especially those who came during and after the First World War—established the most important black cultural and political community in America. By the mid-nineteen-twenties, the relatively young community had generated one of the most spectacular bursts of black cultural activity—the Harlem, or Negro, Renaissance—the country has ever witnessed. Politically, Harlem was also, for all its limits and for all the aspirations it imprisoned, a somewhat freer place in which to operate, to articulate the demand for black freedom, than any other oppressed black community or any colonized black country in the world. Because of this, Harlem became, even before its Renaissance, the international center of black-nationalist and black-radical agitation—giving an enormous impetus to the awakening of black consciousness and black political agitation in other parts of America and the world.

The two most important main streets in the history of black Harlem have been 135th and 125th. It was on 135th Street, between Fifth and Seventh Avenues, that blacks in the community got their first taste of good tenement living, and it was from there that black residency pushed outward, steadily darkening once all-white Harlem. It was at the intersection of 135th Street and Lenox Avenue, the spawning ground of the first generation of Harlem radicals, that the young Randolph made his first appearance as a street-corner agitator, in 1916. And it was in that general area that the headquarters, and the magazines and newspapers, of all the black-radical and black-nationalist organizations of the First World War—notably Randolph's *Messenger* magazine and Marcus Garvey's Universal Negro Improvement Association—were based. By the late nineteen-twenties, nationalism and radicalism were no longer in vogue, black Harlem had spread rapidly, and 125th Street had become the new center. It was a different kind of center, lacking the distinctively black historical and intellectual flavor that once clung to 135th. It was brasher, gaudier, and saucier, given more to the arts of pleasure and entertainment, to business and consumption. But, in a way that 135th had never been, 125th became, and has remained, a paradigm of the total life of Harlem, a crucible of its various styles, flavors, and politics and its warring business interests. In 1925, when Harlem had lost the moderate concern it once had for radicals of Randolph's stripe, he organized a union of sleeping-car porters, and a dozen years later, joining the migration of action from

135th Street, he and the porters' union also came to 125th Street, where, in the nineteen-forties, the union became perhaps the most important black political institution in America.

UNTIL the building at 217 West 125th Street was torn down, in 1969, to make way for an ultramodern concrete-and-glass structure, it was one of the best-known office buildings in Harlem. Around 1900, it had been a luxurious apartment dwelling, adjoining the Harlem Opera House—built by Oscar Hammerstein I, in 1888. In 1938, some ten years after No. 217 was converted into an office building, it received what became its most widely known tenant, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters—which, after a long struggle, had finally won recognition from the Pullman Company. Randolph's union remained there until 1968, when it moved to new headquarters, at 103 East 125th Street. By then, the Brotherhood had seen its best days. It had never been one of the larger unions (at the height of its power, during the early nineteen-forties, it had fifteen thousand members), and by 1968 the membership had dropped to two thousand. What remained of its prestige rested upon the role it had played between 1940 and 1950, when it had been the spearhead and the principal support of black mass politics in America, and upon the even greater national reputation of its head, Randolph, whom it had catapulted into a position of labor and civil-rights leadership.

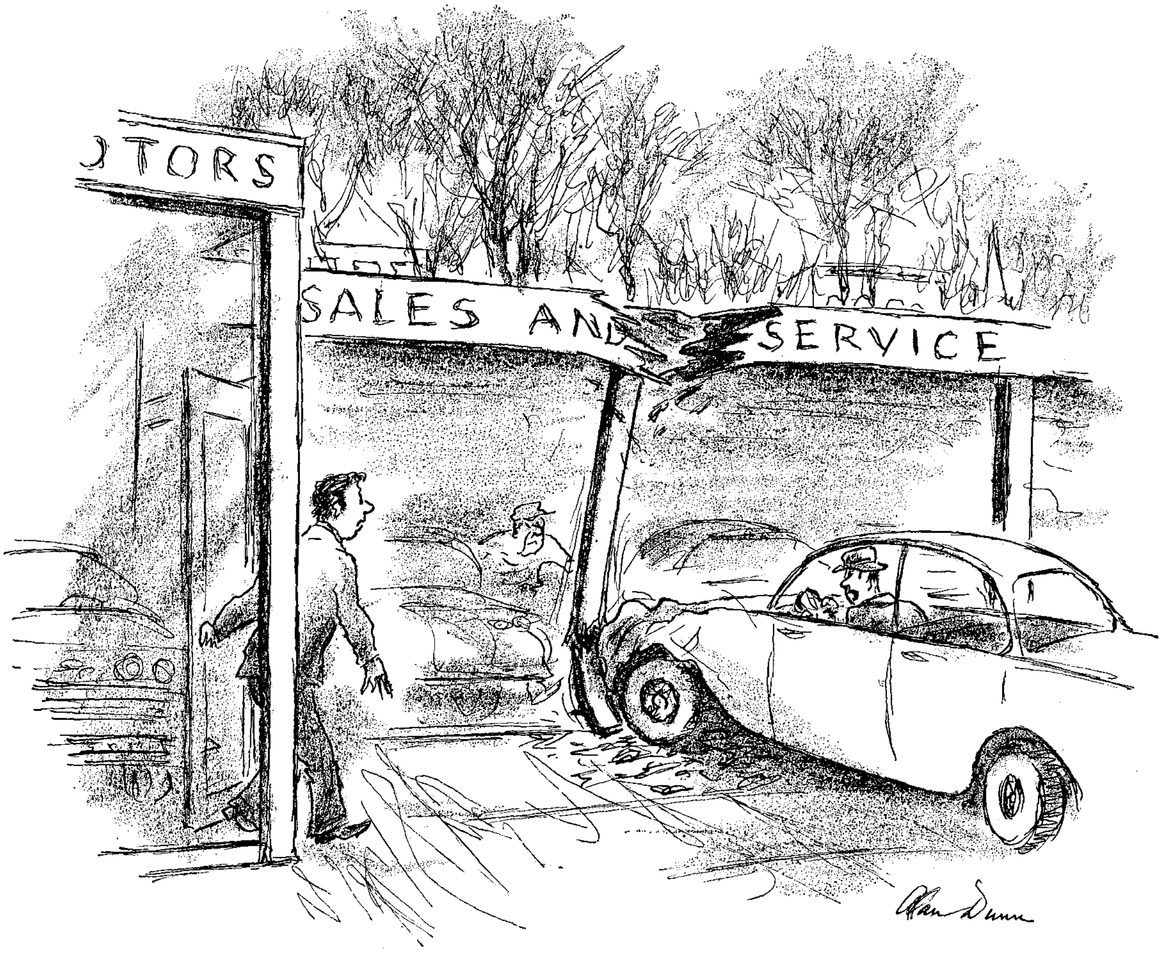
During the March on Washington movement of the nineteen-forties, when Randolph became the leading black public figure in the country, 217 West 125th Street was the political headquarters of black America, and, though it was superseded by several other headquarters during the nineteen-fifties, when the modern civil-rights movement began to emerge, it remained right up until 1968 one of the country's important political centers. One of the larger offices in the new Brotherhood's headquarters was Randolph's, looking out over West 125th Street. It was a long room, sparsely furnished but with a pale-green wall-to-wall carpet. At the eastern end was Randolph's desk, and at the opposite end was an old wine-colored leather couch, soft and scuffed from long and frequent use. At one end of the couch stood an American flag and at the other end an ensign of the Brotherhood. There was a large bookcase against a wood-panelled partition halfway between the couch and Randolph's desk. And all four walls were hung with large photographs of the founders of the union: Randolph himself; Milton Webster, of Chicago; Bennie Smith, of Omaha; Ashley Totten and Thomas T. Patterson, of New York; E. J. Bradley, of St. Louis; and C. L. Dellums, of Oakland.

A visitor's first impression of Randolph's office in recent years was one of serenity, especially when Randolph was there working, with horn-rimmed glasses on, and looking—despite his splendid presence—somewhat lonely in the large, not very bright room. But though the first impression of him in his office would endure, the sight was usually a fleeting one. No sooner did a visitor enter than Randolph laid aside his work, took off his glasses, and left his desk to greet his guest in the middle of the room. Tall, and smiling cordially yet correctly, he was always tastefully dressed, suggesting—in view of a certain polish and urbanity in the way he moved—that he might at one time have attached more than a little importance to matters of style and fashion. In the summer, he usually had on a blue serge suit, with a black vest (or a beige cardigan sweater), a black knit tie, a white shirt, and a white handkerchief flowering rakishly out of his breast pocket. At other times of the year, he showed a preference for pepper-and-salt tweeds. By 1960, when his health had begun to fail, he presented a fragile, sensitive, and often grave face, striking under soft white hair. Now he no longer carried the large heavyweight's body he had developed in the nineteen-forties but seemed to be returning to the willowy build of his earlier years, when, as a young radical in Harlem during the First World War, someone had referred to him as "stringbean Randolph." He was still erect of bearing, however, as if the way he stood were something he was no more able to change than his inmost nature.

Though Randolph's health was failing, his voice retained the power and attractiveness of his younger years. After hearing him speak at the March on Washington in 1963, a reporter from the *Times* observed that Randolph's voice was "soft and deep, almost like an organ," and that his language, "Biblical in its eloquence, never seems directed at his immediate audience, but somewhere out beyond, perhaps the whole human race." Also remarkable was his accent, suggesting a cultivated mating of the Bostonian and the West Indian. People have been as curious about the origin of his "cawn't," "enhawnce," and "mawsses"—to say nothing of the old-time words he uses, like

WmHamilton

"Oh, Michael, I'm so glad you're a living artist!"



"As luck would have it, this is the very defect for which you've recalled it."

"verily" and "vouchsafe"—as they have been about the sources of his dignity. How did *he* come to talk like that? Throughout his life, it was the people who wondered about his accent who were responsible for the notion, once widespread, that he was educated at Harvard. He had never received anything from Harvard, of course—or, at least, not until June, 1971, when the university gave him an honorary Doctor of Laws degree for being "a wise and courageous leader of labor, pioneer champion of civil rights, whose early and unflagging struggle for justice and widened economic opportunity made a signal contribution to our nation's life." He had never earned an academic degree at all, though he had been educated, as an evening student, at the City College of New York. Randolph himself has mentioned three early influences on his speech: listening to his father, a self-trained preacher, whose own language had been shaped by the Bible and the black Reconstruction oratory of the Reverend Henry McNeal Turner, of Georgia; studying Shakespeare and elocution when he thought, as a young man, of becoming an actor; and reading the Abolitionist speeches of Frederick Douglass and Wendell Phillips.

Randolph's entire active career—from 1911, when, at the age of twenty-two, he arrived in Harlem from Jacksonville, to 1968, when, at the age of seventy-nine, he retired as the president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters—was spent in Harlem. For the last thirty-five of those years, he had lived in the Dunbar Apartments, a five-acre complex of six buildings, containing five hundred and eleven apartments, at 150th Street and Seventh Avenue. They had been built by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to meet the demand of middle-class Harlemites for "excellence" in apartment dwelling.

When Randolph moved there, in 1933, he qualified only by virtue of his standing in the community, for he had almost no income. That year was one of the worst years of the Depression, and it was also the year when his struggle—then about eight years old—to organize the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters almost collapsed. One day, he came back from a trip to Chicago to find that his wife, Lucille, had borrowed the down payment on one of the five-room coöperative apartments and had moved their belongings in. The Randolphs' tenancy was to long outlive the Dunbar's "excellence."

Randolph's wife died on April 12, 1963—three days before she would have turned eighty and he would have become seventy-four. Their marriage had been childless, and he continued to live by himself in their Dunbar apartment, a third-floor walkup, ever since. One day in the summer of 1968, Randolph—having been advised by his physician to take the afternoon off because of the heat—returned to his apartment, where he was accosted by three young men. One choked him from behind while the two others went through his pockets. Finding no money or jewelry on him, the three roughed him up, threw him to the floor, and walked away. A month after Randolph was mugged, Bayard Rustin, who heads the A. Philip Randolph Institute, a labor and civil-rights organization that was founded in 1965, moved him downtown—into a five-room apartment in the coöperative buildings run by the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union in the Chelsea area, where Rustin himself lives. "We had to move him for two reasons," Rustin says. "At his age, he had to live in a place where he didn't have to walk up three flights. Secondly, he had to live in a building where there was some real protection. And there could be no better place for him to live than in a coöperative owned by the trade-union movement, in which he had spent so many years of his life."

AT the beginning of the century, when Randolph was growing up there, Jacksonville was well on the way to becoming the business metropolis of Florida, or, as one of its admirers called it, "a gem for business." Where the black residents were concerned, the city was considered a good place. In the late nineteenth century, they composed about a third of the population. Not only did they own some of the better houses but, since the city was

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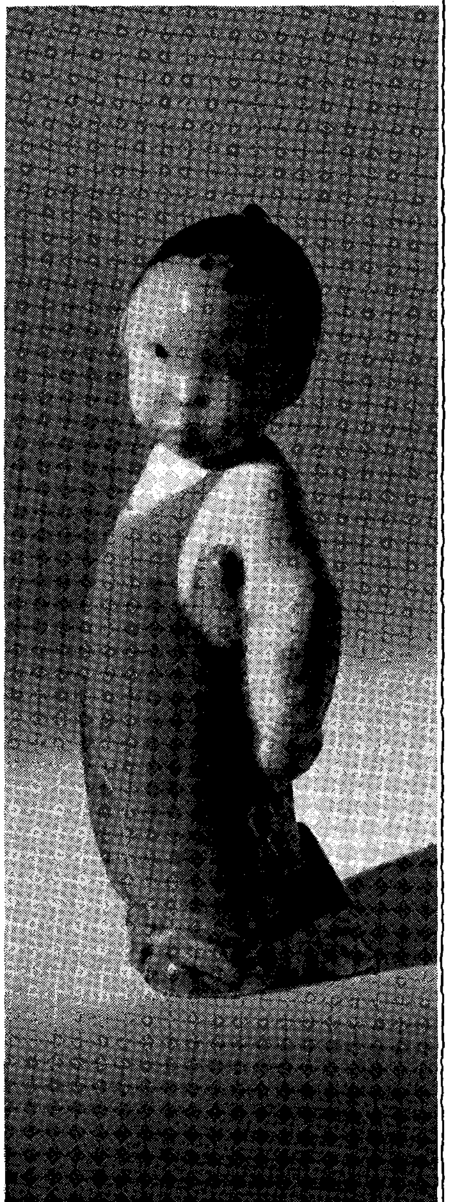

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still relatively unsegregated, they lived wherever they could afford to. Mostly, though, they lived together in the neighborhoods of Oakland, Brooklyn, Burbridge Addition, La Villa, and East Jacksonville. A former resident of Jacksonville remembered that "a lot of the colored people used to ride around in nice carriages; they had something; they had class." But that was only part of the story. Most blacks in Jacksonville were poor, and owned neither houses nor fine carriages. They were mainly house workers, factory workers, tradesmen, and service attendants. Then, too, as James Weldon Johnson wrote in his autobiography, "Along This Way," by the turn of the century Jacksonville had become "a one hundred per cent Cracker town."

When the Randolphs arrived there, in 1891, from Crescent City, Florida—where the Reverend James William Randolph had been a self-trained African Methodist Episcopal preacher, and where, on April 15, 1889, Asa Philip, their second son, was born—Jacksonville was not yet, of course, that kind of cracker town, but the change must have been in the wind. The family settled in the Oakland section, which was predominantly black, and, as Randolph later recalled, "the toughest part of town." They lived in a rented two-story house on Jesse Street—an old structure with a shingle roof, weatherboard siding, and a small front porch. The house was painted green, the window facings white. A ramshackle picket fence in front had so many slats broken or missing that the chickens, cats, and dogs of the neighbors wandered in and out as they pleased. There were two oak trees at the gate, and on festive occasions, like Christmas, the elder Randolph whitewashed the lower trunks.

Before Randolph and his brother, James William, Jr., who was two years his senior, grew up and started buying their own books or bringing others home on loan from the public library, there were a few volumes in the house, representing the range of the elder Randolph's intellectual interests and some of the sources of his self-education. His younger son remembers that there were Shakespearean dramas; the novels of Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, and Jane Austen; writings by Charles Darwin and John Calvin; historical accounts of the A.M.E. Church; and one or two books on American and African history. There were also the inevitable family Bible, back issues of the *Christian Recorder* and the *A.M.E. Review*, and of

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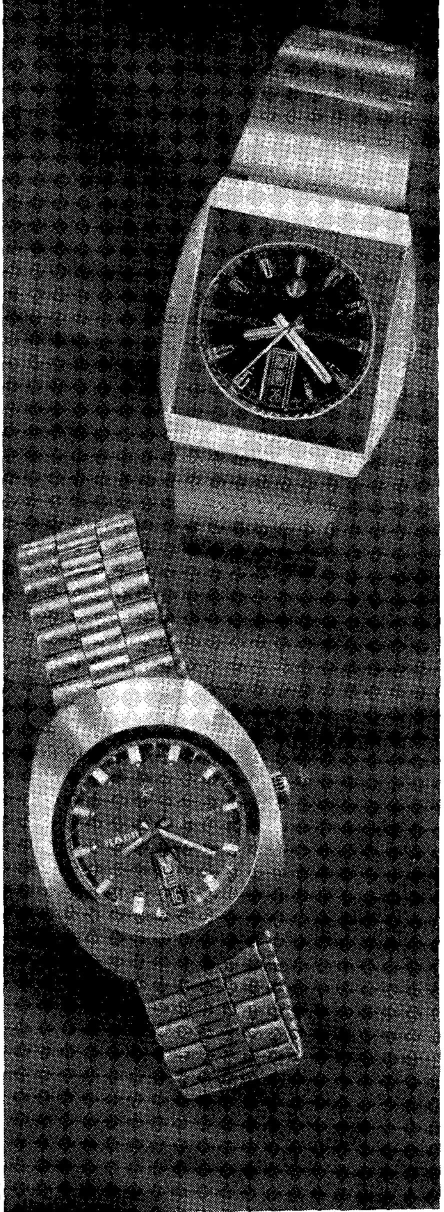

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a radical political journal of the period, the *Voice of the Negro*. Before the boys could read, their father read and explained parts of this literature to them, hoping as much to encourage the habit of reading as to arouse their interest in serious affairs.

The Reverend James Randolph was a tall, sparely built man with a deep and powerful voice. Randolph remembers him as having "a high nose, a chin beard, and a certain refinement and polish of bearing"—especially on Sunday mornings, when he put on a long frock coat, a vest, and a celluloid collar. Though Calvinist in temperament, he was not entirely out of sympathy with human error. For instance, though he never drank himself—and would not permit in his house any bottle that had ever contained liquor—he took no moral stand against people who drank, especially if they did so in moderation. But he felt no leniency whatever toward things like gambling and "lewd women." His relaxations were few and, in keeping with his means, rather simple: reading his books, his church magazines, and the Florida *Times-Union* and *Metropolis*; chewing tobacco; and smoking three-for-a-nickel Virginia Cheroots. Now and then, when he was in funds, he splurged on Cremo cigars, at a nickel apiece.

Elizabeth Randolph was just as tall as her husband, but lighter-skinned, with high cheekbones and long, flowing hair. Randolph remembers her as "a beautiful woman with a radiant smile and firm eyes that could look straight through you." She was the disciplinarian of the family, and supervised her sons, Randolph has said, "with the rigidity of a corporal." Like her mother, she was an ardent churchgoer, possessing deep wells of religious emotion; Randolph has recalled that after testifying on Communion Sundays his mother sometimes buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. But, like her father, she made no friends unless they were in the church, paid no social calls—even on her neighbors—and went nowhere except to religious affairs, funerals, and weddings, or to see her parents in Baldwin.

Within a year of arriving in Jacksonville, the elder Randolph started raising funds to build a permanent place of worship for the congregation—a few people who met on Sundays in a rented room—he had come to minister to. He raised enough to buy a plot of land and to erect upon it a modest clapboard structure, which he named the New Hope A.M.E. Chapel. The salary from

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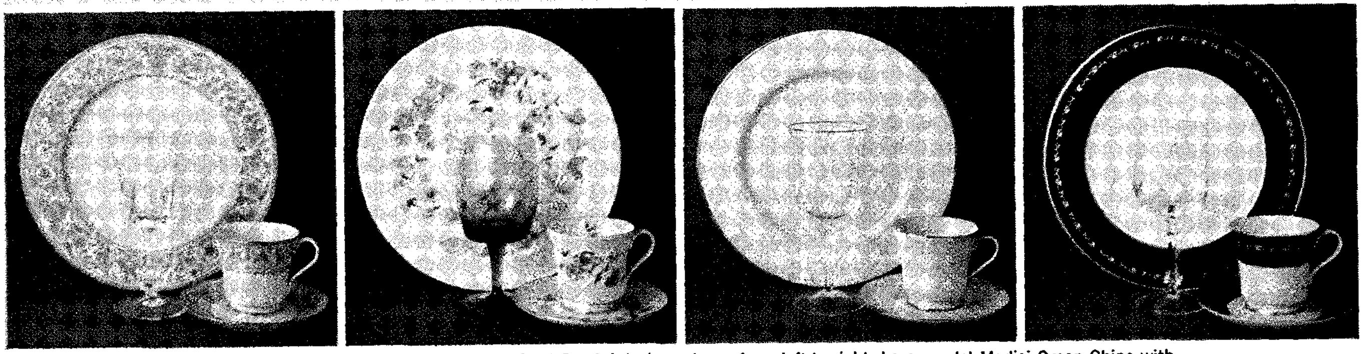

Gorham Fine China and Hand-blown, Hand-cut Crystal designs shown from left to right: Lorenzo de' Medici Green China with Full-lead Gorham de' Medici Crystal; Chinoiserie China with Accent Green Crystal; Bridal Bouquet China with Gorham Platinum Crystal; Baronial China with Tivoli Crystal.

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New Hope—even supplemented by what he got from a church in Baldwin, where he preached one Sunday a month—was never enough to support his family. Nor was the situation much improved when he was given two other rural churches he had been promised, in Palatka and Green Cove Springs. Usually when he came back from visiting those churches, he sat by the fireplace and counted up his receipts. The two boys, who watched from a distance, "never saw anything but coins, and nothing larger than a quarter."

The elder Randolph was the chief moral and intellectual influence upon his sons. He demanded that they be in church every Sunday, barring illness or similar acts of God. Nor should they forget, he told them, that no church was better than their own, and that no faith took precedence over African Methodism. He made reading a mandatory daily activity for them after they started attending school. People who grew up on Jesse Street remember that one of the familiar sights on the block was that of James and Asa Randolph reading every afternoon on the family porch. Beaman Hearn, a playmate of Asa's, who lived across the street, remembered several years later that "those boys did practically nothing but read," and added, "Matter of fact, if Asa and I were burying a cat behind the house, he wanted to read a service."

Though they "found out different" as they grew older, James and Asa Randolph were told by their father that most of the great men in the world were men of color. Thus, to be black was not to be inferior. They should consider men like Crispus Attucks, Nat Turner, Denmark Vesey, Toussaint L'Ouverture, Frederick Douglass, Richard Allen, and Henry McNeal Turner. They didn't even have to look that far afield, their father said; if they looked right there in Jacksonville they would see a man like Joseph E. Lee, the Collector of Internal Revenue in the city.

ASA and his brother were close friends. They went almost everywhere together, studied and read at home together, and, despite the difference in their ages, were always in the same grade at school. Asa was ahead of other children his age, mainly because of his brother's help. A better and more serious student than Asa, James was particularly brilliant at languages and mathematics. He was not unduly impressed with his reputation as a student,

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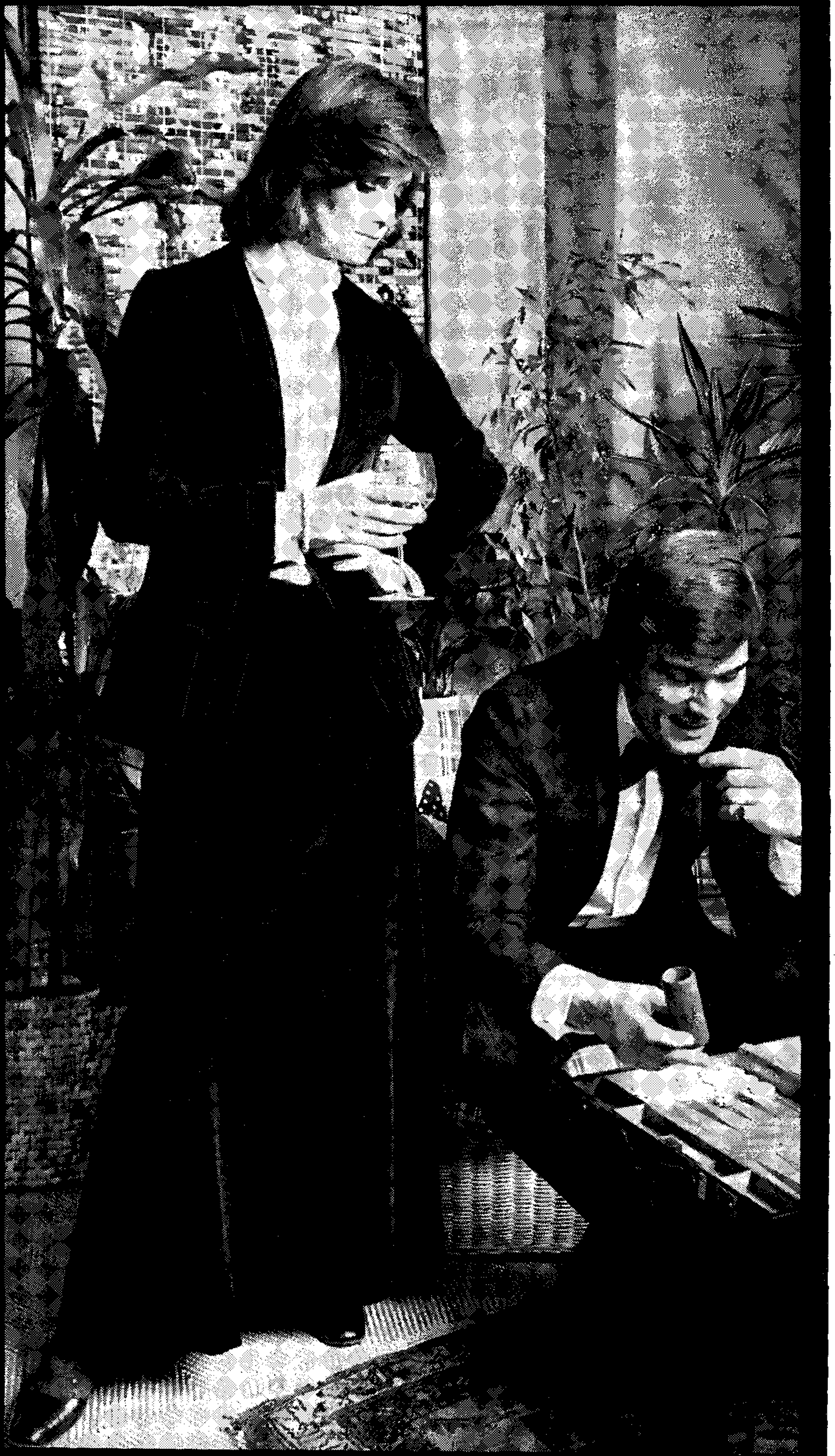

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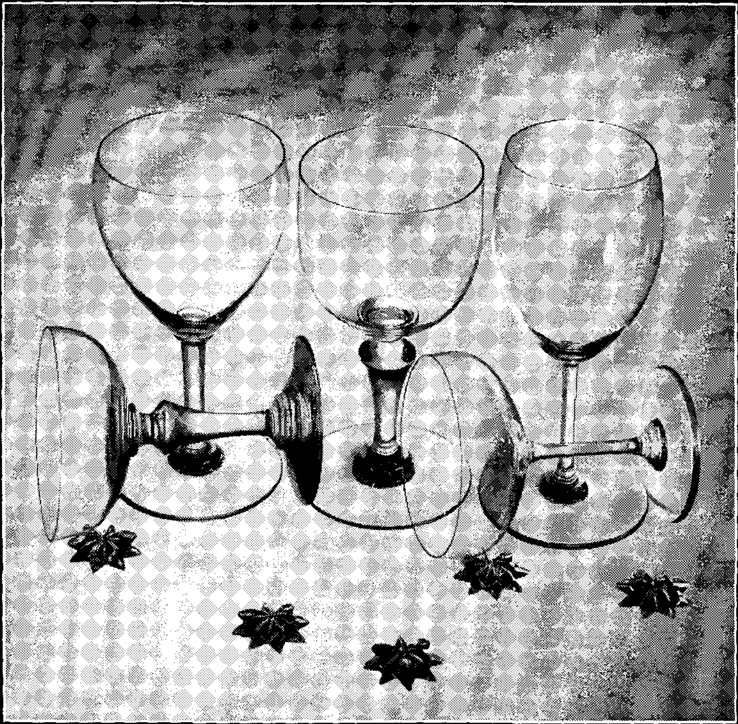

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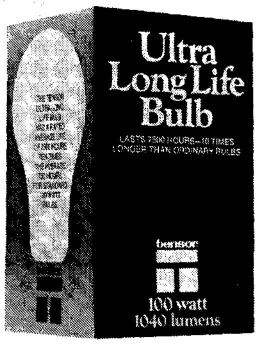

though he can hardly have helped enjoying the fact that almost everyone else seemed to be. "He was the brains," says a relative who once lived with the family. "He had a superior mind."

In 1903, at the ages of sixteen and fourteen—after attending the Oakland Elementary School and an A.M.E. school, Edward Waters College—James and Asa entered the Cookman Institute. The Institute was one of the memorials to the Northern white Methodist concern for the education of black children in the South. Its academic standards were somewhere between those of a high school and those of a junior college, and certainly higher than those of Edward Waters College—with which the boys' parents had become dissatisfied. The Institute—which was the first high school for blacks in Florida, and for a number of years the only one—was founded in 1872 by the Reverend S. B. Darnell, of the Methodist Church North, and was named after another white Methodist, the Reverend Alfred Cookman, who donated the funds for its construction. When the Randolph boys went there, the faculty was made up equally of Southern black teachers and Methodist teacher-missionaries from the North. The missionary part of their work was to develop "desirable" sexual and family mores among the young blacks—requirements that the Institute had considered even more urgent in the eighteen-seventies, when most of the students were the children of freed slaves. The school taught what were called "the higher branches"—natural science, French, Greek, Latin, ethics, philosophy, law, mathematics, literature, music. Over the years, it also taught branches that, if not so high, were absolutely essential to the survival of some, and probably most, of its graduates—shoemaking, tailoring, agriculture, printing, and home economics.

The morning after his graduation, in 1907, Asa, then eighteen, was hired by a life-insurance company to collect premiums in the black neighborhoods of Jacksonville. A week later, James was hired by the post office to make special deliveries. These were the most impressive jobs that either was to hold in Jacksonville—except later on, perhaps, when James became a Pullman sleeping-car porter. After about a month, Asa got tired of collecting premiums, and over the next four years he clerked in a grocery store, drove a delivery wagon for a drug company, stacked logs in a lumberyard, pushed wheelbarrows in a fertilizer factory, INGLENOOK VINEYARDS, NAPA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

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Everybody knows white wine goes with fish, but not everybody knows why. White wine is acidic, and its acidity helps break down the oil in fish, which most people find disagreeable. Lemon is served with fish for the same reason.

Just remember that shell fish go best with the drier white wines, fish without shells taste best with a dry or semi-dry white wine.

The chart below explains which wine is which.

	WHITE WINES	
Dry	**Semi-Dry**	**Semi-Sweet**
Chablis	Johannisberg Riesling	Chenin Blanc
Grey Riesling	Semillon	Sauterne
Pinot Chardonnay	Sylvaner	
White Pinot	Traminer	
	Rhine	

FOWL?

With white meated fowl, such as chicken, turkey, and cornish hen, any white wine goes well. But with red meated fowl, such as goose, pheasant, duck and quail, any red or white wine can be drunk.

CHINESE FOOD?

If you want wine with your Flaming Filet of Yak instead of tea, order any dry or semi-dry white wine. Semi-sweet whites seem to clash with the spiciness of many Chinese dishes, particularly Mandarin, and red wines are inappropriate for the same reason.

CANDIED BAKED HAM?

This is one American dish neither red nor white wines seem to go with. The dry red wines compete with the natural dryness of the meat. And the dry white wines are overpowered by it. A Rosé solves the problem and is the perfect compromise.

STEAKS, ROASTS, CHOPS, PASTA?

Red wine is the right wine for meat, but not just any red wine. It should be a dry red. The sweeter reds, combined with the richness of meat tend to fill you up and make you wish you hadn't eaten at all. Here's our chart for red wines:

	RED WINES	
Dry	**Semi-Dry**	**Sweet**
Cabernet Sauvignon	Burgundy	Ruby Port
Charbono	Gamay Beaujolais	Tawny Port
Pinot Noir	Zinfandel	
Red Pinot		

CHEESE AND NUTS?

You can drink just about any red wine as you eat just about any cheese, and each does a little magic for the other. With nuts, there is really only one wine: Port. And with Port, there is really only one kind of nut: the walnut. Try them together, for one of the nicest experiences of your life.

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Now that you know the right wine to drink with your food, it's still possible to drink the wrong wine. Because if the wine you drink isn't up to the food on your table, it won't make much difference if it's red when it's supposed to be white, or vice versa.

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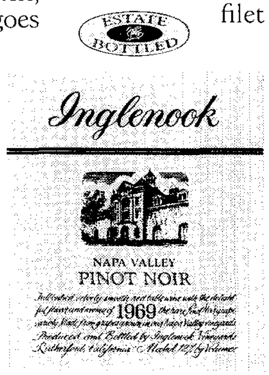

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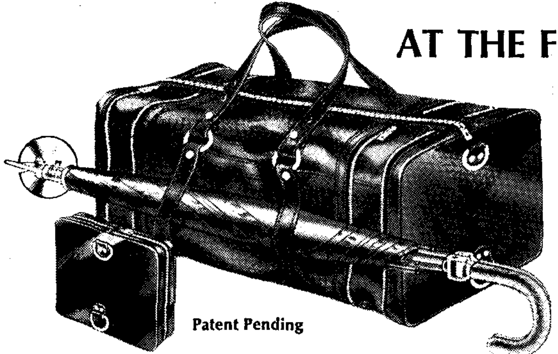

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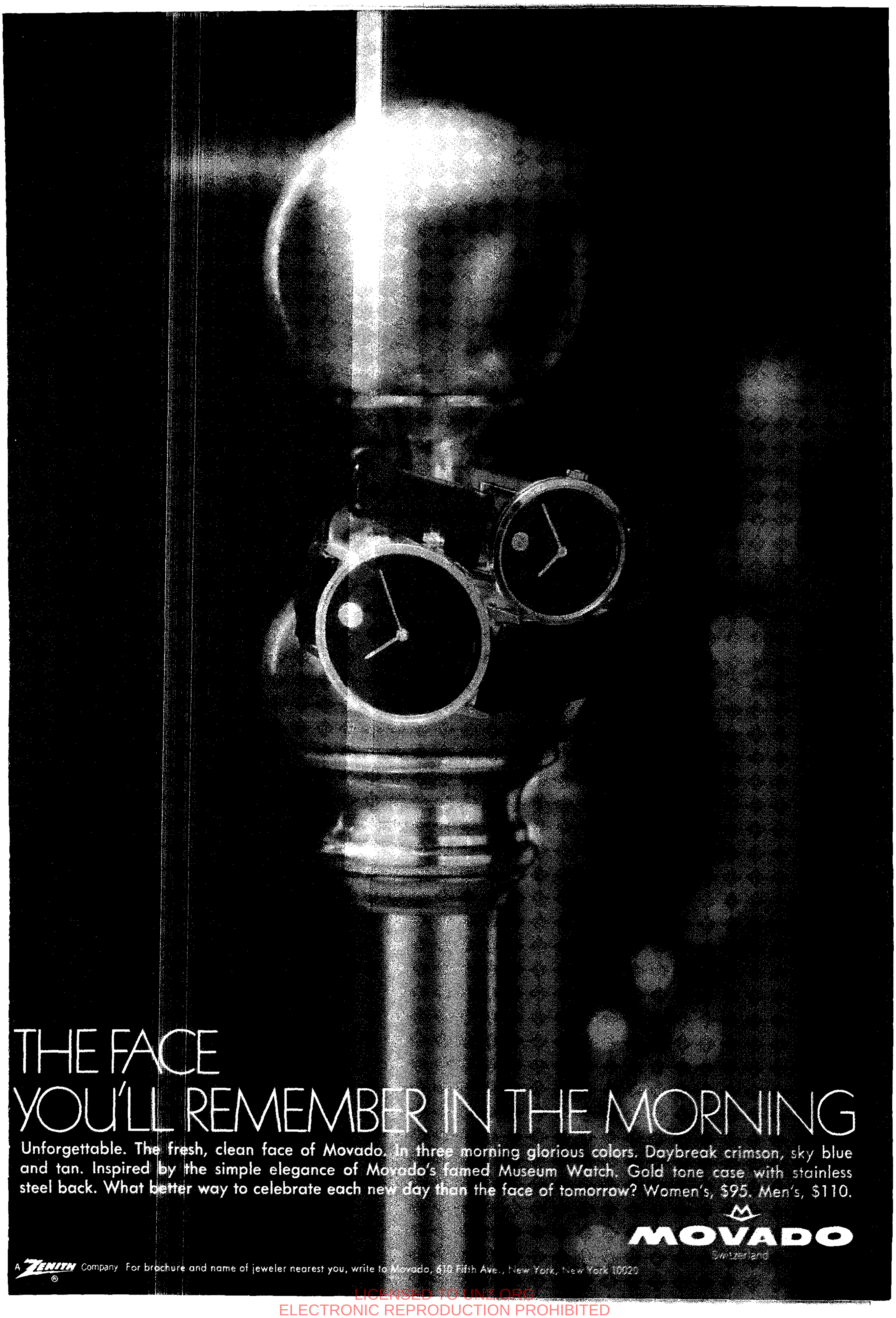
and carried water and shovelled dirt for an outfit laying railroad crossties. Through this succession of dreary, sometimes backbreaking occupations, only his cultural interests, some of which he had developed at Cookman, sustained him spiritually.

In the spring of 1911, Asa told his mother that he and Beaman Hearn were going to New York for a few months and would return early in the fall. That was Hearn's plan. If Asa could help it—if he could latch on to something in New York—he did not intend to return at all. In April, both young men took their savings and sailed for New York City on the Clyde Steamship Company's Arapahoe. To help pay the passage, the elder Randolph had arranged with the ship's headwaiter, a friend of his, for the boys to work in the kitchen. And on the voyage up Asa washed dishes—"until I got cramps in my fingers," he said later. It was a useful introduction to the kind of work he would have to do in New York to support himself.

WHEN Randolph and Hearn arrived that April, black Harlem was bounded by 128th and 145th Streets and Fifth and Seventh Avenues. Beyond those boundaries, Harlem was white; it was apprehensive as well, for the black section was slowly expanding in all directions. The two young men rented, for a dollar and a half a week, a room on 132nd Street, between Seventh and Lenox. They spent the first two months or so wandering through Manhattan, sightseeing and taking in the shows. But the ambition that had brought Randolph to New York was never far from his mind, and he was now set on becoming an actor—an idea he had developed after playing in a few amateur productions around Jacksonville. In the mornings, Harlemites encountered the odd spectacle of the young Randolph reading aloud as he walked from 132nd Street to a restaurant at the corner of 130th and Lenox, where he had breakfast. "People used to look at him and shake their heads, as if they were sure he was out of his mind," Hearn has recalled. (Hearn, who lived his later years in retirement in Pensacola, Florida, died only a few weeks ago.) Randolph's favorite haunts in the city were the New York Public Library, at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, and the Hippodrome, at Forty-fourth and Sixth, where for twenty-five cents he could spend an entire day watching variety and vaudeville shows. In Octo-



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ber, Hearn, honoring a pledge he had made to his parents, returned to Jacksonville to go into business.

Randolph, now alone in the city, did—in view of his background—the only natural thing: he turned to the churches. After looking in on a few Sunday services, he learned of the young people's organizations connected with the various churches, and confined his attentions to them. Randolph's interest in these organizations had little to do with religion. He wished merely to meet people with whom he could pursue his own social and intellectual interests and from whom he could gather a surer sense of life in New York. As it turned out, the first part of this wish was the harder to fulfill. The majority of the youth organizations allowed no extraneous matters to intrude upon their study and discussion of the Bible. An exception was the Epworth League of the Salem Methodist Church, on West 133rd Street. It was true that the League's principal devotion was also the Bible, but it permitted itself a wider range of concerns and activities—including a theatre club.

The theatre club was not, if Randolph had had a choice, the kind of group he would have preferred to join. Its players lacked even the semblance of professional polish he had acquired by appearing in the amateur productions in Jacksonville. But, with his ambitions, any opportunity to keep his skills in shape was better than none at all—especially in a town like New York, where he did not know anyone of any importance, let alone of importance in the theatre. The club's chief activity was rehearsing scenes from Shakespeare and presenting them, at least one Sunday afternoon a month, before community audiences at the church. Though appearing in these scenes brought Randolph no attention that would be useful in furthering his career, it led him to memorize "Othello," "Hamlet," and "The Merchant of Venice."

But a measure of attention did come a while later. His search for professional improvement took him, quite by accident, to the City College of New York—where, in order to improve his skills in elocution, he registered for two evening courses in public speaking. The improvement must have been rapid, for at one of the Sunday-afternoon performances at the Salem Church soon after Randolph started going to City College, he caught the eye of an important man in the theatre. His name was Henri Strange, a black Philadel-

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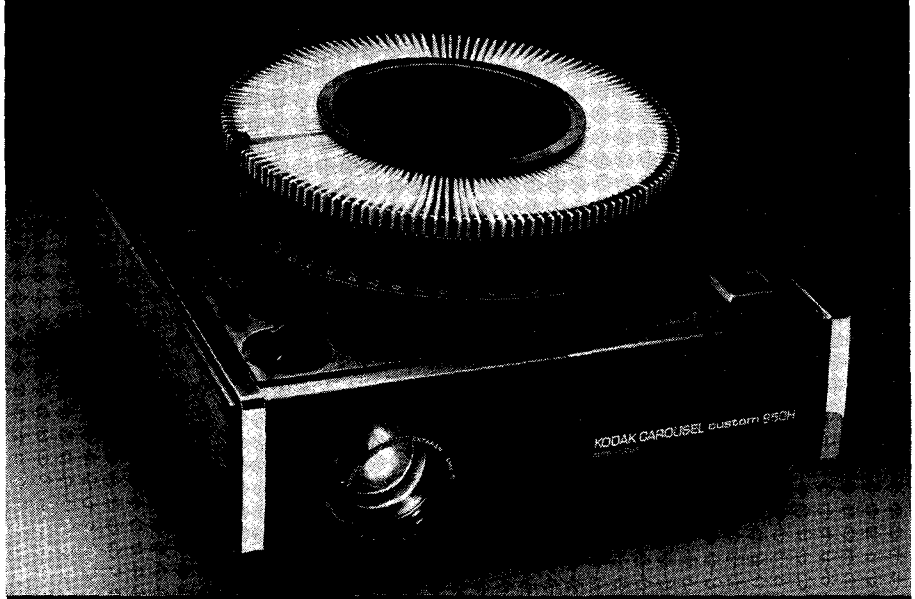

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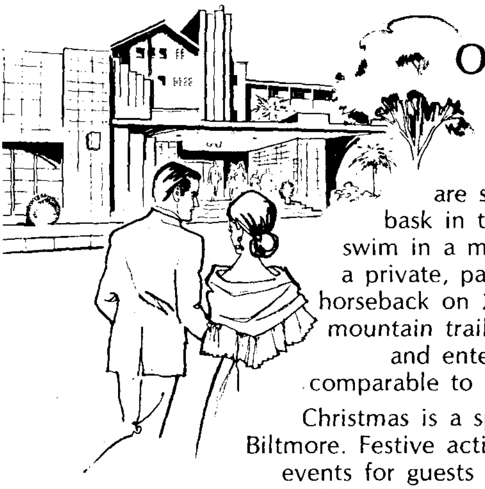

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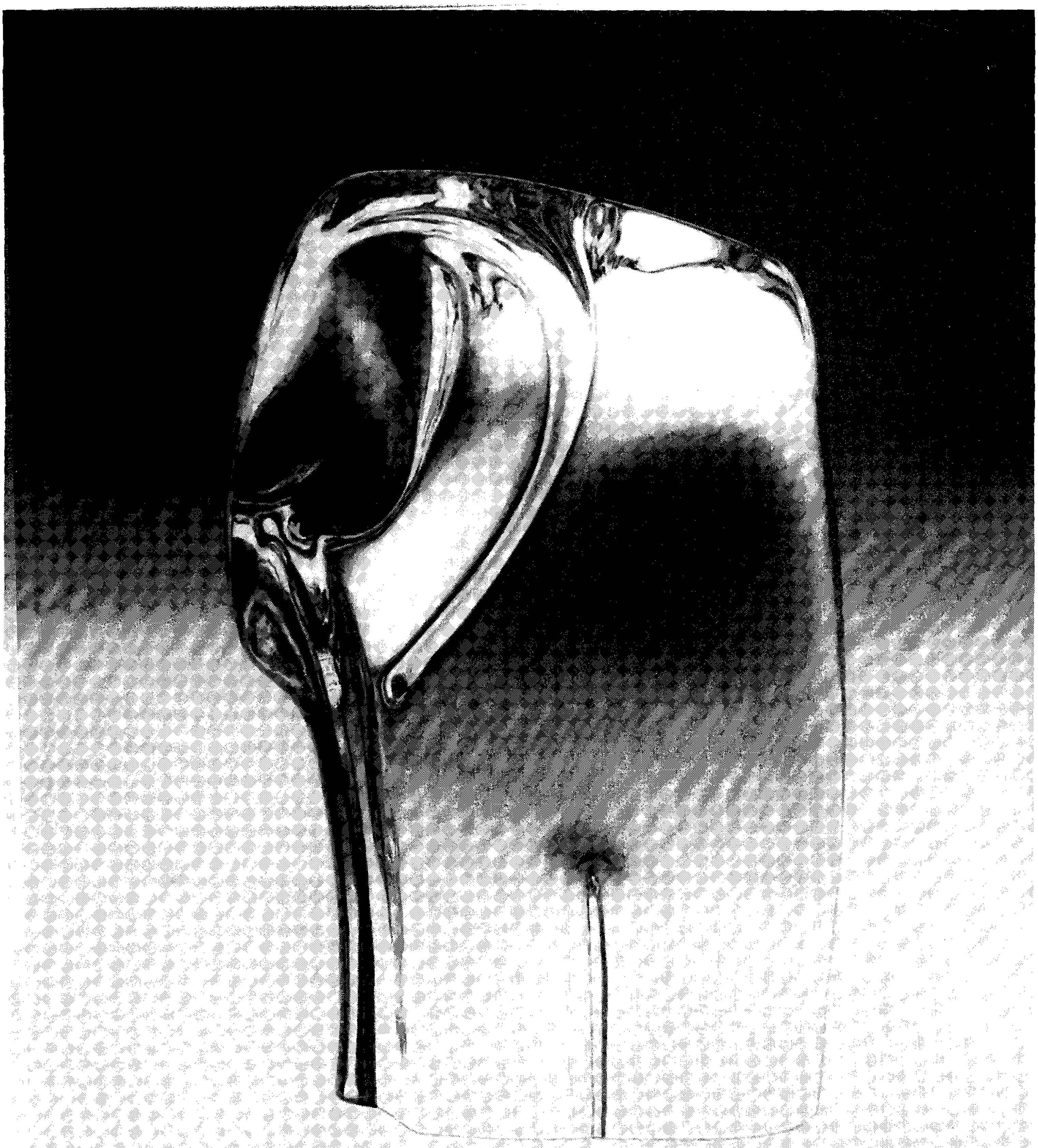
phian, who was then the leading tragedian on the Harlem stage. A few days after the performance, Randolph was having a bite in a luncheonette on Lenox Avenue when Strange entered and took an empty seat at Randolph's table. Strange introduced himself and remarked that he had caught Randolph's performance at the church the previous Sunday. "With your voice and diction, it doesn't really matter whether you can act," he told Randolph, and he offered to sponsor the young man's admission to a drama group of which he was a member. Ecstatic, Randolph wrote triumphantly to his parents in Jacksonville: A professional stage career was about to open up for him, and he had no immediate plans to return to the South. The response was shattering, though not altogether surprising. It was all right with them, his parents replied, if he felt that there was a future for him in New York, but under no circumstance could they approve of his spending his life on the stage, especially in a town like New York. Though Randolph was now twenty-three and was entirely responsible for—or at least entitled to—his own choices, he realized now that he had no intention of defying his parents on an issue they considered so vital to their morality.

WITH the theatre eliminated as a serious ambition, Randolph focussed his interest on politics. To create a climate of discussion better suited to his tastes and his needs, he withdrew from the Epworth League and, with some of the freer thinkers there, formed a current-affairs group, the Independent Political Council. At City College, he dropped public speaking and, over the next few semesters, took courses in history, political science, philosophy, and economics.

The switch to political courses brought Randolph closer to the political life on campus, and he found the classrooms to be among what he later called "the hottest beds of radicalism in New York City." In 1912 and 1913, campus groups were championing the causes of the Industrial Workers of the World—probably the most radical labor activists in America then. These campus groups were raising funds for and speaking out in support of two great Wobbly campaigns in the East—the textile strikes in Lawrence, Massachusetts, in 1912, and in Paterson, New Jersey, the following year. Randolph's interest in the 1913 strike was heightened because one of the staunchest supporters of the I.W.W. in Paterson



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was Hubert H. Harrison, originally from St. Croix, who was a pioneer radical intellectual in Harlem, the community's leading street-corner orator, and a member of the Socialist Party in New York. Among the other radical heroes of C.C.N.Y. evening students were William D. (Big Bill) Haywood and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, of the I.W.W., and Eugene V. Debs, of the Socialist Party. Debs, an early advocate of industrial unionism and a onetime member of the I.W.W., polled nearly a million votes as the candidate of the Socialist Party in the 1912 Presidential election. The combination of Debs' prestige, the growing popularity of the Socialists, and the militant industrial unionism of the I.W.W. helped to raise hopes on the left that a Socialist millennium was about to arrive. On a campus like City College, no one felt these hopes more keenly than the evening students, many of whom, like Randolph, were struggling to make a living. It was in a course given by J. Salwyn Schapiro, an instructor of history at City College, that Randolph first read Socialism and, as he has put it, "the history of European working-class movements." The discovery was so exciting to him that in his spare time, he later recalled, he "began reading Marx as children read 'Alice in Wonderland.' " It was, he said, "like finally running into an idea which gives you your outlook on life." Part of this outlook was a broader philosophy of the racial struggle.

The political institution that dominated the allegiance of most black Americans—and would do so up until the first election of Franklin D. Roosevelt—was the Republican Party. Half a century after Emancipation, Republican politicians still took the loyalty of their black supporters smugly for granted. Few attempts were made to court or retain the black vote beyond the practice of rewarding conspicuous members of the race—mainly ward leaders—with important federal appointments. Since black voters attracted even less attention from the Democrats, they regarded these appointments as tokens of the continuing esteem in which they were held by the party that had presided over the abolition of slavery. In Jacksonville, the most important of the appointees had been Joseph E. Lee—one of the men whom the Reverend James Randolph, a Republican himself, had held up to his sons as a model of what black men could achieve. When Randolph arrived in New York, the man who occupied that position here was Charles W.

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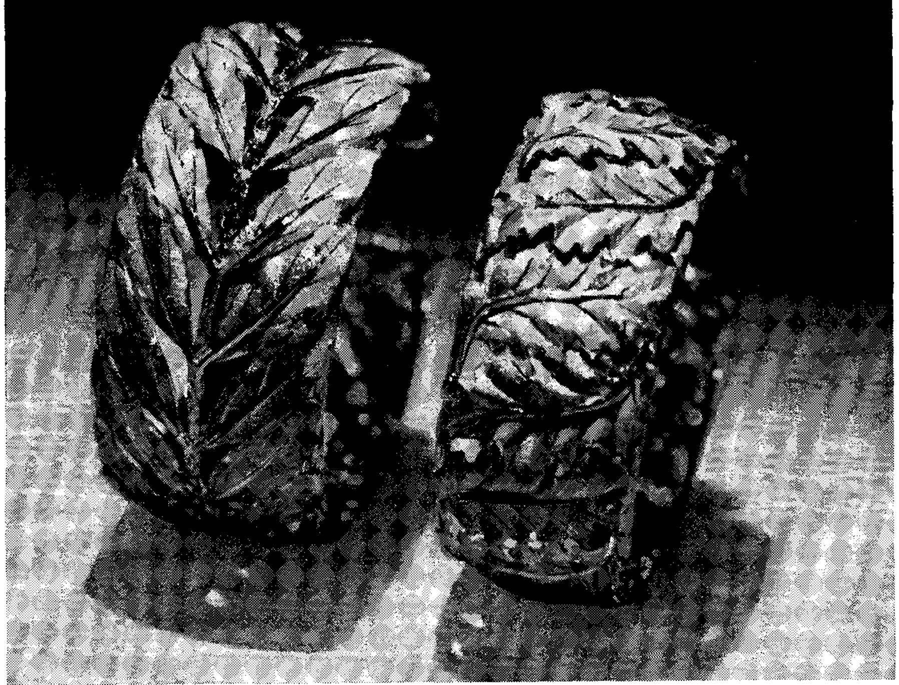

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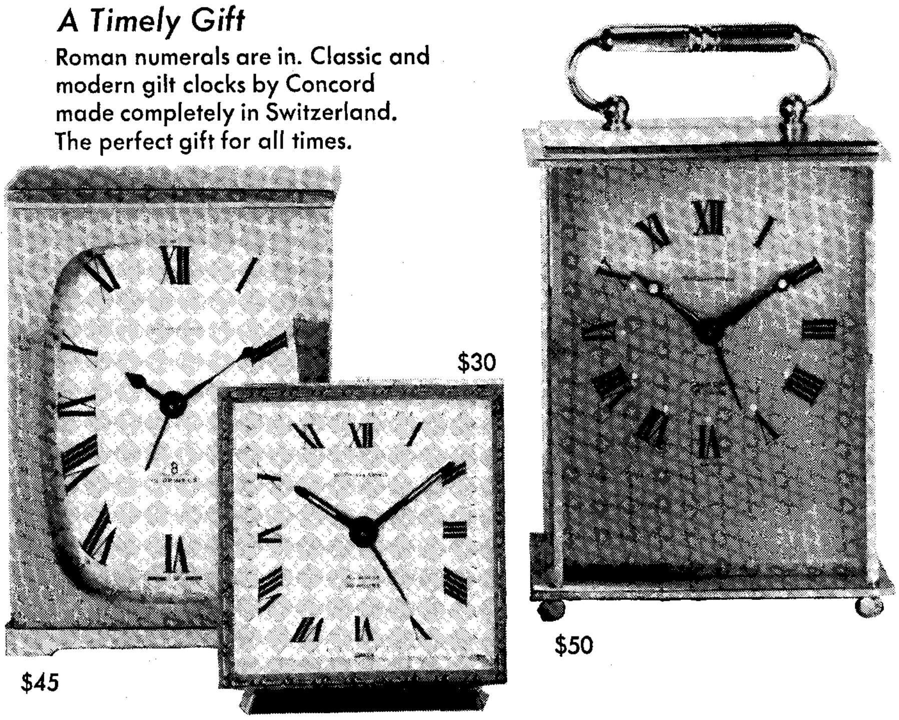

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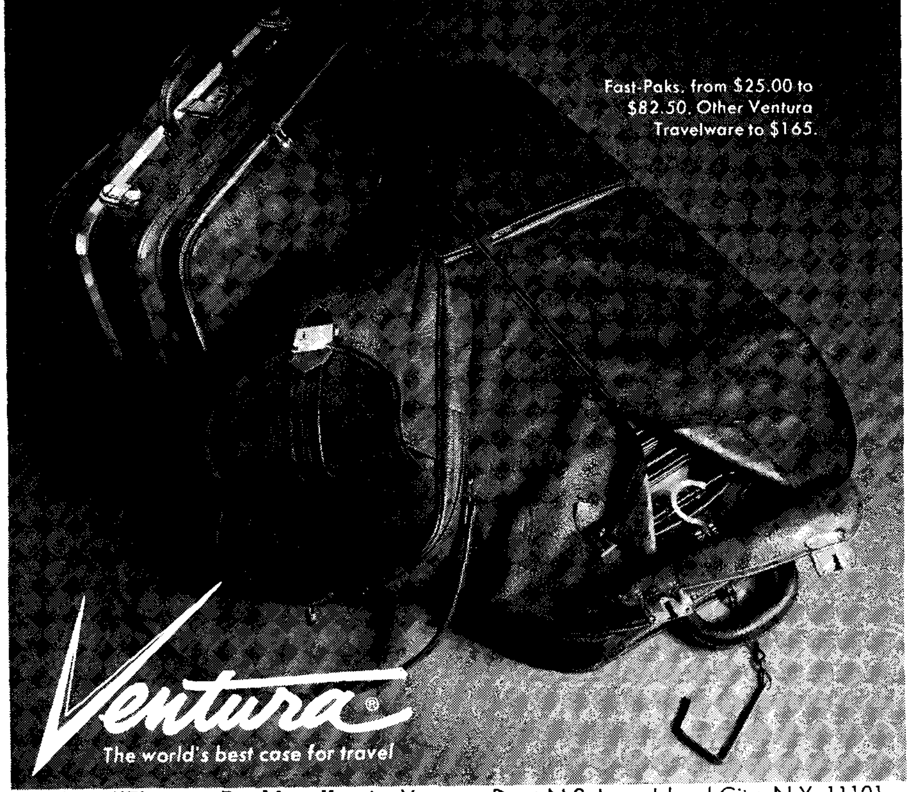

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Anderson, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second District. The elevation of men like Lee and Anderson had to be approved by Booker T. Washington's Tuskegee Machine, which during Theodore Roosevelt's Administration was the clearing house for all black political appointments. When Woodrow Wilson was elected, in 1912, practically all black federal officeholders, including Anderson, lost their jobs. And since the Wilson Administration was distinguished for its indifference to the problems of black citizens, the Republican politicians were more confident than ever that it would take a sledgehammer to drive the black vote from the Party of Lincoln. Randolph—now a budding Socialist—felt "nothing but contempt" for politicians in both parties who so cynically ignored or exploited the black situation.

IN the spring of 1914, Randolph, who was then working for an employment agency known as the Brotherhood of Labor, in an old apartment house near the corner of 135th Street and Lenox Avenue, was introduced to an attractive thirty-one-year-old widow named Lucille Green. She was light-skinned, of medium height and build, and had a head of silvery short-cropped hair, prematurely gray. She was one of three children of William and Josephine Campbell, and was trained as a schoolteacher at Howard University. At Howard, she had met a law student named Joseph Green, and after graduating they married and moved to New York, where Lucille taught school and her husband worked as a customs officer. Not long after they arrived, Joseph Green died.

In 1913, Madam C. J. Walker, the black cosmetic millionairess, arrived in Harlem from Indianapolis, where she had been marketing her formula for straightening hair. To help popularize her formula in Harlem and extend her business, Madam Walker—who built a town house on West 136th Street and, later, a mansion at Irvington-on-Hudson—opened a school to train young women in the Walker hair-beauty system. It was named the Lelia College, after Madam Walker's only child, A'Lelia, and its graduates operated their own salons, using only the Walker products and the Walker system. Lucille Green, who had given up teaching after her husband's death, was one of the first graduates of the Lelia College. She not only started her own salon, on 135th Street, but became a close friend of Madam Walker and a member of the

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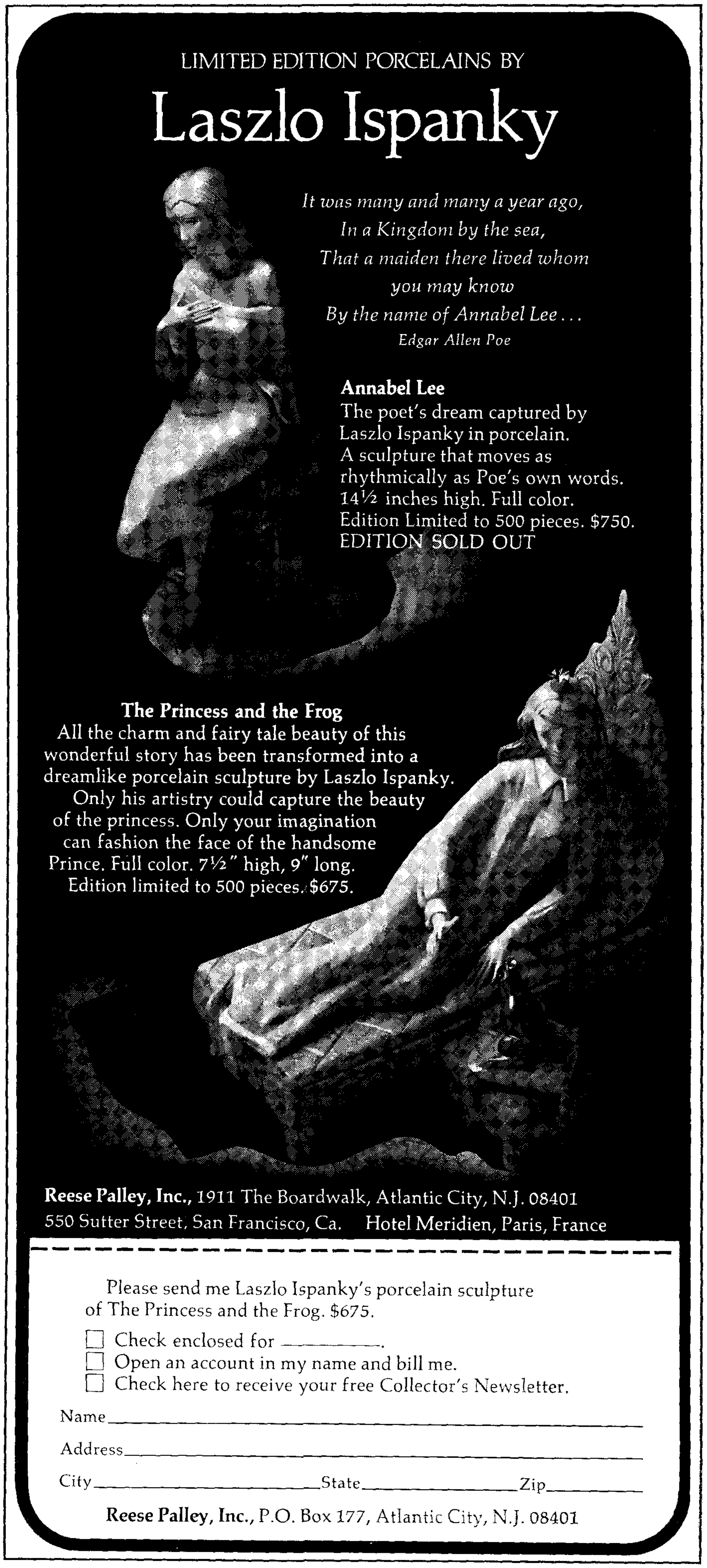
social set that grew up around her in Harlem.

As Randolph later put it, he and Mrs. Green were immediately "taken" with each other. He considered her "beautiful, gregarious, elegant, fashionable, and socially conscious." He also found that they not only had the same birthday, April 15th, but shared an interest in both Socialism and Shakespeare. Though Randolph and Mrs. Green were anything but equal in material possessions, they were equally generous of disposition. Two of their acquaintances at the time have paid them quite similar compliments. One has said that "he would give you his last quarter," and the other that "she gave away even the things she needed if she felt you needed them more." Mrs. Green's first impression of young Randolph was, as she summed it up, that he was "exotic." It is not clear exactly what she meant by that; it may well have been her word for the combination of Randolph's handsomeness, his courtly manners, his dignified bearing, his impressive voice, his private reticence, his public rebelliousness, and his devotion to the serious side of life. Nor is it unlikely that she detected something in his appearance which suggested that he was indifferent to—or, at any rate, lacked—money.

Randolph's combination of qualities was probably uncommon among the young men of Lucille Green's acquaintance. Despite the serious aspects of her own interests, she was, as Randolph had been told, a "socialite"—and in prewar Harlem that meant going to lots of parties, dances, and soirées. In her case, most of them were presided over by the social set of which Madam Walker had become the center. It was not a society of old families with old money, even as such things were measured by and among blacks: old family and old money were to be found mainly in Brooklyn, among blacks who had no memory of ever having lived anywhere but in New York, and who, when they examined their lineage, found no trace of Southern soil or servitude. Madam Walker's society consisted largely of successful speculators of recent vintage, community-club women, recently arrived urban professionals, and other parvenus. And the kind of young men it attracted were those who were drawn chiefly by the promise of a good time in the company of beautiful, gregarious, and well-to-do women. On a more genteel social plane, Mrs. Green was an established member of St. Philip's Episcopal Church, which was then, and for sev-



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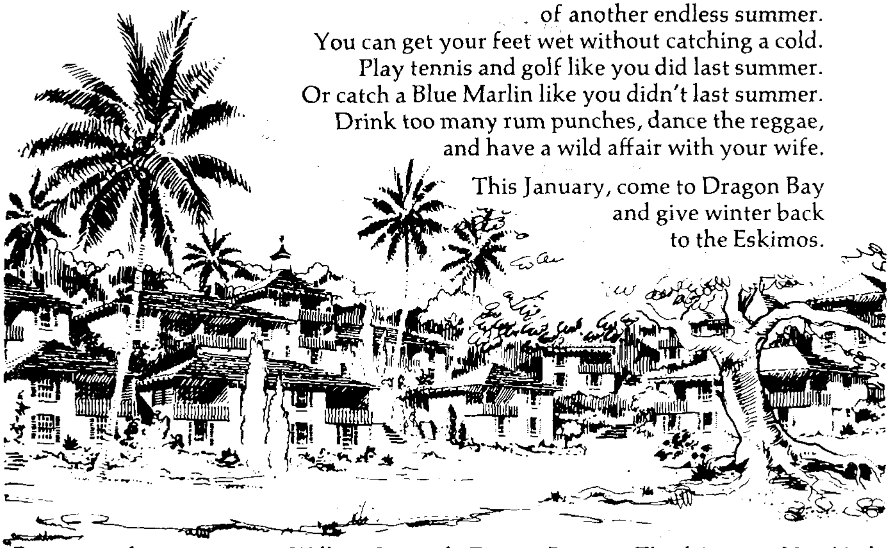

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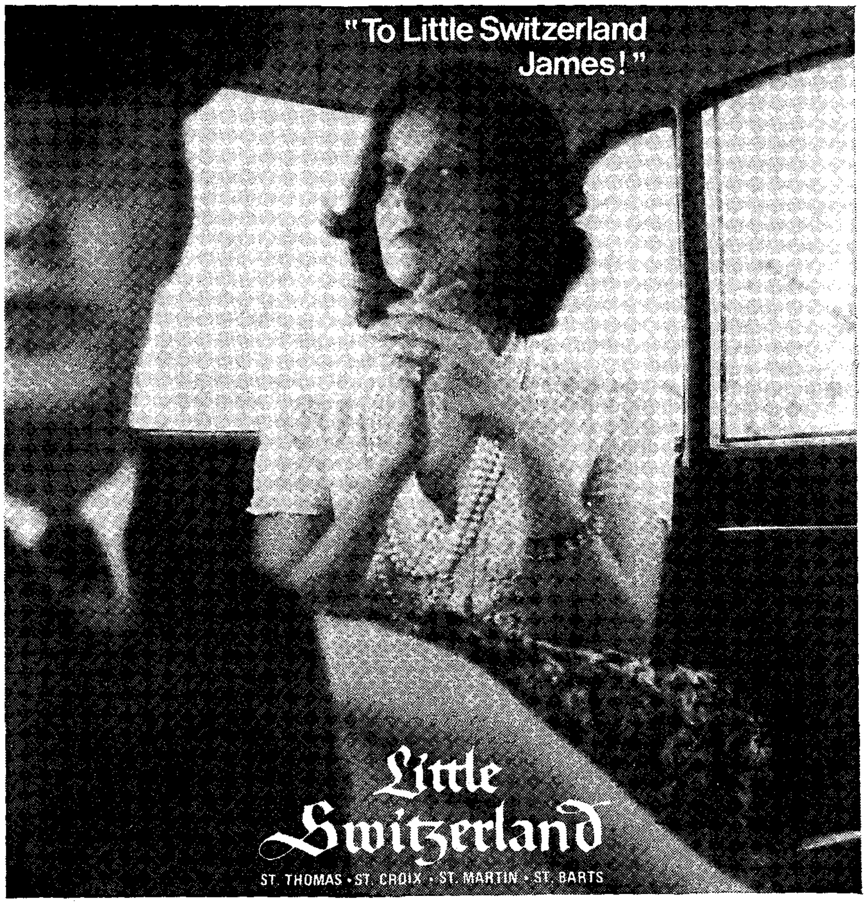
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eral years after, the wealthiest and best-known black congregation in the world.

Randolph's courtship of Mrs. Green—or Buddy, as they would always call each other—was brief and unspectacular. He took her to political lectures, movies, and a few legitimate theatres. She sometimes invited him to Madam Walker's parties, but he always begged off, saying he had no time to waste with "fly-by-night people." A Harlem acquaintance said later that he "never saw Randolph at a dance or a party," adding, "He had bigger things in view." In November, 1914, Randolph and Mrs. Green were married at St. Philip's. Randolph had not wanted a church wedding, but she had insisted on St. Philip's—thinking, no doubt, of her standing in the church. She had compromised by allowing him to choose the wedding trip, which—not entirely to her surprise—turned out to be a ride on the open streetcar from their new apartment, at 2453 Seventh Avenue, to South Ferry and back. But even that was a considerable concession to nuptial convention, for, saturated in politics as his mind was, he would just as soon have taken her down to Union Square to listen to Eugene Debs.

A FEW months after the marriage, the new Mrs. Randolph was introduced, at a party at Madam Walker's, to a man who would become her husband's closest friend and comrade. His name was Chandler Owen, and he was a student at Columbia University. Owen, born on April 5, 1889, in Warrenton, North Carolina, was just ten days older than Randolph. After four years at Virginia Union University, in Richmond, Owen had entered Columbia in 1913 to study sociology and political science. He was light-skinned, had bright, alert eyes in a round, fleshy face, and was a chunky five feet seven inches tall. He struck Lucille Randolph as aggressive and irreverent. He seemed to hold a critical opinion on everything, and was especially cynical on the subject of women. After listening to him for some time, she paid him one of her highest compliments. She told him he talked just like her husband. What she must have had in mind was his political irreverence, because, beyond that, Owen and her husband were as unlike in the way they talked as they were unlike in appearance. At any rate, Mrs. Randolph invited Owen to come around to their apartment the following day and meet her husband.

Randolph was at once impressed by

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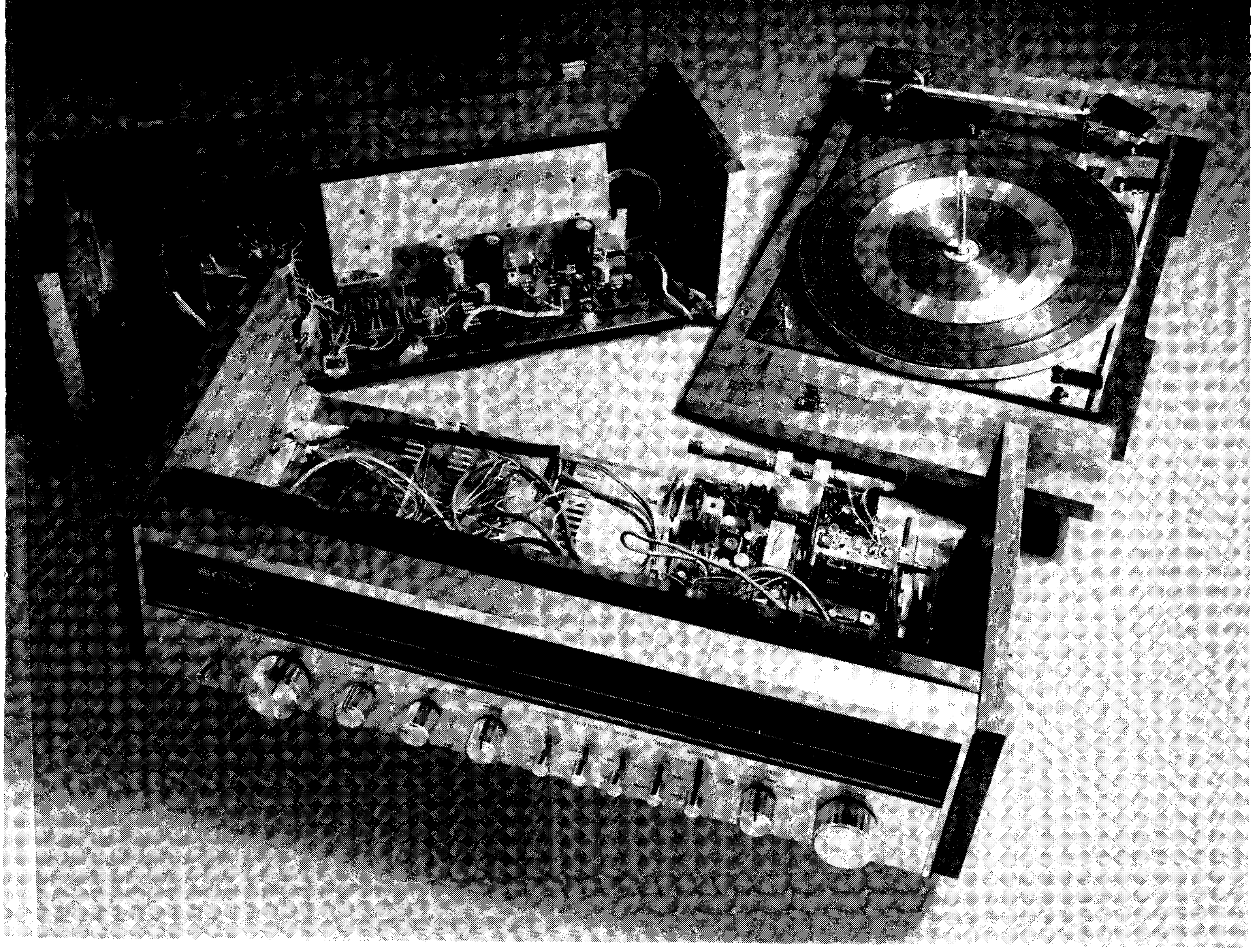

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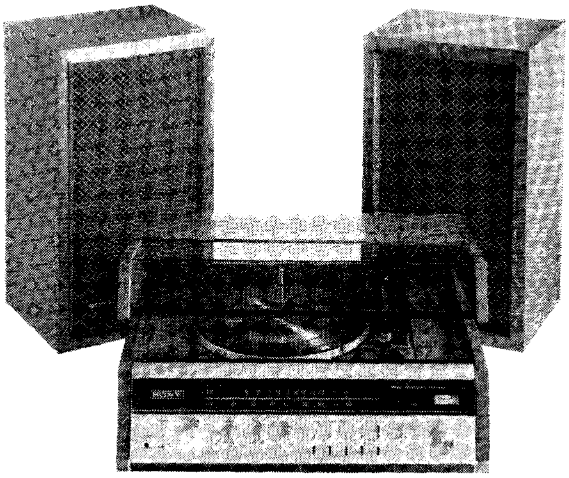

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the similarity of Owen's political temperament to his own. Here, Randolph recognized with delight, was a "natural-born iconoclast," a man "who did not believe in anything, including the church," and who was "just as discontented as I was about the racial problem." He was not influenced in the slightest by the differences between himself and Owen, but that did not mean he failed to see them, or did not find them in some respects surprising. He observed, for instance, that Owen knew nothing about Socialism, and that his political ideas derived mainly from his reading of the sociologist Lester F. Ward.

After their initial meeting, Owen introduced Randolph to Ward's writings, and Randolph, in his words, "led Owen to Marx." Neither had a steady job. Randolph had left the Brotherhood of Labor soon after his marriage, his wife having assured him of her willingness to support him in the pursuit of his public ambitions. And Owen, who had been doing odd jobs around the Columbia campus, felt no obligation to continue, having found that he was welcome to share in the amenities of the Randolph household. When not attending their classes at City College and Columbia, the two men spent their spare time together—chiefly at the Randolphs' apartment and at the New York Public Library—studying, in Randolph's words, "the theory and history of Socialism and working-class politics" and "their application to the racial problem in America." In the evenings, whenever radicals like Eugene Debs, August Claessens, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Abraham Shiplacoff, and Morris Hillquit were appearing in Socialist and labor forums downtown, Randolph and Owen went to hear them. And whenever Hubert H. Harrison, black Harlem's own Socialist spellbinder, was speaking at the corner of Lenox Avenue and 135th Street (which was then the heart of Harlem's street-corner agitation and, for several years to come, the center of the militant consciousness of black America), the young men were there.

Toward the end of 1916, Randolph and Owen joined the Socialist Party. Even if they had not been spiritual converts by then, they might have seen, on pragmatic grounds alone, no alternative. Randolph has said, "The Republicans knew they had the Negroes in their pockets, and the Democrats looked down on them. Neither party thought it had to offer Negroes elective office, and neither had a program for the Negro. The Socialist Party was the only party that had a philosophy

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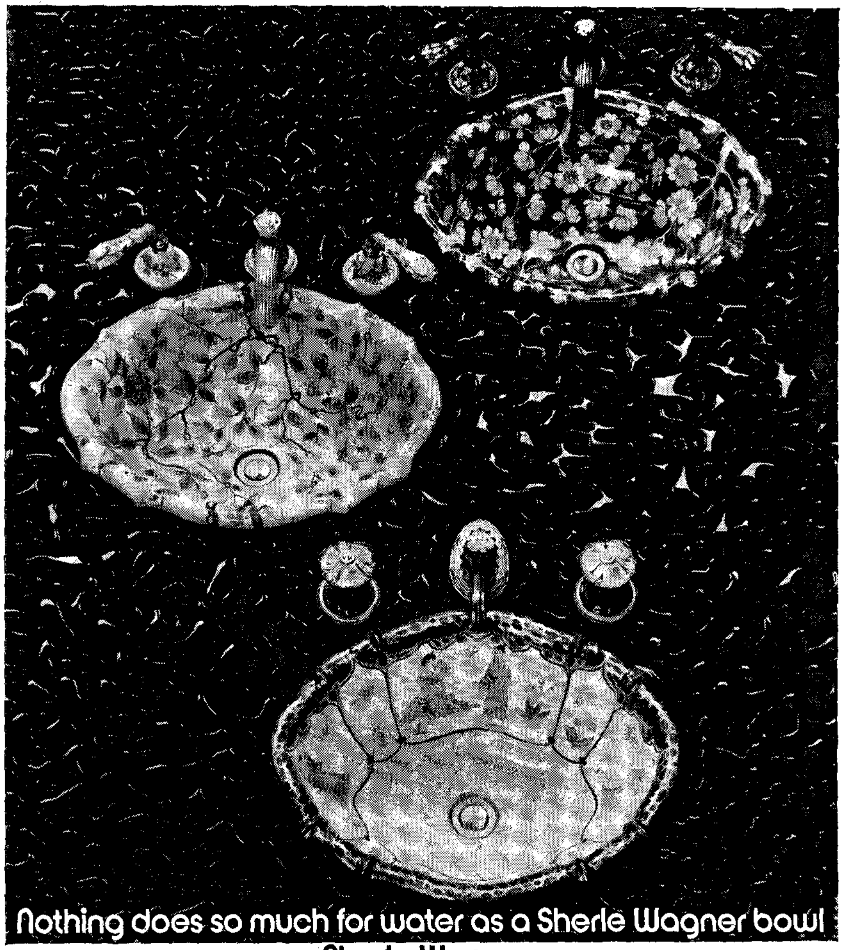

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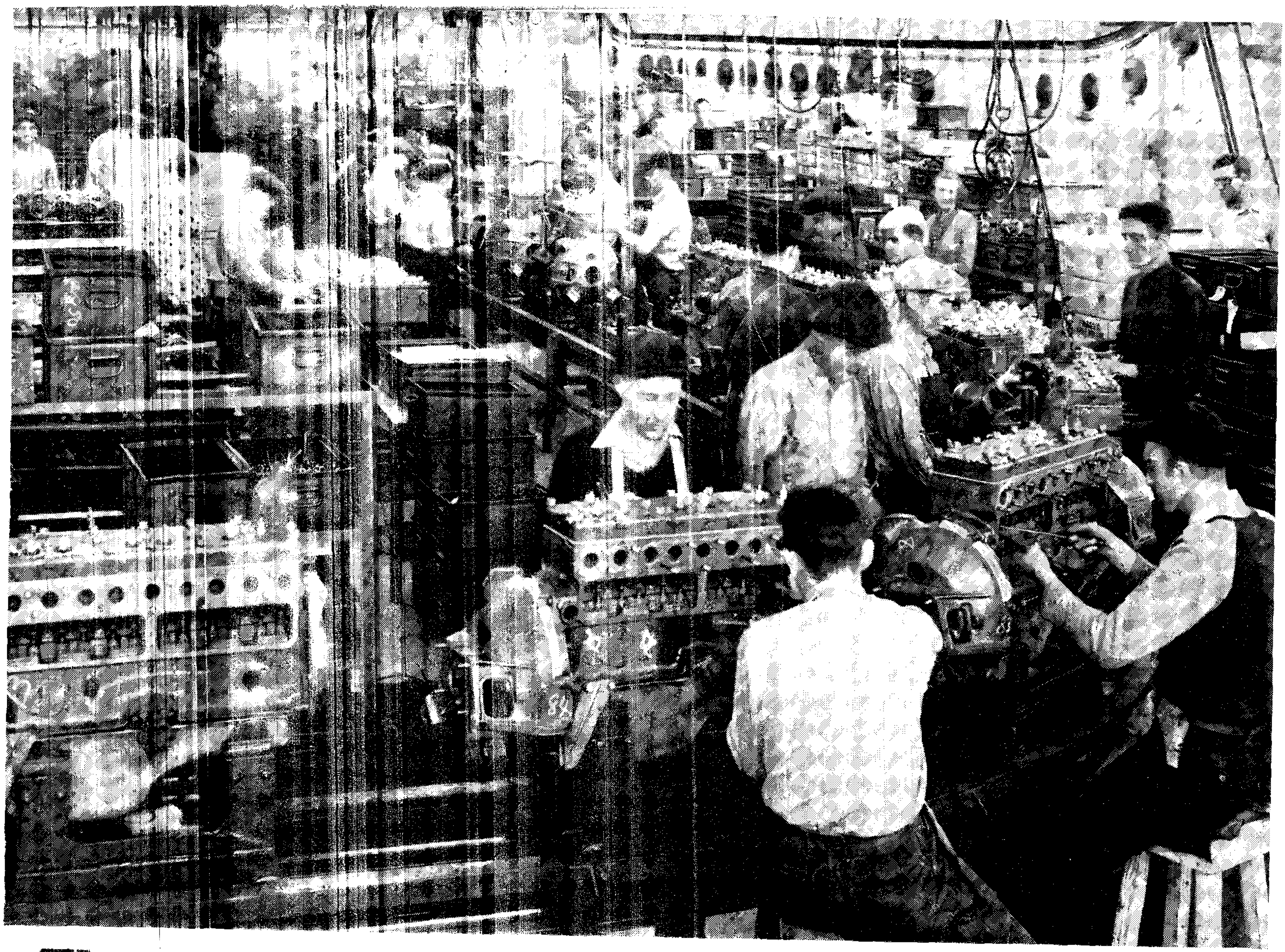

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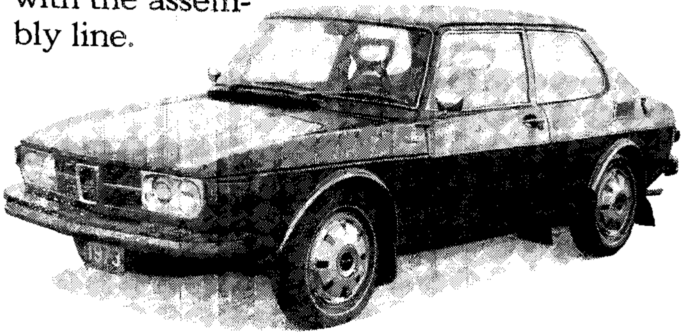

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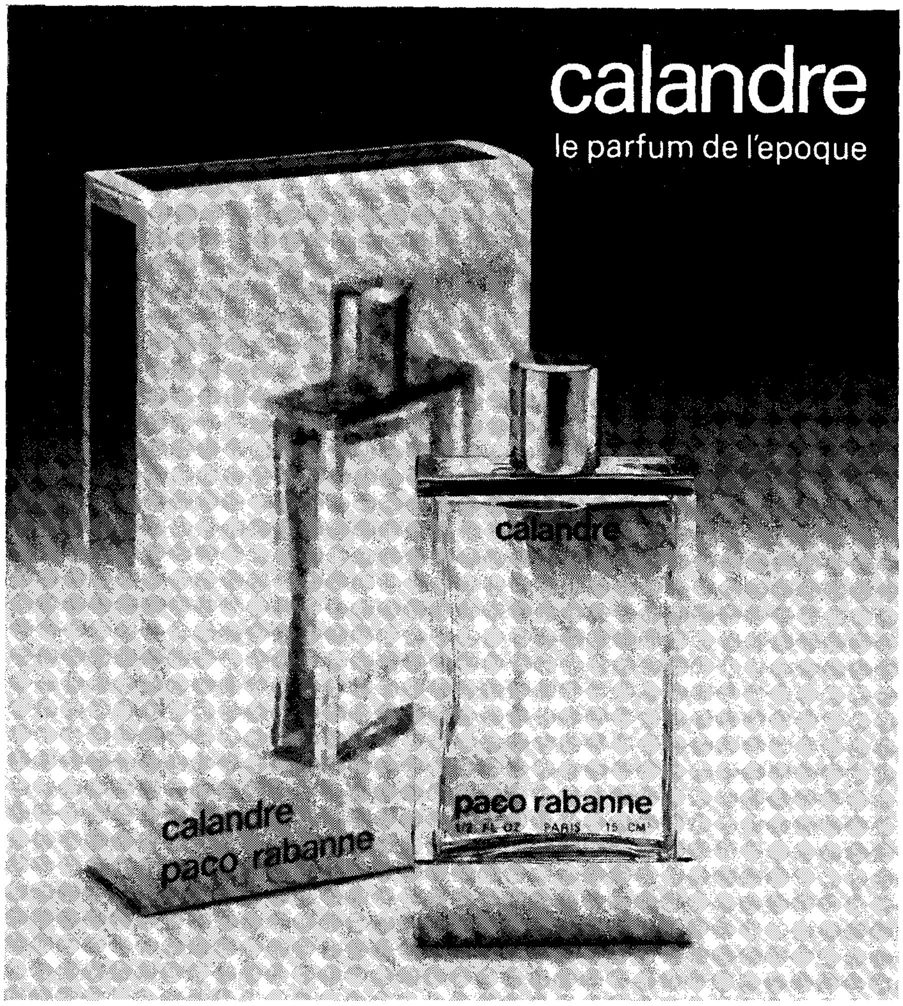
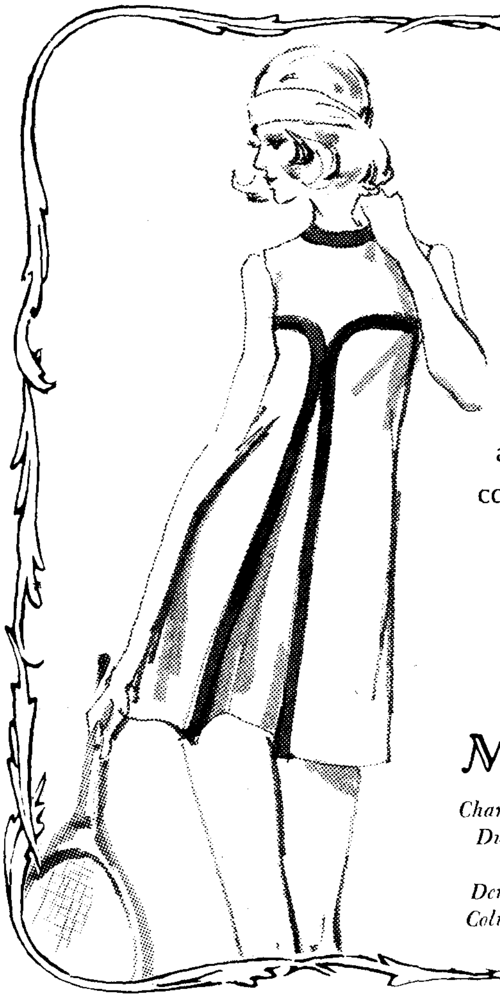
and an economic program that took account of the race problem and whose economic analysis addressed itself to the solution of the Negro's problems." Feeling by the end of the year that they had, in Randolph's words, "discovered all truth," Randolph stopped going to City College—though over the years he went back for an occasional course—and Owen dropped his studies at Columbia. They reorganized the Independent Political Council, with Randolph as president and Owen as executive secretary.

Following the example of Harrison, as other young men in Harlem were doing, Randolph and Owen became soapbox orators themselves, propagandizing on the street corners for Socialism and unionism. Largely because of Randolph's forensic gifts, they quickly became the most notorious street-corner radicals in the black community, exceeding even Harrison in the boldness of their assaults upon political and racial conditions in the country. Most week nights, they were to be seen at the corner of Lenox Avenue and 135th Street. On Sunday nights, the two shifted over, a block west, to Seventh Avenue, for a weekly open forum, where the cream of the soapbox intelligentsia shared the platform and took turns enlarging "upon everything," as Randolph has said, "from the French Revolution, and the history of slavery, to the rise of the working class."

One day in January, 1917, Randolph and Owen went into an office building on Lenox Avenue, looking for a larger meeting place for their Independent Political Council. While there, they were recognized by William White, the president of the Headwaiters and Sidewaiters Society of Greater New York, who had heard them several times on the street corners. White called them into the Society's headquarters, a single room on the third floor, and told them they were just the men he wanted to see. He had an idea for a monthly magazine for the waiters, White said, and he thought they were the ideal pair to edit it. Instead of looking for office space of their own, White suggested, why didn't they move into his Society's headquarters? They could have nearly half of the large room for themselves, and, beyond writing and editing the magazine, they were free to use their end of the room as they wished. Finally, White said, they could be assured of total editorial freedom, down to deciding what the magazine should be called.

White gave them the sunnier end of the room, with a bay window looking

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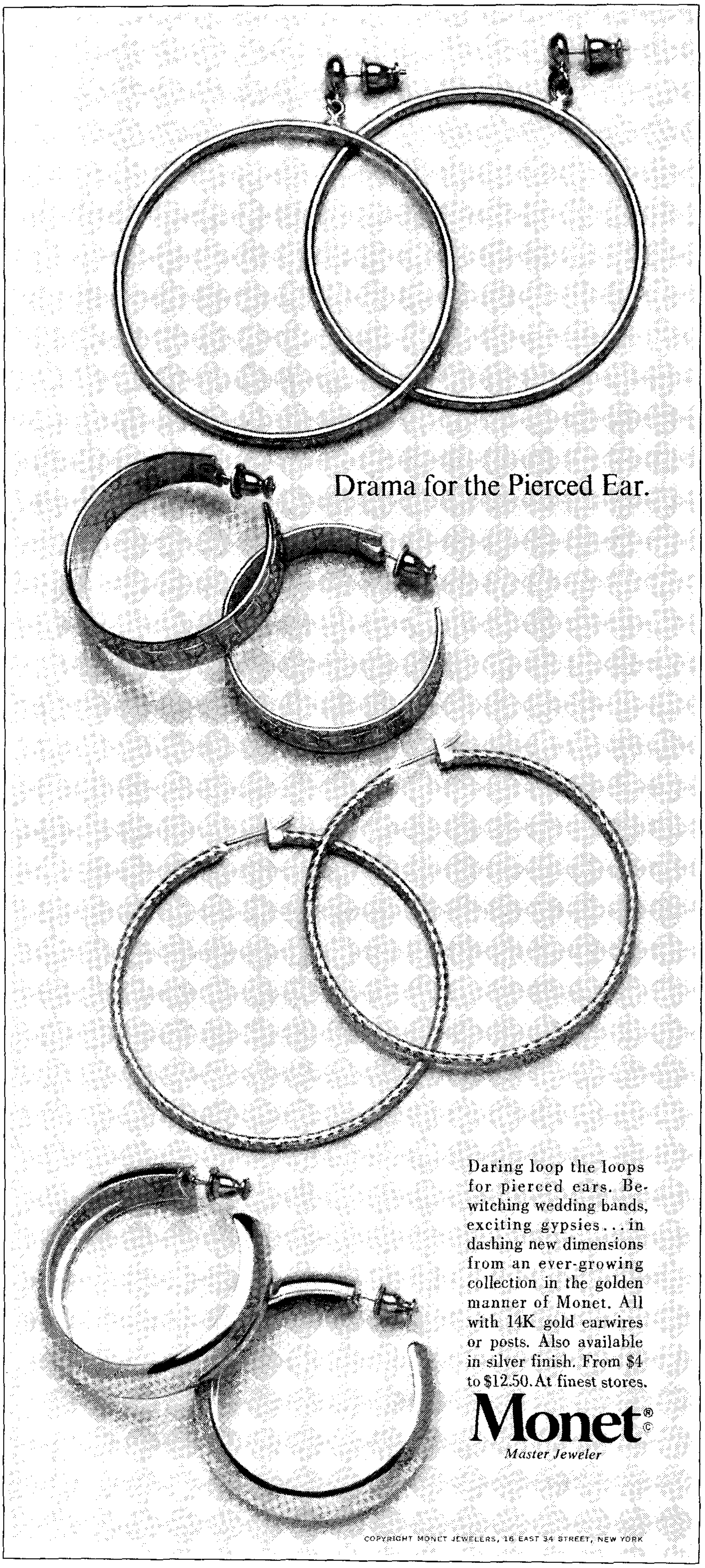
out on Lenox Avenue. It was furnished with a desk, which was large enough to accommodate Randolph, sitting on one side, and Owen, sitting opposite him, two soft leather chairs, a typewriter, a file cabinet, and a few folding chairs. Here, for the next eight months, the two young men brought out the *Hotel Messenger*—the name they chose for the magazine. They also held daily meetings with members of the Independent Political Council and with other young radicals in the community, who, having nothing better to do with their daytime hours, drifted in for political discussions. Some of those who dropped in at the *Hotel Messenger* were Lovett Fort-Whiteman, a Texan, who had graduated from McGill University; Cyril V. Briggs, a native of the Dutch West Indies and an editorial writer for the *Amsterdam News*; W. A. Domingo, a Jamaican nationalist and Socialist, who had migrated to Harlem a few years before; and Hubert Harrison.

The *Hotel Messenger*, which circulated among black waiters in the New York area, folded in August, when White fired his two young editors. A group of disgruntled sidewaiters had come to Randolph and Owen with the story that headwaiters were selling uniforms to sidewaiters at exorbitant prices and pocketing kickbacks from the uniform dealers—a racket that the editors exposed in the *Hotel Messenger*. Since White was indebted more to the headwaiters than to the sidewaiters for his office as president of the Society, he considered the exposé a threat. Incensed, he denounced the two editors as ingrates and ordered them out. And since he wanted no reminder of them around his office, he told them they were welcome to take the furniture they had used. Unrepentant—proud, in fact, of what they had done—Randolph and Owen returned a few days later, took the furniture, and set up office in a building next door, at 513 Lenox Avenue, determined now to make it on their own. First, to practice some of what they had been preaching, they organized their own union, the United Brotherhood of Elevator and Switchboard Operators (of which they later lost control). Hearing that the Socialist Party was then looking around for someone to coördinate Morris Hillquit's mayoralty campaign in Harlem, Randolph and Owen not only took the job but formed the first black Socialist political club in Harlem's Twenty-first Assembly District.

In addition, all within two months,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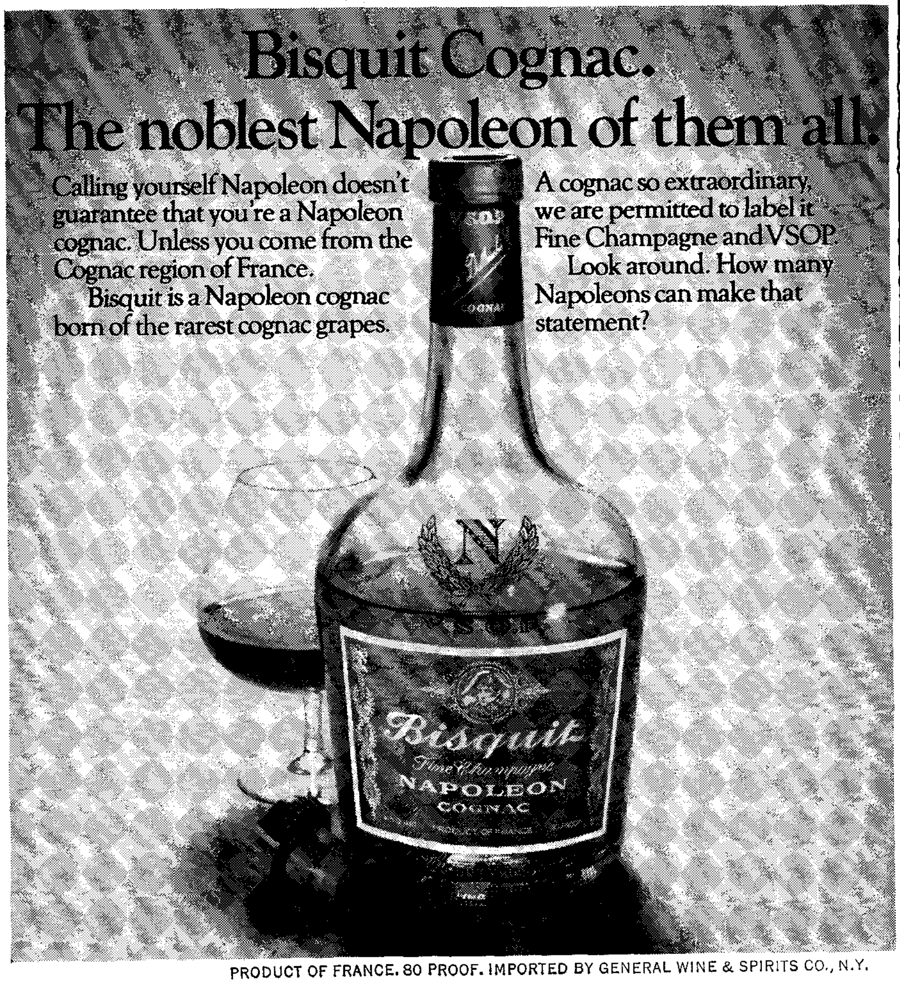

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they had launched their own monthly magazine, the *Messenger*—dropping the "*Hotel*" from its masthead not only to indicate that the magazine was no longer an organ of the waiters but to dissociate themselves from what they called "the 'thought-controller' in the hotel field." Though in any case Randolph and Owen may have wanted to start their own magazine—considering the importance they now attached to radical journalism—they founded the *Messenger*, they explained in the first issue, in response to the "steady and numerous requests" of their "intelligent, radical, forward-looking and clear-eyed thinking patrons." Some of the "patrons" were white Socialists and trade unionists downtown who were aware of Randolph's and Owen's reputation as Socialist propagandists in Harlem and were interested in supporting an organ of Socialism and unionism in the black community. And they might, in the years ahead, help to assure the magazine's survival with contributions and advertising. But at the outset the *Messenger's* most important patron was Randolph's wife, Lucille. "Without her money," Randolph said later, "we couldn't have started the *Messenger*."

Thus, in addition to the sustaining role Mrs. Randolph had been playing, and would continue to play, in her husband's private and public life, one of the important footnotes to the history of radicalism in Harlem must surely show that she was indispensable to the founding of what her husband would call "the first voice of radical, revolutionary, economic, and political action among Negroes in America;" what the Justice Department, two years later, would characterize as "by long odds the most able and the most dangerous of all the Negro publications;" and what William Dufty, in the *Post* of December 28, 1959, described as "one of the ornaments" of its age, adding that it "has been called one of the most brilliantly edited magazines in the history of American Negro journalism."

THE *Messenger* stepped into "the big, broad world of human actions," as its editors put it in the first issue, in November, 1917, seven months after the United States entered the war against Germany, and the month the Russian Revolution began. The magazine's political prose was thoughtful and analytical, even though powered by the verve and flourish of agitational rhetoric. The *Messenger* was neat and attractive in appearance,

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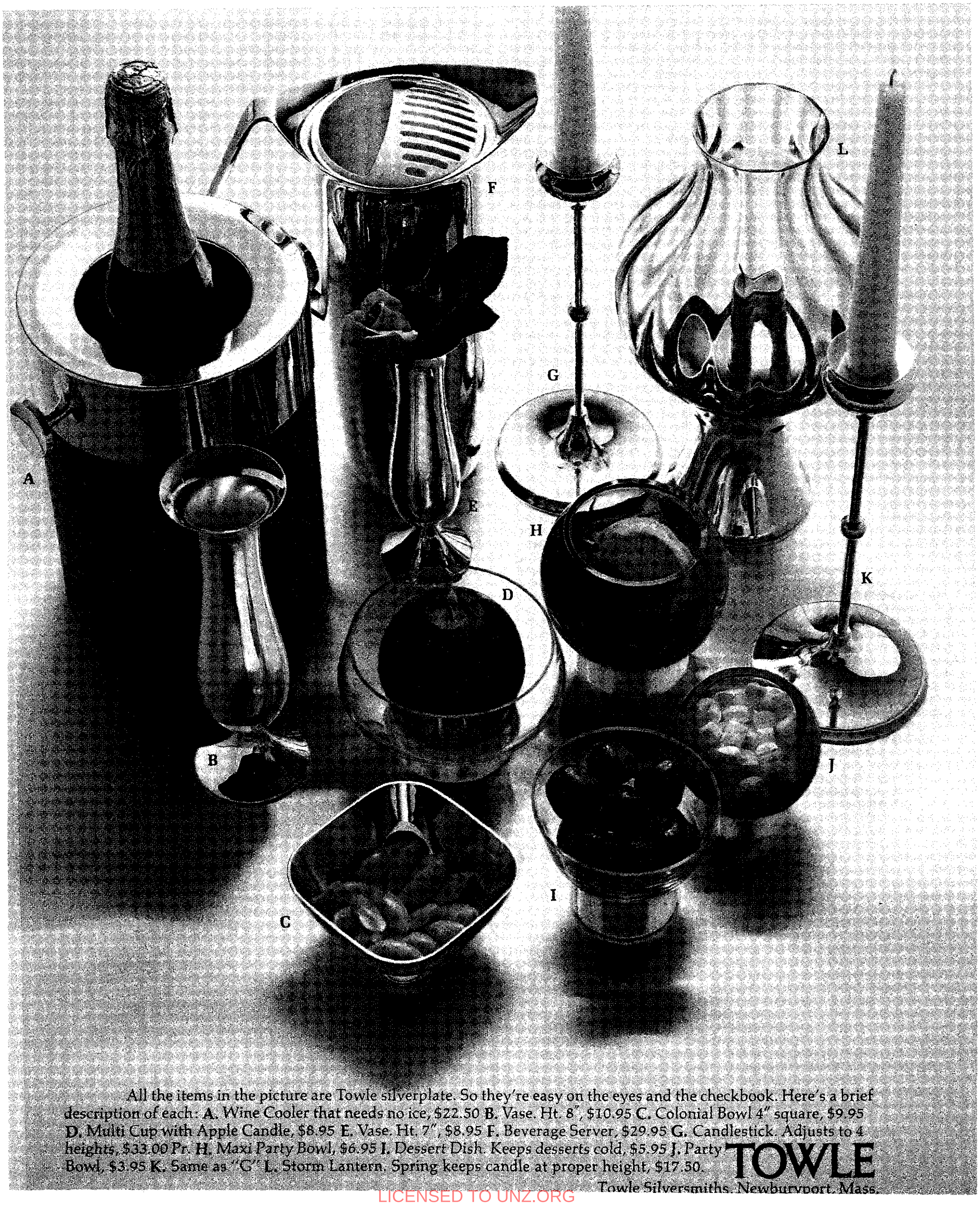

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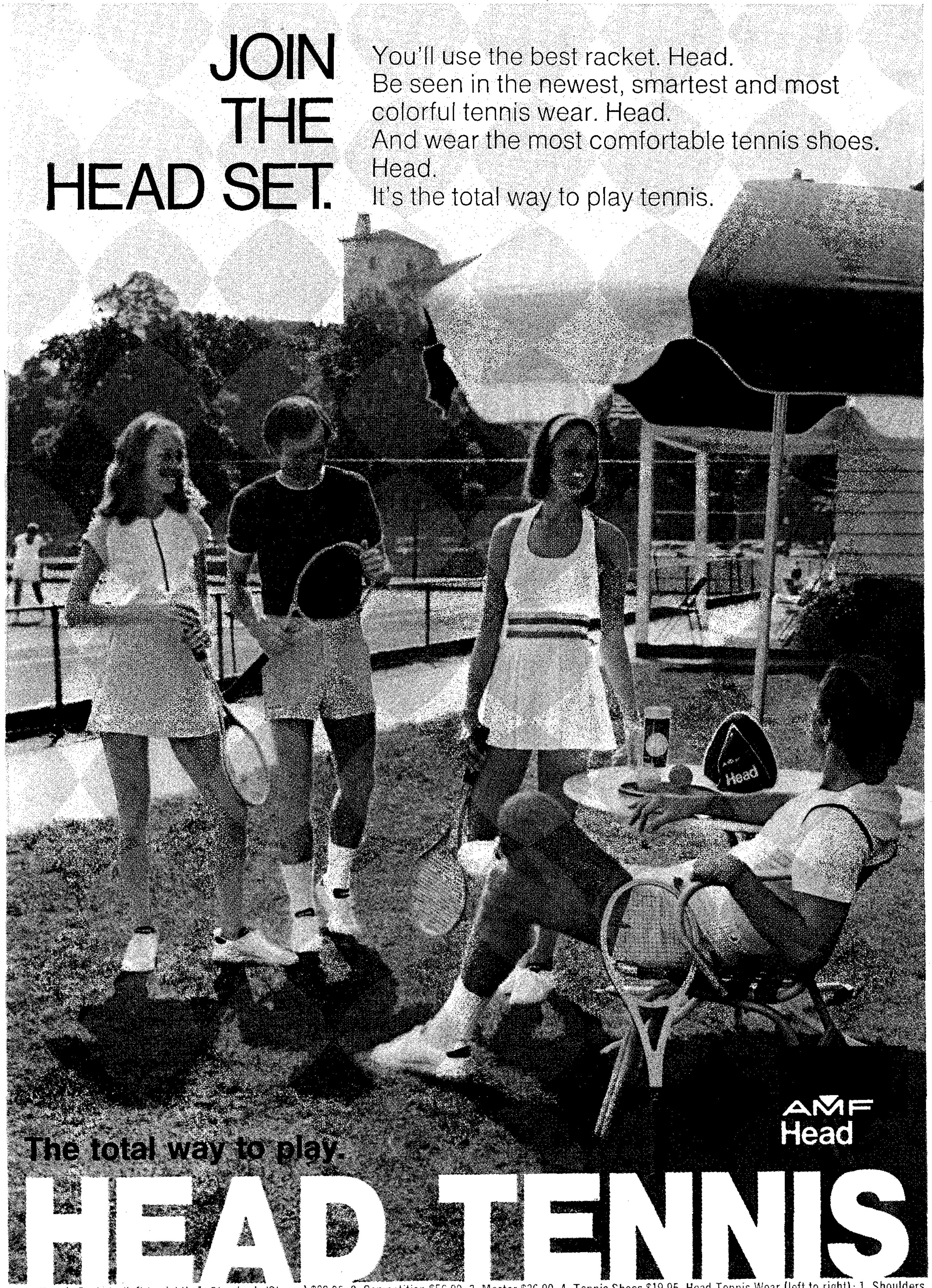

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suggesting something of the high standards of printing that even poorly financed journals were once able to call upon. Though its personality was reflected mainly in its editorials and its political commentary, it also published fiction, poetry, and criticism, and it carried photographs or line drawings on its front cover. Slightly larger in format than most magazines, it sold for fifteen cents. From the outset the *Messenger* was always in debt—seldom able to meet its rent on time, unable some months to appear at all, and never in a position to offer contributors anything but token payments. This state of affairs had its effect upon the magazine's tenancy. After a few months at 513 Lenox Avenue, where it was born, the *Messenger* was evicted for nonpayment of rent. It found a new home at 2305 Seventh Avenue, and remained there through its best years. But late in 1923 it was evicted again, and moved to 2311 Seventh Avenue, where it stayed until 1928, when it folded for lack of funds.

The *Messenger*, which was virtually Randolph's whole life from 1917 until 1925, collected around it a number of intellectuals, who came to be known as *Messenger* radicals. Some of them were merely young people who agreed with the magazine's politics, but, by and large, *Messenger* radicals were contributing editors of the magazine. There were two of these at the beginning—W. A. Domingo and Lovett Fort-Whiteman, young radicals who had passed a good deal of time with Randolph and Owen in the days of the *Hotel Messenger*. But at different times over the next decade—as new contributing editors were added and old ones broke with the magazine—the list included George Frazier Miller, a tough, plainspoken Episcopal preacher from Brooklyn; William Colson, a newly returned war veteran; Ernest Rice McKinney, a left-winger who had attended Oberlin College, and whose parents had been acquaintances of Frederick Douglass; Abram L. Harris, a Howard University economist; Robert Bagnall, a Detroit preacher and the N.A.A.C.P.'s director of branches; William Pickens, a Yale-educated former dean at Morgan College, in Baltimore, and an N.A.A.C.P. field secretary; George S. Schuyler, a self-educated Socialist and satirist from Syracuse, who had a greater admiration for H. L. Mencken than for Karl Marx; Wallace Thurman, a fiction writer of the Harlem Renaissance; and Theophilus Lewis, the *Messenger* drama reviewer, whose acquaintance

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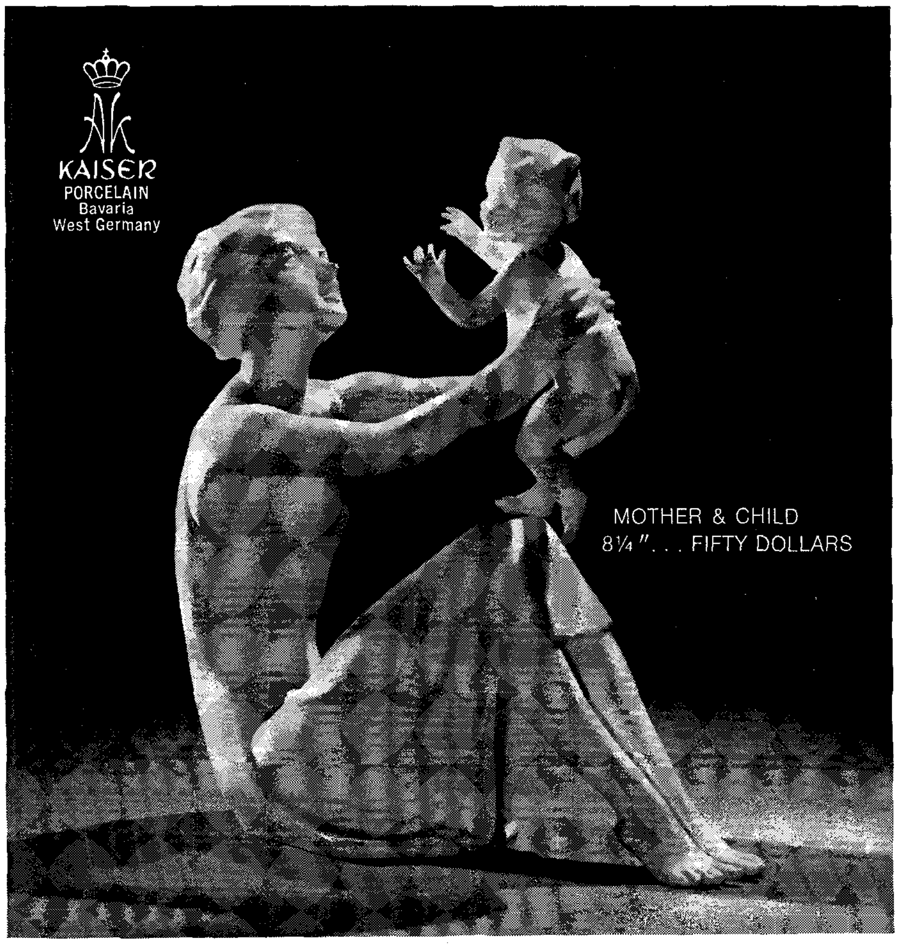

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with Randolph went back to the Epworth League days.

The *Messenger* radicals were part of a larger group known as the Harlem, or New Negro, radicals. Though the New Negro shared the *Messenger's* brand of racial and political militancy, most of them had no formal ties with the magazine, and some edited radical journals of their own. The more prominent names were Richard B. Moore and Otto Huiswood; Cyril V. Briggs, who resigned from the *Amsterdam News* to start his own magazine, the *Crusader;* Hubert Harrison, now the editor of the *Voice;* William Bridges, the editor of *Challenge;* and William H. Ferris, a radical black nationalist, who was a literary editor of Marcus Garvey's *Negro World.* In addition to writing for the *Messenger,* W. A. Domingo founded his own weekly journal, the *Emancipator,* and, having once been a friend of Garvey's in their native Jamaica, also helped—until they fell out—edit the *Negro World.*

Among the fourteen short editorials in the *Messenger's* first issue were pieces on "The Rioting of Negro Soldiers" (in Houston, Texas); "Woman Suffrage and the Negro;" "Peace;" "Making the World Safe for Democracy;" "The Friends of Irish Freedom;" "Organizing the Negro Actor;" and "Who Shall Pay for the War?" There were two departments of public commentary—"Economics and Politics" and "Education and Literature"—both of which became permanent columns and, along with the editorials, constituted the political heart of the magazine. Though the inaugural issue of the *Messenger* noted, with predictable displeasure, America's entry into the war against Germany, it was conspicuously silent on a political event of even greater moment in the life of radicalism—the October Revolution in Russia. This was because the November issue had gone to press before the triumph of the Bolsheviks. So in January, 1918, later than its radical contemporaries but second to none in its ardor, the *Messenger* joined the fanfare:

> The Bolsheviki ... represent the extreme radicals—not in the sense of being unreasonably extreme in their demands, but in the sense of being unwilling to take a half loaf when they are entitled to a whole loaf.... They demand that the land which the workers till and mine with their toil shall be owned and operated by the workers for the welfare of the workers.... The leaders of the Bolsheviki are Lenin and Trotsky, misrepresented here by the metropolitan press as German agents. This, of course, is simply a malicious libel uttered to discredit these rulers of Russia, lest their

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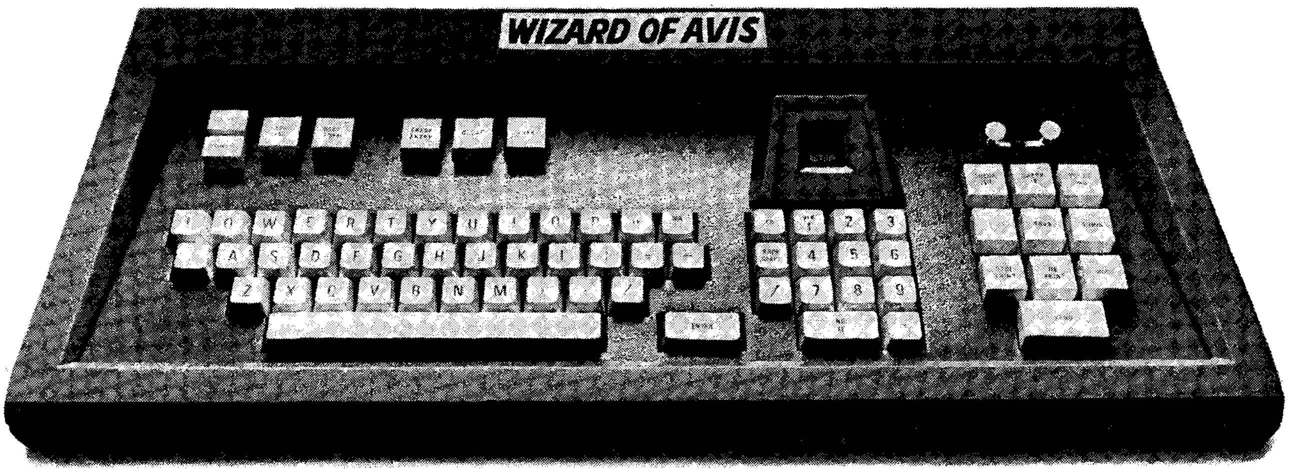

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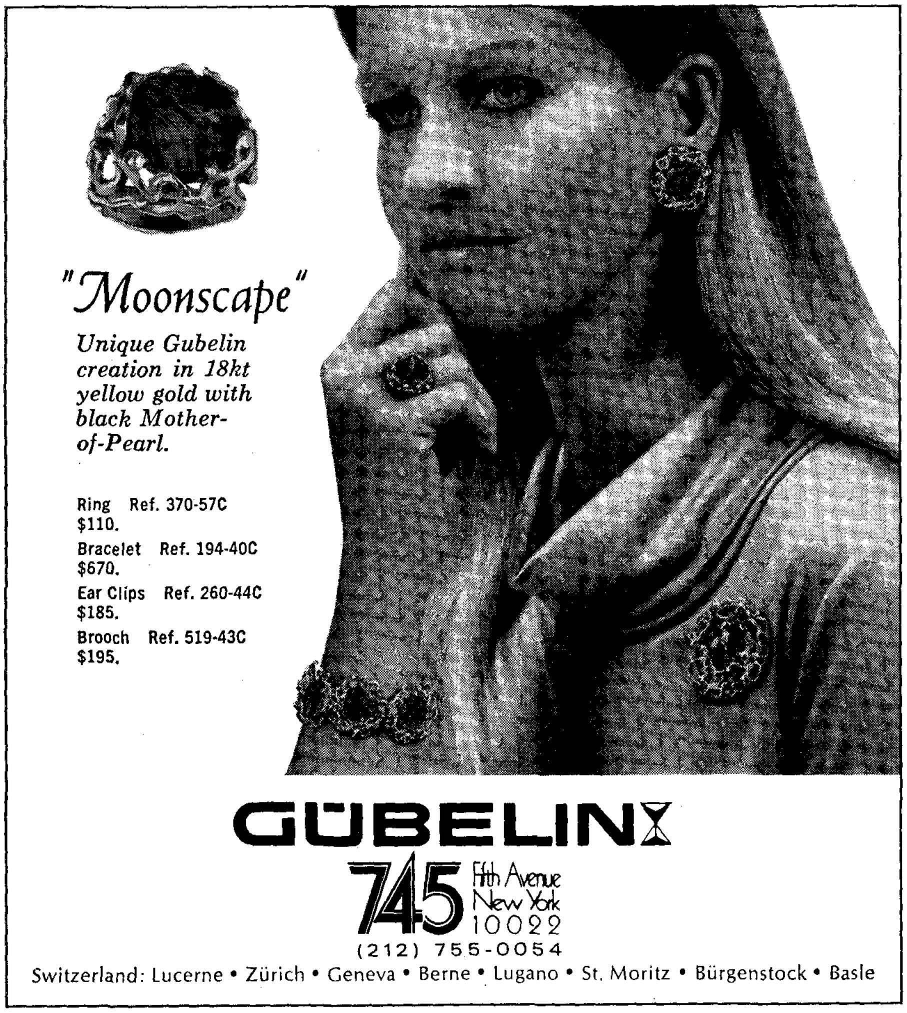
teaching should awaken the proletariat of the world to his power and his right to a fair share of the world's goods. Lenin and Trotsky, however, are sagacious, statesmanlike and courageous leaders. They have a thorough understanding of the international situation.... They are calling, nevertheless, upon the people of every country to follow the lead of Russia, to throw off their exploiting rulers, to administer public utilities for the public welfare, to disgorge the exploiters and the profiteers.

Since the Russian Revolution strengthened all radicals' hope for similar victories in their own countries, the *Messenger*, with the rest of the largely Socialist American left, continued for some time to celebrate the advent of the new social order over which the Bolsheviks presided. To the *Messenger*, the Russian Revolution was "the greatest achievement of the twentieth century," for it signified that a new world was being born. Heartened by what they called the "ceaseless step" of the Soviet government, the *Messenger* cheered, "On with the dance!" But joy was not to be unconfined, or to last, for in 1919 the steady march of Bolshevism split the American Socialist movement, its revolutionary left wing breaking away to form the American Communist and Communist Labor Parties, and the *Messenger* suddenly lost its enthusiasm for the Russian dance. The Harlem radicals were themselves split. Men who had spoken with one voice since 1917 became bitter political enemies. Randolph, remaining with the Socialists, now began a lifetime of opposition to the Communist movement.

The *Messenger* devoted its first two years primarily to advocating labor unionism and Socialism among blacks and to protesting both the First World War and the violence black Americans suffered during it and afterward. It succeeded in none of these ventures. Its advocacy of labor unionism foundered not only on the racial practices of the American Federation of Labor but also on the anti-union attitude that the established black leadership had developed in response to racism within the Federation. Blacks were restrained by this leadership from joining unions, both because of the racist policies of organized labor and because, as the leadership said, it was with the property-owning class rather than with labor that their true interests—jobs and economic uplift—lay. This advice from the leadership was hardly necessary, since the majority of blacks—often from experience—already felt that way about business and labor. Thus, while black workers were not entirely unorganized,



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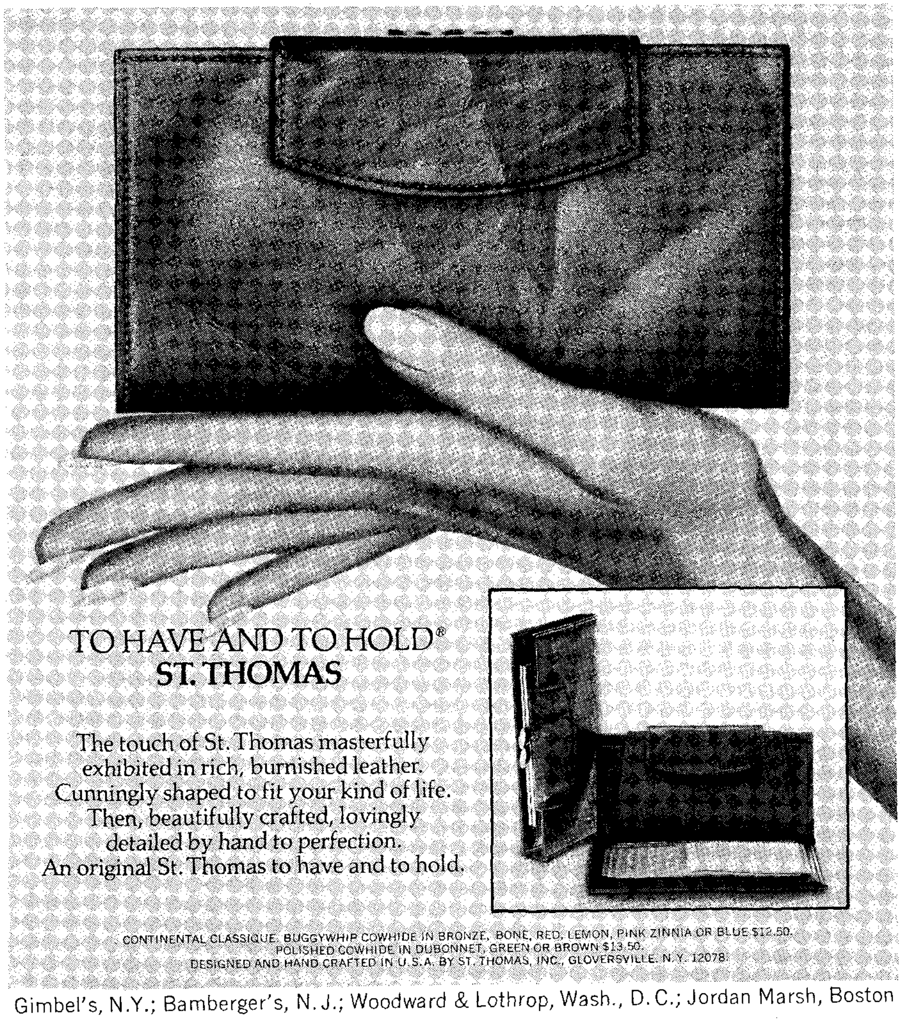

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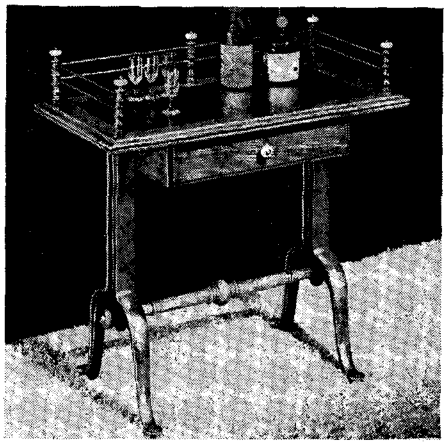

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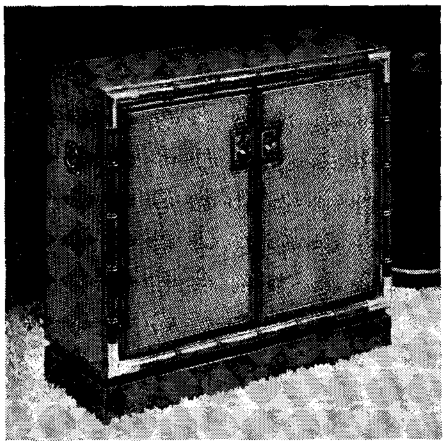

KNOB CREEK

the prevailing sentiment at the time was that they should not join unions. It was difficult, then, for black workers to understand how members of their own race could come to them preaching racial solidarity with organized labor. Although, in the light of the anti-labor feeling, no answer to this question would suffice, Randolph and Owen offered a ready-made one. It was not the conservative, racist craft unions they were advocating solidarity with, they said, but the Industrial Workers of the World. The I.W.W., they pointed out, organized along industrial rather than craft lines, was radical in politics and excluded no one on the ground of race or color. But, like most whites, blacks saw the I.W.W. as a radical and subversive threat to the mainstream political and economic values in America.

IN April, 1917, when President Wilson asked for a declaration of war against Germany, he told Congress, "The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. . . . We are but one of the champions of the right of mankind." By November, when the *Messenger* appeared, the war had become the No. 1 issue among American Socialists, to the majority of whom it was a war not for "democracy," "political liberty," or "the right of mankind" but simply for profits—or the "selfish ends" of business. As Socialists, Randolph and Owen fully endorsed what became their party's official position on the war—unalterable opposition.

But what evoked the strongest opposition from Randolph and Owen, as well as from their fellow-radicals in Harlem, was the irony that black American soldiers were being asked to risk their lives abroad in defense of freedoms that were denied them at home. Addressing President Wilson in their magazine, Randolph and Owen charged that "lynching, Jim Crow, segregation, discrimination in the armed forces and out, disfranchisement of millions of black souls in the South—all these things make your cry of making the world safe for democracy a sham, a mockery, a rape on decency and a travesty on common justice." Under such circumstances, they concluded, it was unthinkable that black men should serve.

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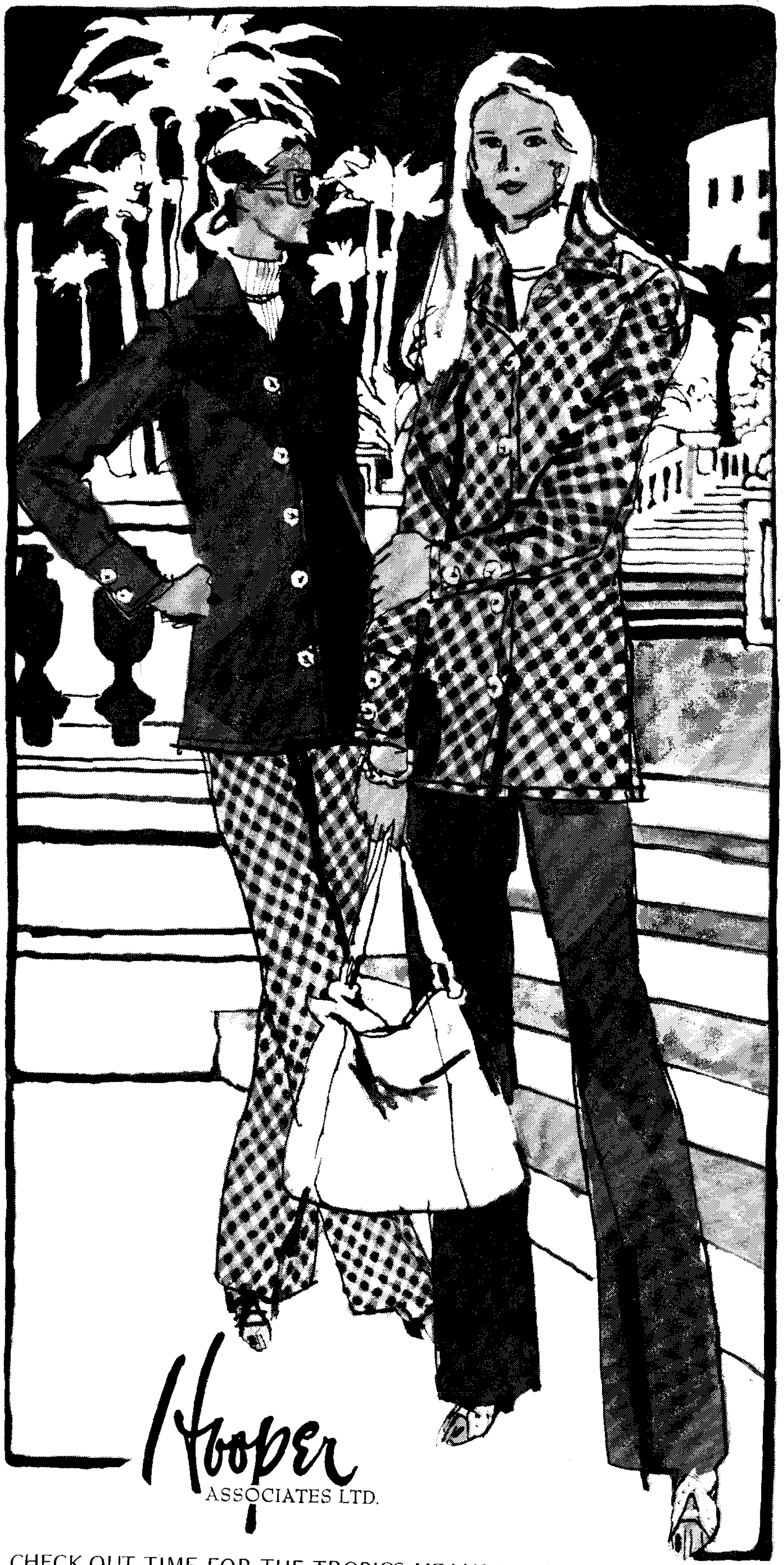
hundred thousand black soldiers had served in Army camps at home, two hundred thousand more had fought in France, and black civilians on the home front had helped finance the war effort by buying some two hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of war bonds and stamps. The voices that such blacks preferred to heed—finding in them a reënforcement of what was already deeply felt—were those of the established and, in many cases, conservative leadership of the race: the black press, the black church, and, above all, the men who counselled "first your country, then your rights." Partly in consequence of this, they would later be denounced by Randolph and Owen in the *Messenger* as a "hand-picked, me-too-boss, hat-in-hand, sycophant, lick-spittling group of Negroes." It was extremely easy for Randolph and Owen to dismiss the genuine conservatives, those protectors of Booker T. Washington's accommodationist legacy, who had counselled "first your country, then your rights." It was far more difficult—certainly agonizing—to dismiss W. E. B. Du Bois, whose thought and personal example had helped to forge the protest conscience of their generation but who during the war years seemed to them to be betraying both the spirit of his own past and the roots of their militant racial consciousness. But, together with the other Harlem radicals, they did dismiss him—in a controversy that announced more dramatically than anything else could have that while the leadership of the race would probably remain in established and trusted hands a new and more militant strain had emerged to challenge that leadership.

In July, 1918, amid rumors that President Wilson had offered him a desk captaincy in the Army, Du Bois published an editorial in his magazine, the *Crisis*, calling upon blacks to close ranks behind the war effort. Du Bois argued:

> We of the colored race have no ordinary interest in the outcome. That which the German power represents today spells death to the aspirations of Negroes and all darker races for equality, freedom and democracy. Let us not hesitate. Let us, while this war lasts, forget our special grievances and close our ranks shoulder to shoulder with our own white fellow citizens and the allied nations that are fighting for democracy.

The Harlem radicals were shocked, and Harrison, the senior among them, made what appears now to have been the definitive indictment of the editor of the *Crisis*. In an editorial headed "The Descent of Du Bois," in his



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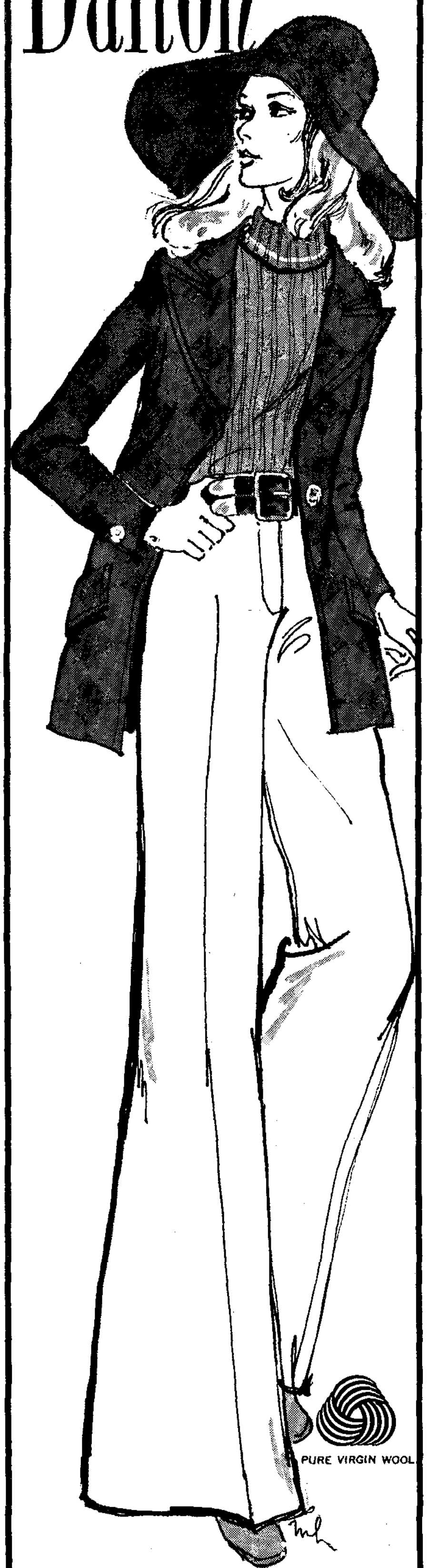

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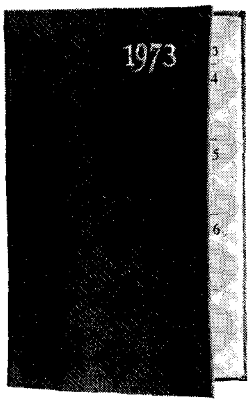
magazine, the *Voice*, Harrison wrote, *in part*:

> The essence of the present situation lies in the fact that the people whom our white masters have "recognized" as our leaders (without taking the trouble to consult us) and those who, by our own selection, had actually attained to leadership among us are being revaluated and, in most cases, rejected. The most striking instance from the latter class is Dr. W. E. Du Bois.... Du Bois's case is the more significant because his former services to his race have been undoubtedly of a high and courageous sort. Moreover, the act by which he has brought upon himself the stormy outburst of disapproval from his race is one which, of itself, would seem to merit no such stern condemnation.... Dr. Du Bois first palpably sinned in his editorial, "Close Ranks."... But this offense... lies *in a single sentence*: "Let us, while this war lasts, *forget our special grievances* and close our ranks..." From the latter part of the sentence, there is no dissent, so far as we know. The offense *lies in that part of the sentence which* ends with the italicized words. It is felt by all his critics that Du Bois, of all Negroes, knows best that our "special grievances" which the War Department Bulletin describes as "justifiable" consist of lynching, segregation and disfranchisement and that the Negroes of America cannot preserve either their lives, their manhood or their vote (which is their political life and liberties) with these things in existence. The doctor's critics feel that America cannot use the Negro people to any good effect unless they have life, liberty and manhood assured and guaranteed to them.

The editors of the *Messenger* were neither as measured nor as graceful in their dissent. In their July issue, with characteristic belligerence, they asked: Close ranks around lynching, disfranchisement, and segregation? Owen wrote, "Since when has the subject race come out of a war with its rights and privileges accorded for such participation?... Did not the Negro fight in the Revolutionary War, with Crispus Attucks dying first... and come out to be a miserable chattel slave in this country for nearly one hundred years after?" In another attack on the war, the *Messenger* declared, "No intelligent Negro is willing to lay down his life for the United States as it now exists. Intelligent Negroes have now reached the point where their support of the country is conditional." For such statements, the magazine's editorial office was visited in the dead of night a number of times by agents of the Justice Department. Several mornings, Randolph and Owen arrived at the office to find that their files had been ransacked, their furniture broken, and back issues of their magazine confiscated. But they were undaunted, and, as other Socialist spokesmen were



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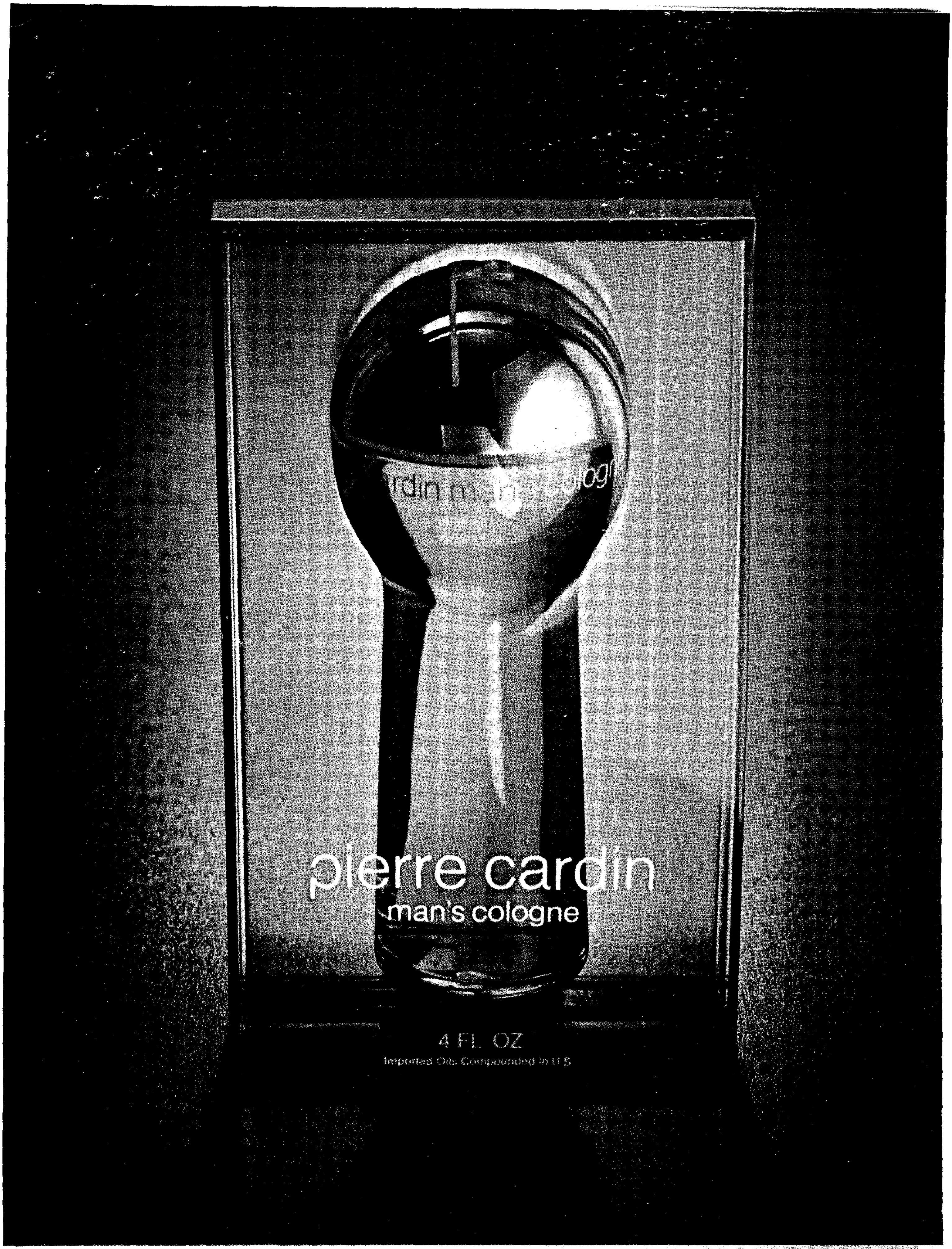
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doing, the two Harlem radicals carried their opposition to the public platforms. Hearing in the summer of 1918 that Randolph and Owen were planning a tour to speak against the war and to get "colored people interested in the Socialist movement," Walter Bronstrup, a leader of the Party in Cleveland, invited them to include Cleveland in their itinerary. They were also to bring along two hundred copies of the July issue of the *Messenger*, to be sold during the "propaganda meetings."

It was an especially dangerous time for anti-war Socialists. In June of 1917, Congress had passed the Espionage Act, giving the government the power to ban newspapers from the mails, and to punish, by fines of up to ten thousand dollars and imprisonment of up to twenty years, anyone found guilty of obstructing conscription. And in May, 1918, the Act had been amended to make even an attempt at obstruction a felony. In the spring of 1919, Kate Richards O'Hare was sent to the penitentiary for an anti-war speech in North Dakota. In March, 1918, Rose Pastor Stokes had been sentenced to ten years in prison (the decision was later reversed) for saying in a letter to the Kansas City *Star*, "No government which is *for* the profiteers can also be *for* the people, and I am for the people while the government is for the profiteers." And three months later, Eugene Debs was sentenced to ten years for saying, in Canton, Ohio, "The master class has always declared the wars; the subject class has always fought the battles. The master class has had all to gain and nothing to lose, while the subject class has had nothing to gain and all to lose—especially their lives."

The July, 1918, issue of the *Messenger* was also quite dangerous—or, at any rate, was deemed so by government agents. It contained an editorial, "Pro-Germanism Among Negroes," that said, in part:

> At the recent convention of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, a member of the Administration's Department of Intelligence was present. When Mr. Justin Carter of Harrisburg, Pa., was complaining of the race prejudice which American white troops had carried into France, this Administration representative rose and warned the audience that the Negroes were under suspicion of having been affected by German propaganda. In keeping with the ultra-patriotism of the oldline type of Negro leaders (?) the N.A.A.C.P. failed to grasp its opportunity. It might have calmly and frankly informed the Administration representative that the discontent among Negroes was not produced by propaganda, nor can it be re-

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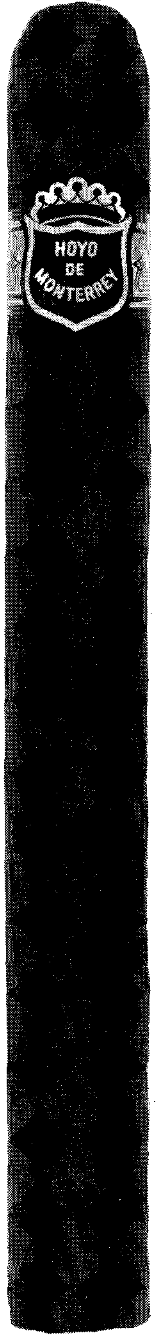

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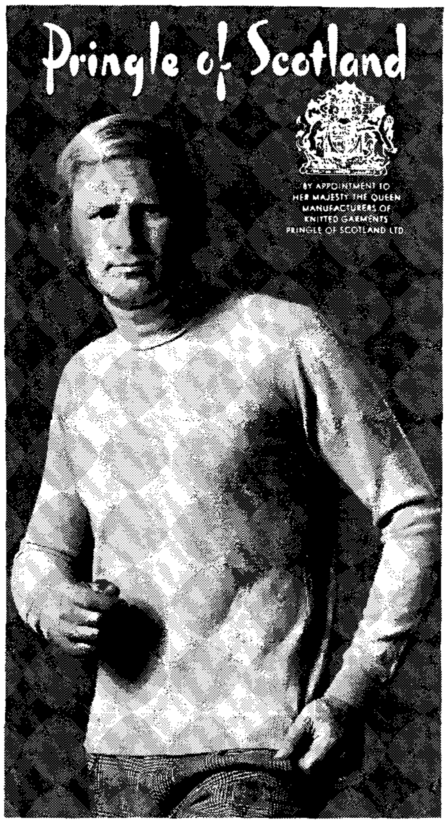
moved by propaganda. The causes are deep and dark—though obvious to all who care to use their mental eyes. Peonage, disfranchisement, Jim-Crowism, segregation, rank civil discrimination, injustice of legislatures, courts and administrators—these are the propaganda of discontent among Negroes.

On the night of August 4th, while Randolph and Owen were addressing a mass meeting in Cleveland, an agent of the Justice Department took both editors into custody and held them for investigation the following day. It came out during the investigation that Owen had been classified 1-A and drafted, and was "waiting for orders to entrain." In fact, his draft board in New York informed the Cleveland authorities that Owen was needed for the August quota and should be kept under surveillance. According to the agent's report, Randolph appeared to have been more resourceful in avoiding the draft. The report claimed that when he was interrogated he produced documents showing that he was classified 4-A, on the ground that he was the sole support of his wife and children; the report was inaccurate, of course—not only was Randolph's wife *then his sole support but their marriage* was childless. As it turned out, he was drafted after the incident in Cleveland. At the end of the investigation, both men were charged with violating the Espionage Act. Each was held in a thousand dollars' bail, and after two days in jail they were brought to trial. They arrived in court to find Seymour Stedman, of Chicago, one of the prominent Socialist lawyers of the time (he was soon to appear in the defense of Eugene Debs), waiting to represent them. Both Randolph and Owen were twenty-nine, but the judge took them to be much younger. At first, he offered to release them in Stedman's custody, and then, after listening to them explain their views, he merely ordered them out of town.

When Randolph and Owen returned to New York, they received news that Postmaster General Albert Burleson had withdrawn second-class mailing privileges for their magazine—or, as Randolph preferred to put it, "Burleson threw the *Messenger* out of the mails." A few days later, Owen received his orders; he was sent to an Army camp in the South, where he served a hundred and twenty days, until after the war was over. And late in October Randolph was notified that he would be drafted to fill the November quota, but two days after he received his induction notice the armistice was declared. Barring such luck, Randolph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might yet have ended up in jail, for, he said later, he "had no intention of serving."

ON March 23, 1916, Marcus Garvey arrived in New York, at the age of twenty-eight. Two years before, in Jamaica, he had formed the Universal Negro Improvement Association and African Communities (Imperial) League, to unite, as he later wrote in a magazine article, "all the Negro peoples of the world into one great body to establish a country and Government absolutely their own." He had been inspired to launch such a movement, Garvey said, after reading Booker T. Washington's autobiography, "Up From Slavery," and after travelling in Europe: "I asked: 'Where is the black man's Government? Where is his King and his kingdom? Where is his President, his country, and his ambassador, his army, his navy, his men of big affairs?' I could not find them, and then I declared, 'I will help to make them.' " To test the ground for a New York division of his U.N.I.A., Garvey sought out the company and the platforms of those he considered the genuine race radicals. He struck one of the first men he called upon in Harlem as "a little, sawed-off, hammered-down black man, with determination written all over his face, and an engaging smile that caught you and compelled you to listen to his story." Several Harlemites have claimed credit for introducing Garvey to the public forums of the community. Randolph is one of them. He had "the pleasure and opportunity," he says today, of "presenting Garvey to the American people in his first meeting on the corner of 135th Street and Lenox Avenue, in 1916." As Randolph recalls the meeting: "I was on a soapbox speaking on Socialism, when someone pulled my coat and said, 'There's a young man here from Jamaica who wants to be presented to this group.' I said, 'What does he want to talk about?' He said, 'He wants to talk about a movement to develop a back-to-Africa sentiment in America.' I said, 'Yes, I'll be glad to present him,' and after I'd spoken a few more minutes I told the people I had a surprise for them. It was a tremendous crowd, and I told them about the young man from Jamaica and what he wanted to talk about. I could hear a dubious rumble of 'Oh' run through the crowd. I said, 'Well, it is good for us to get his position on this question, because we don't know a lot about Africa ourselves.' Garvey got up on the platform, and you could hear

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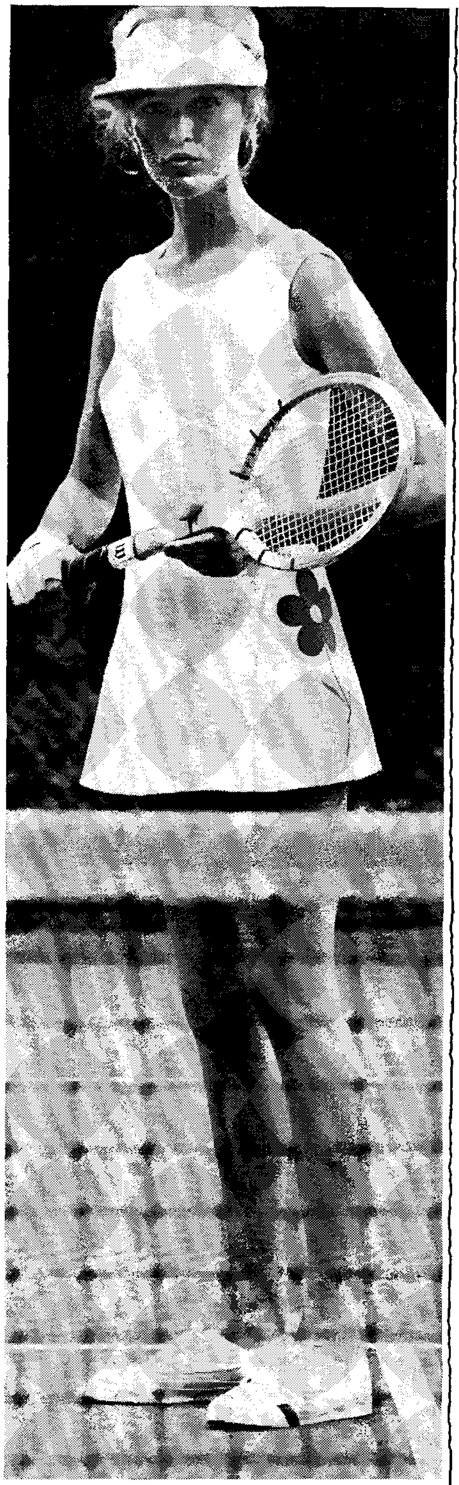

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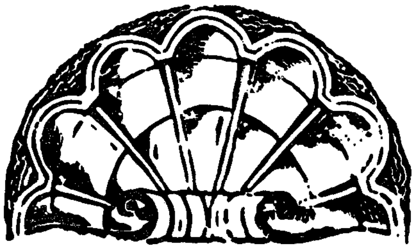
him from 135th to 125th Street. He had a tremendous voice."

At first, says Edmund David Cronon, Garvey's biographer, "The sidewalk crowds loitering on Lenox Avenue ignored his harangues and dismissed him as just another West Indian carpetbagger." But as Garvey persevered he met and became closely attached to Harrison, in whose race-first doctrine there was a distinct echo of his own ideas. Thus, in June, 1917, when Harrison launched his Liberty League of Negro-Americans, at the Bethel A.M.E. Church in Harlem—having resigned from the Socialist Party in order to pursue his own racial strategies—he presented Garvey as one of his guest speakers. James Weldon Johnson, who was then a columnist for the New York *Age*, later wrote:

> This was Harlem's first real sight of Garvey, and his first chance at Harlem. The man spoke, and his magnetic personality, torrential eloquence, and intuitive knowledge of crowd psychology were all brought into play. He swept the audience along with him. He made his speech an endorsement of the new movement and a pledge of his hearty support of it; but Garvey was not of the kidney to support anybody's movement. He had seen the United States and he had seen Harlem. He had doubtless been the keenest observer at the Liberty League organization meeting; and it may be that it was then he decided upon New York as the centre for his activities.

Soon after this speech, Garvey founded the New York division of the Universal Negro Improvement Association, which had its headquarters on West 135th Street and was made up largely of West Indian immigrants. For a while after Garvey started the U.N.I.A. in New York, he and Randolph—despite basic differences in political philosophy—worked closely together. Toward the end of the war, for instance, both men collaborated with a group called the International League of Darker Peoples, which drew up a list of demands in behalf of colonized peoples, to be presented to England and France at the peace conference in Versailles in 1919.

In the "Red Summer" of 1919, as the U.N.I.A. welcomed the refugees from the anti-black violence that swept America after the war, and as its leader's message of African redemption and black self-determination reached across the country, Garvey claimed the remarkable membership of two million—and that was only the beginning. According to Cronon, "American Negroes were ready for any program that would tend to restore even a measure of their lost dignity and self-respect."



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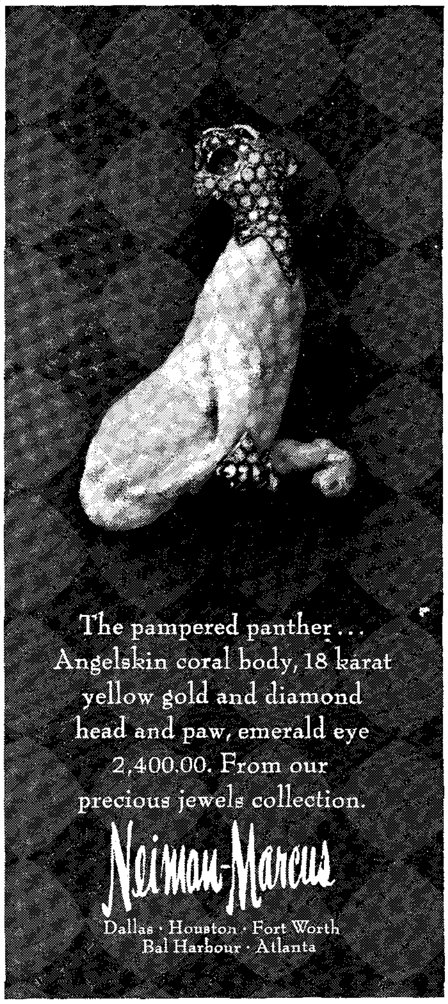

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Garvey now launched one of his most spectacular enterprises, the Black Star Line, "to own, charter, operate, and navigate ships of various types in any part of the world and to carry passengers, freight, and mails." Cronon calls this "a supremely audacious move that aroused the greatest excitement in the colored world," and continues, "Here was an enterprise belonging to Negroes, operated by and for them, that gave even the poorest black the chance to become a stockholder in a big business enterprise."

All this—plus the colorful regalia of the U.N.I.A.'s officers, a marching band, an African Legion, a Motor Corps, and an organization of Black Cross Nurses, as well as the pomp and ceremony of the organization's public events—captured the emotions and the imaginations of millions of blacks, not only in America but also in Central America, the Caribbean, and parts of Africa. In August, 1920, the association's international convention, in New York, drew delegates from all over the world, and twenty-five thousand blacks filled Madison Square Garden to hear the "Provisional President of the African Republic." Garvey, by his own estimate—though certainly not his alone—"had become known as a leader of his race," and "over 4,000,000 persons had joined the movement."

At this time, however, Randolph and Owen were becoming increasingly displeased with the Garvey movement. A break between Garvey and the editors of the *Messenger* was inevitable. It would have been surprising if Randolph and Owen, who had been struggling at least since 1917 to build a Socialist movement in Harlem, had not suffered a certain jealousy—though neither of them confessed to such a feeling—because the movement they envisaged had been created by someone else so quickly and under an aegis so different from theirs. But if their displeasure with Garvey was that of radicals whose particular social vision had been rejected, they were hardly alone in their critical judgments of Garvey's accomplishments. Du Bois, for example, himself no admirer of radicals like Randolph, made equally critical observations about Garvey and his movement. In any event, Garvey and the editors of the *Messenger*, as exponents of warring social ideas—class versus race—would never have been able to dwell together in harmony for any length of time. Although the public dispute between them flared most acrimoniously around incidental issues, it had its source in fundamental differ-

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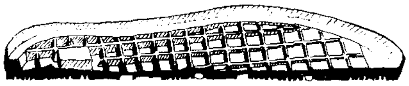

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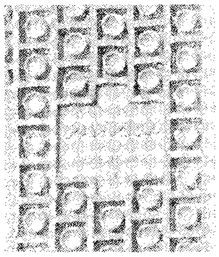

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ences of political and economic belief.

Garvey's emphasis on black capitalism could scarcely have failed to evoke the intense opposition of the *Messenger's* editors, whose hopes for human advancement were invested in democratic Socialism. And as long as capitalism was so central a difference there would also be an inevitable clash on such issues as social equality and labor unionism. On these, Randolph and Owen maintained that "black workers should use the same instrumentalities to save themselves as white workers," and that "if Negroes admit they are the social inferiors of white people, they ipso facto admit that they are entitled to inferior treatment." Garvey's position, on the other hand—contained in some of his writings later reprinted in his "Philosophy and Opinions"—was:

> If the Negro takes my advice he will organize by himself and always keep his scale of wage a little lower than the whites until he is able to become, through proper leadership, his own employer; by so doing he will keep the good will of the white employer and live a little longer under the present scheme of things. If not, between Communism, white trade unionism and worker's parties he is doomed in the next 25, 50, or 100 years to complete economic and general extermination.

The eruption of anti-Garvey feeling—among black radicals as well as among the black bourgeoisie—occurred during the summer of 1922, after it was revealed that Garvey had visited Atlanta and held a secret meeting with Edward Young Clarke, the Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan. By then, the Black Star Line had run into legal trouble, and Garvey was doubly vulnerable. It did not help matters when the July 10, 1922, issue of the *Times* quoted him as saying, "The Ku Klux Klan is going to make this a white country. They are perfectly honest and frank about it. Fighting them is not going to get you anywhere." All this brought down a torrent of condemnation on Garvey's head, for, as Theodore G. Vincent, another historian of the Garvey movement, has noted, "members of the black establishment and white liberals or leftists would choose to visit the devil in hell before fraternizing with the Ku Klux Klan."

The editors of the *Messenger*—both in their magazine and through the Friends of Negro Freedom, an organization they had founded for educational purposes—began a campaign to banish Garvey, first from political leadership and then from the United States. The slogan of the campaign was "Garvey Must Go." In one of their strongest

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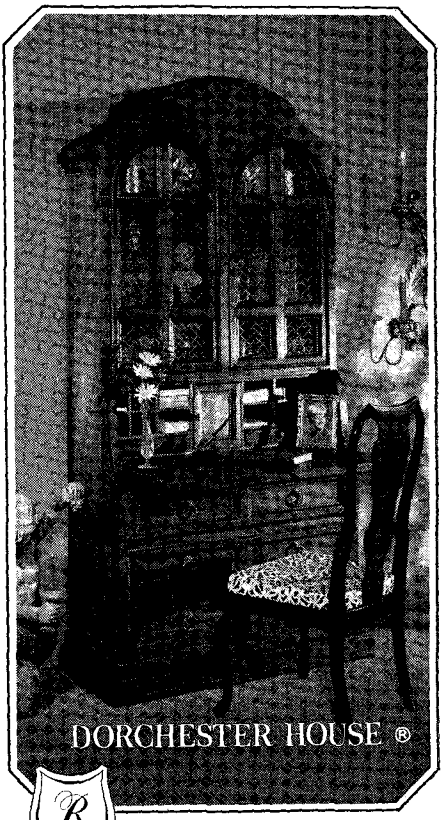

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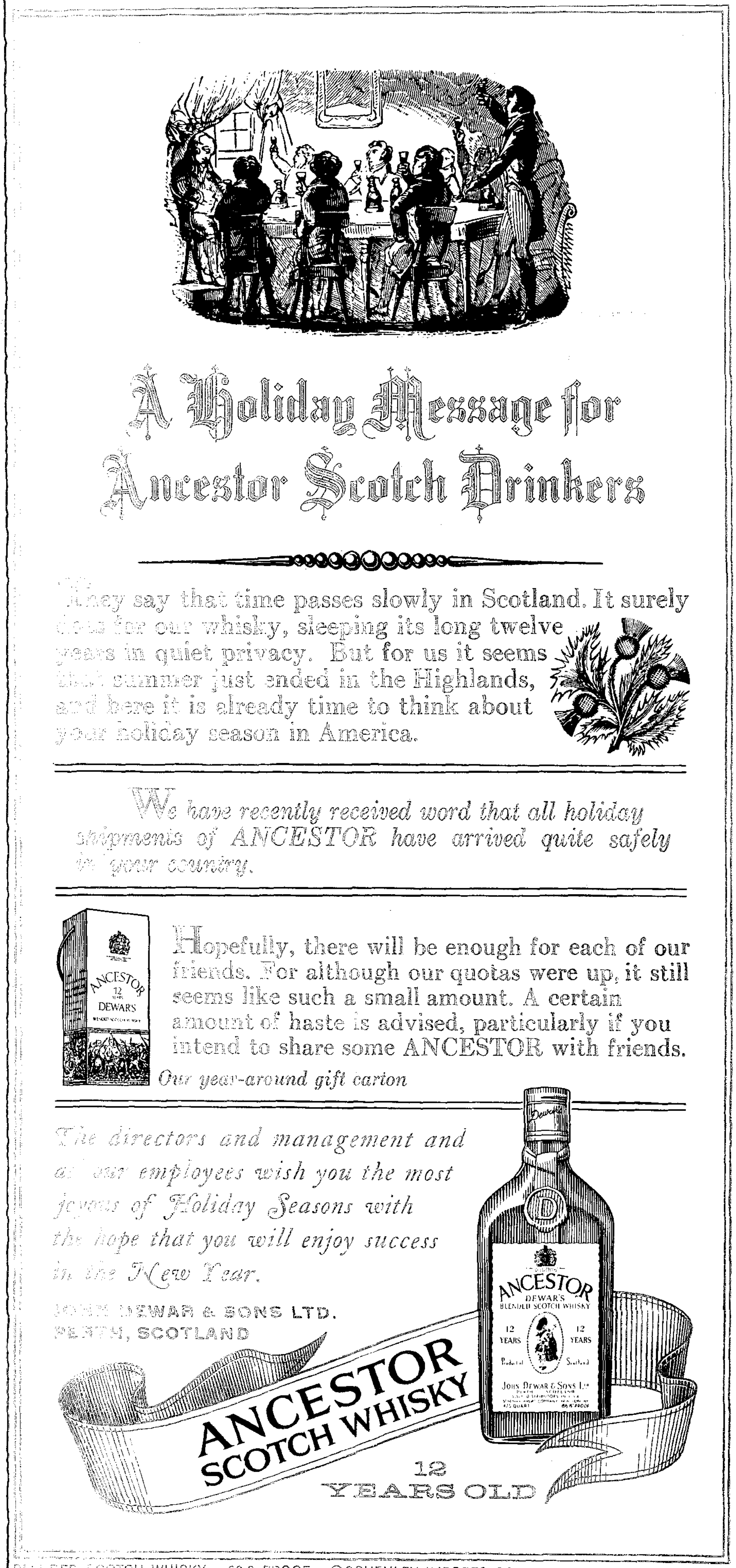
editorials on the subject, Randolph and Owen urged "all ministers, editors, and lecturers who have the interests of the race at heart to gird up their courage, put on new force, and proceed with might and main to drive the menace of Garveyism out of this country." This was followed by an editorial in which they declared, "When a Negro leader leagues with Negro lynchers as did Marcus Garvey in his alliance with the Ku Klux Klan, then it is time for all decent self-respecting Negroes to league together for the purpose of driving out that Negro. . . . The clock has struck. . . . The New Negroes must resolve each day: 'Garveyism must be destroyed!' "

Garvey, of course, fired back with his own heavy oratorical artillery at these "so-called 'Negro intellectuals' "—Randolph, Owen, and their allies. Aiming a deadly salvo at the insolvent editors of the struggling *Messenger*, he wrote in his *Negro World*, "Before Owen and Randolph can speak of the failure of any business and the incompetency of any individual to do business they should first prove their success and their competency to handle business." And on August 5, 1922, the *Negro World* struck fear in the hearts of Garvey's critics when it warned, "We say . . . to the Negro enemies of the past we are ready for you, and before the 31st of August comes we are going to give you your Waterloo. . . . So you will understand, whether it be Pickens [William Pickens, of the N.A.A.C.P.] or whether it be Chandler Owen, the Universal Negro Improvement Association has no fears of anybody and when you interfere . . . you will take the consequences."

All this merely intensified the "Garvey Must Go" campaign. As the anti-Garvey language of the *Messenger* grew more vitriolic, Owen, in 1923, called Garvey an "ignoramus" and a "rascally renegade and scoundrelly traitor," and Robert Bagnall, of the N.A.A.C.P., in perhaps the most sustained diatribe ever printed against the U.N.I.A. leader, gave the following description of him:

> A Jamaican Negro of unmixed stock, squat, stocky, fat, and sleek, with protruding jaws, and heavy jowls, small bright pig-like eyes and rather bull-dog-like face. Boastful, egotistic, tyrannical, intolerant, cunning, shifty, smooth and suave, avaricious . . . as adept as a cuttle-fish in beclouding an issue he cannot meet, prolix to the '*n*th degree in devising new schemes to gain the money of poor ignorant Negroes; gifted at self-advertisement, without shame in self-laudation, promising ever, but never fulfilling, without regard for veracity, a lover of pomp and tawdry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finery and garish display, a bully with his own folk but servile in the presence of the Klan, a sheer opportunist and a demagogic charlatan.

The *Messenger's* attacks also took on a sharp anti-West Indian edge. "I think that we are justified in asking the question, that if Mr. Garvey is seriously interested in establishing a Negro nation why doesn't he begin with Jamaica, West Indies," Randolph wrote in January, 1923. And the title of an editorial in the same issue characterized Garvey as "A Supreme Negro Jamaican Jackass."

Remarks of this sort eventually ruptured one of the *Messenger's* oldest and most valuable relationships—the one it had enjoyed from its birth with W. A. Domingo, its Jamaican-born contributing editor, who, in March, 1923, after an exchange in print with the *Messenger* editors, asked that he no longer be listed on the magazine's masthead. Domingo, who had helped to edit Garvey's *Negro World* soon after its founding—during the period when the black Socialists spoke on platforms with Garvey in the hope of educating the U.N.I.A. membership in the class struggle—had quit the paper in the fall of 1919, when it became clear to him that the U.N.I.A. was committed irrevocably to the priority of race. In an open letter to the *Messenger*, he claimed to have protested "the execrable exaggerations, staggering stupidities, blundering bombast and abominable asininities of our black Barnum" as early as the fall of 1919, and he was later denounced by Garvey as a "barbershop rat" and—by his account—was set upon and beaten up by a group of Garveyites.

As for Garvey, he was brought to trial in 1923 and convicted of mail fraud, and after an unsuccessful appeal he entered the federal penitentiary in Atlanta in 1925 to serve a five-year term. The sentence was commuted in 1927, and that year he was deported to Jamaica. After a number of abortive efforts to rebuild his movement from his homeland, he left for London, where, in 1940, he died.

THE New Negro was not, of course, born during the Harlem, or Negro, Renaissance—that period between the early and the late nineteen-twenties when the work of black artists, chiefly in Harlem, began radiating racial self-awareness and self-assurance and vibrating with the forces of the mass experience. He was born earlier—amid the crises of the war and the immediate postwar years, when the economic radicals and the black nationalists had inspired, at certain levels,

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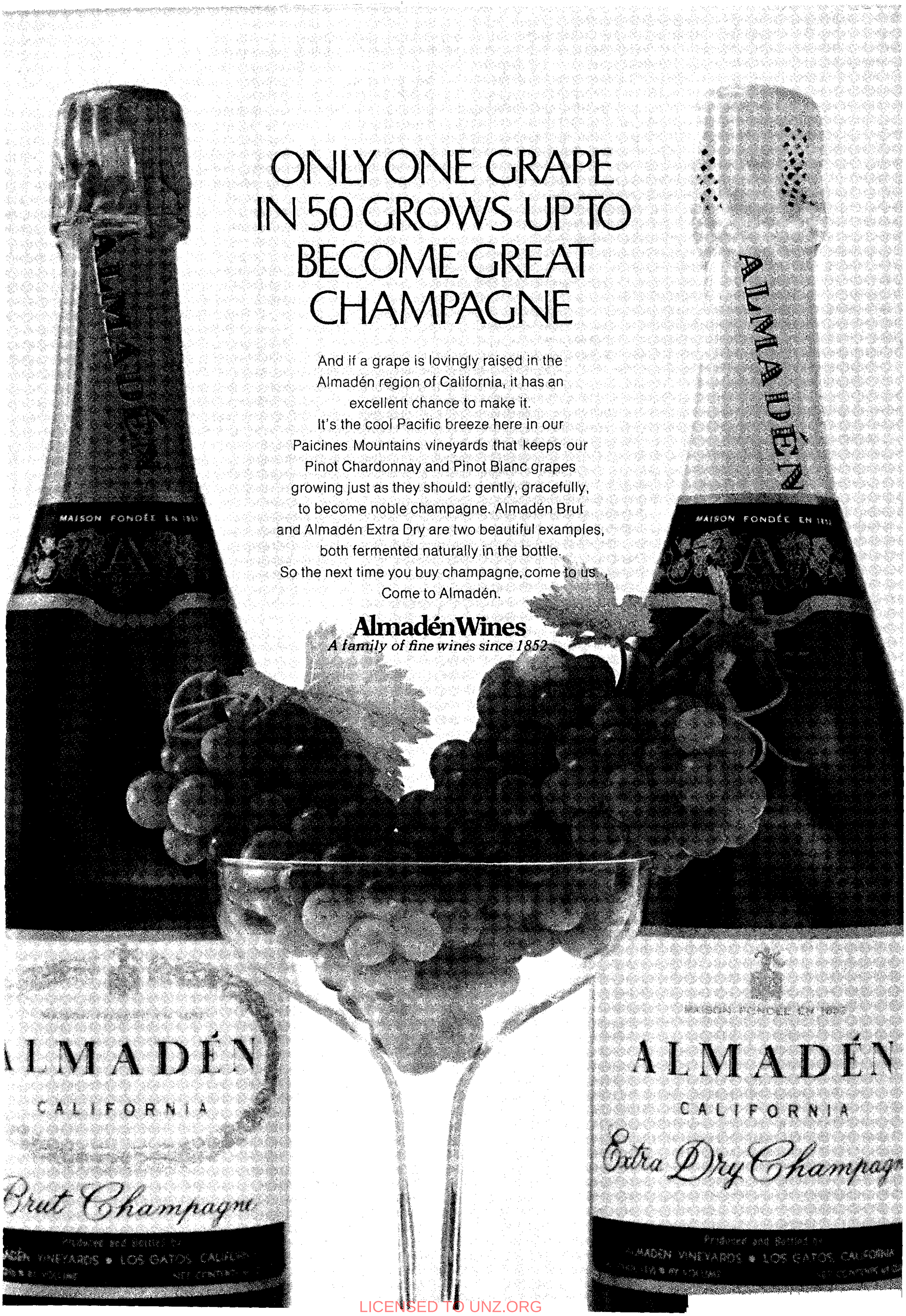
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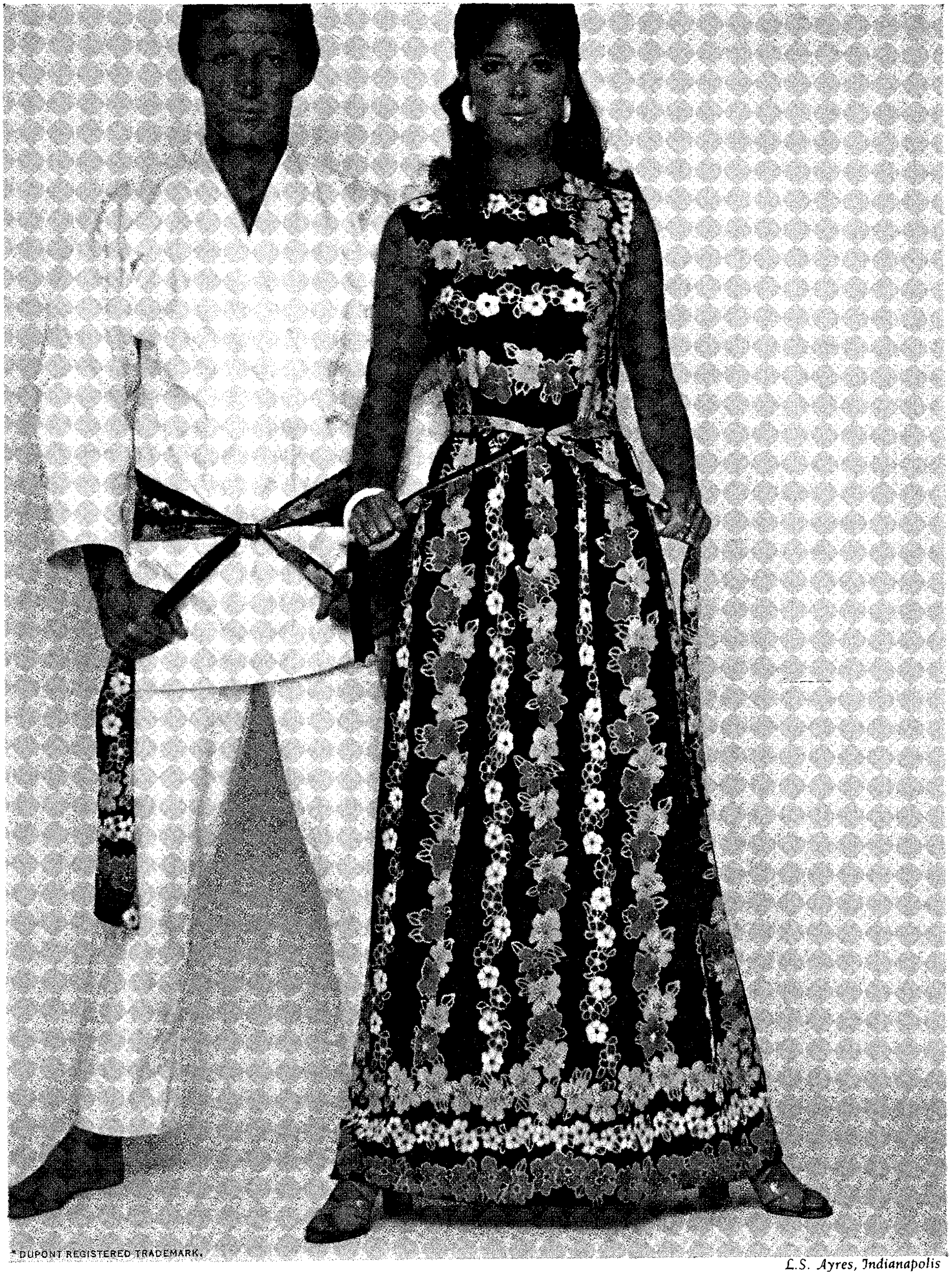

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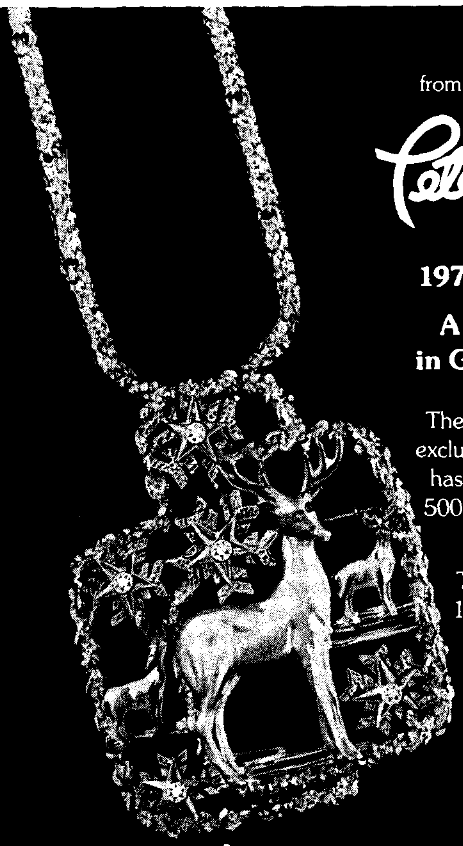
the emergence of a more militant black consciousness. What happened during the Renaissance may be seen as the cultural flowering of the earlier political insurgency. In any event, the failure of the Garvey movement in the mid-nineteen-twenties—though it did survive a while longer—was merely part of the general collapse of the New Negro militancy.

Among the casualties was the Socialist radicalism of the *Messenger* and its editors. Although the magazine lingered on until 1928, and never entirely lost interest in the politics of the left, it was never as politically brisk and provocative as it had been up to 1923. Whereas in previous years its pages had been dominated by economics and politics, from 1924 on the *Messenger* was a cultural organ of no great force or distinction—printing mostly the satirical railleries of George Schuyler, accounts of black communities around the United States, poetry and fiction of uneven quality, and the results of Owen's resurgent fascination with the life of the rich and successful. Several years later, Langston Hughes, in his autobiography, described the *Messenger* of that period as "a kind of Negro society magazine and a plugger for Negro business, with photographs of prominent colored ladies and their nice homes in it."

Between 1917 and 1923, Randolph and Owen started more than half a dozen political and trade-union organizations—not because they loved so much to start new things but because practically nothing they started lasted very long. The Friends of Negro Freedom was one of these organizations. It was formed in May, 1920, to conduct political and labor forums for the education of the masses, and to "proceed from the cities and towns" across the United States. But the Friends failed to catch on nationally, and the group spent its first two years as little more than a paper organization. It was not until 1922, when it opened its public campaign against Garvey, that the Friends of Negro Freedom came alive. It was a short life, though, because after the Garvey campaign few people beyond its own leadership ever heard of the organization again. What it became was a sort of private intellectual forum for Randolph and friends of the *Messenger*. On Saturday afternoons, a few of them met to talk in the *Messenger's* office or in an empty storefront next to the Lafayette Theatre, on Seventh Avenue between 131st and 132nd Streets. Now and then, the organization sponsored lec-



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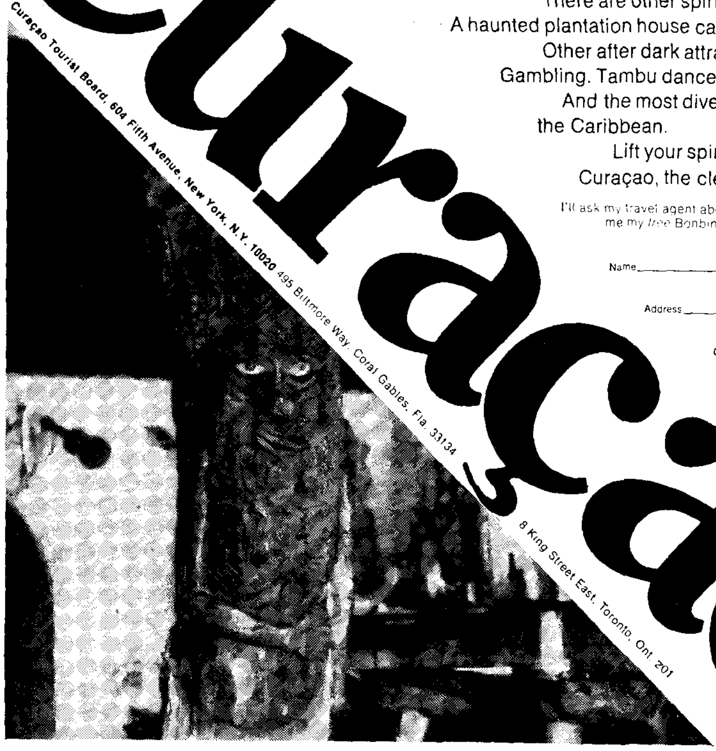

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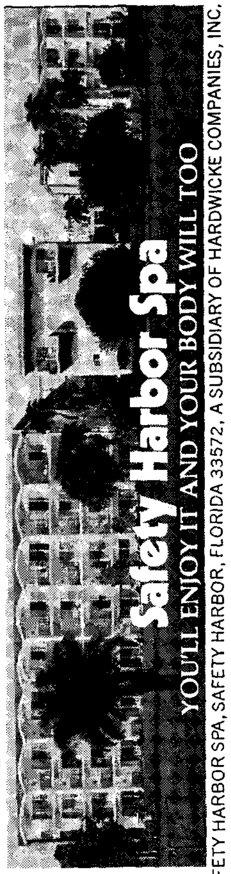

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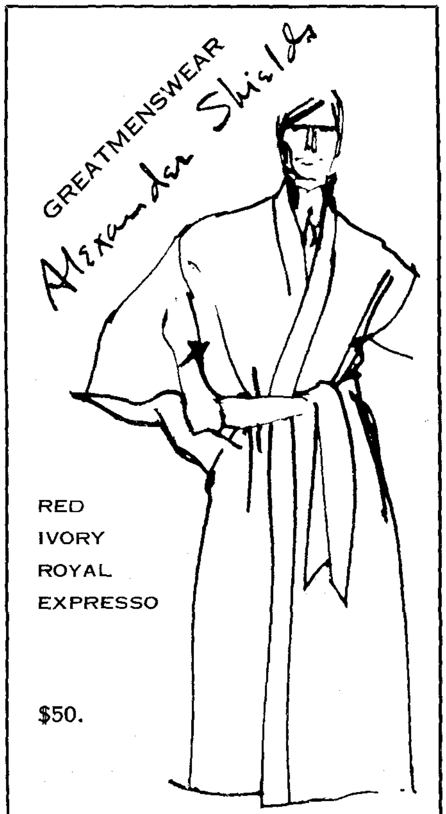
tures at the Harlem Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A., inviting speakers like Norman Thomas, then director of the League for Industrial Democracy; Algernon Lee, educational director of the Rand School of Social Science; Will Durant, the historian of philosophy; the psychologists Alfred Adler and John B. Watson; James O'Neal, the editor of the New York *Call;* Walter White, of the N.A.A.C.P.; and Jean Longuet, the French Socialist and member of the Chamber of Deputies. None of its members needed the Friends of Negro Freedom more than Randolph. He had few interests that were not political, and the group, until its demise, in 1924, was the center of his social and intellectual life.

On Sunday mornings, Randolph invited members of the Friends of Negro Freedom over to his apartment—then on West 142nd Street, between Lenox and Seventh—for breakfast and political discussion. Those who came regularly were the disputatious Owen; Frank Crosswaith, a Socialist and graduate of the Rand School; Theophilus Lewis, soft-spoken, Edwardian in manners, an avid reader of the *Smart Set*, and the drama critic of the *Messenger*, who sometimes left his listeners dangling from the middle of a sentence while he reached into his pocket for a box of snuff; the priestly Robert Bagnall and the scholarly William Pickens, of the N.A.A.C.P.; the acidulous young Socialist George Schuyler, who had recently arrived from Syracuse and was finding his way among the *Messenger* intellectuals; and Joel A. Rogers, a professorial Jamaican-born historian and Africanist. Also present was Randolph's brother, James, who was now sharing the apartment with Randolph and his wife. (In 1922, at the age of thirty-five, James, who had been working for several years as a Pullman porter out of Jacksonville, had arrived to enter City College.) To Theophilus Lewis, the Sunday-morning discussions were "something like Samuel Johnson's arguments in the coffeehouse." George Schuyler, who had never been a part of anything so intellectually heady before, remembered the meetings years later as "Athenian conclaves" presided over by the "dapper" Randolph, whose "deep drawl poured oil over the stormy waters of dispute."

When the sessions adjourned, in the early afternoon, Schuyler liked to accompany Randolph out to Seventh Avenue to watch or join the Sunday-afternoon promenades, which were then a fashionable part of Harlem's social life. The activity has been de-



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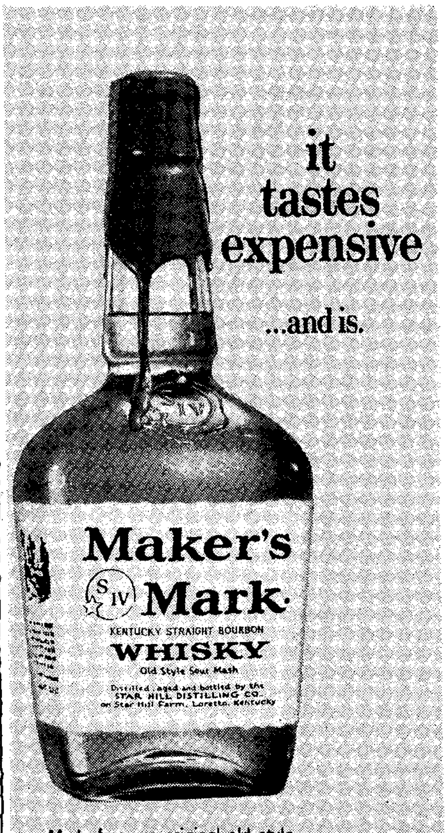
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scribed memorably by James Weldon Johnson in "Black Manhattan," his history of black Harlem:

> Strolling in Harlem does not mean merely walking along Lenox or upper Seventh Avenue or One Hundred and Thirty-Fifth Street; it means that those streets are places for socializing. One puts on one's best clothes and fares forth to pass the time pleasantly with the friends and acquaintances and, most important of all, the strangers he is sure of meeting. One saunters along, he hails this one, exchanges a word or two with that one, stops for a short chat with the other one. He comes up to a laughing, chattering group, in which he may have only one friend or acquaintance, but that gives him the privilege of joining in. He does join in and takes part in the joking, the small talk and gossip, and makes new acquaintances. He passes on and arrives in front of one of the theatres, studies the bill for a while, undecided about going in. He finally moves on a few steps farther and joins another group and is introduced to two or three pretty girls who have just come to Harlem, perhaps only for a visit; and finds a reason to be glad that he postponed going into the theatre. The hours of a summer evening run by rapidly.

Such spacious, Old World evenings appealed to Randolph's sensibility and harmonized with his own social style. He took a certain pleasure in being finely turned out himself. His "hello"s and "how-are-you"s and doffings of his hat were as courtly and as elegant as his carriage. And, like so many people who grew up in warm and intimate black communities, he retained memories of an entire boyhood of Sunday evenings when one put on one's best clothes, paid leisurely calls on one's neighbors, or took some of the world outside into the dark rooms of the old and the sick. Walking down Seventh Avenue, he and Schuyler delighted in the spectacle of men "wearing gaiters and boutonnières and swinging canes," and of women in knee-length dresses and fur coats. Nor was "a monocle or lorgnette" an uncommon sight. It must have been a rare democratic concourse, where the classes of Harlem came out to mix their fashions with the masses, for what would militant, no-nonsense Garveyites, say, be doing in gaiters, boutonnières, and monocles, or twirling urbane walking sticks? Garvey himself, perhaps, with his flair for sartorial drama and splendor—but his legions?

The Friends of Negro Freedom started to disperse late in 1923, when the lives of both Randolph and Owen were disrupted by deaths in their families. Owen's brother Toussaint, a master tailor from Columbia, South Carolina, who had arrived in New York in 1922, a few months after James

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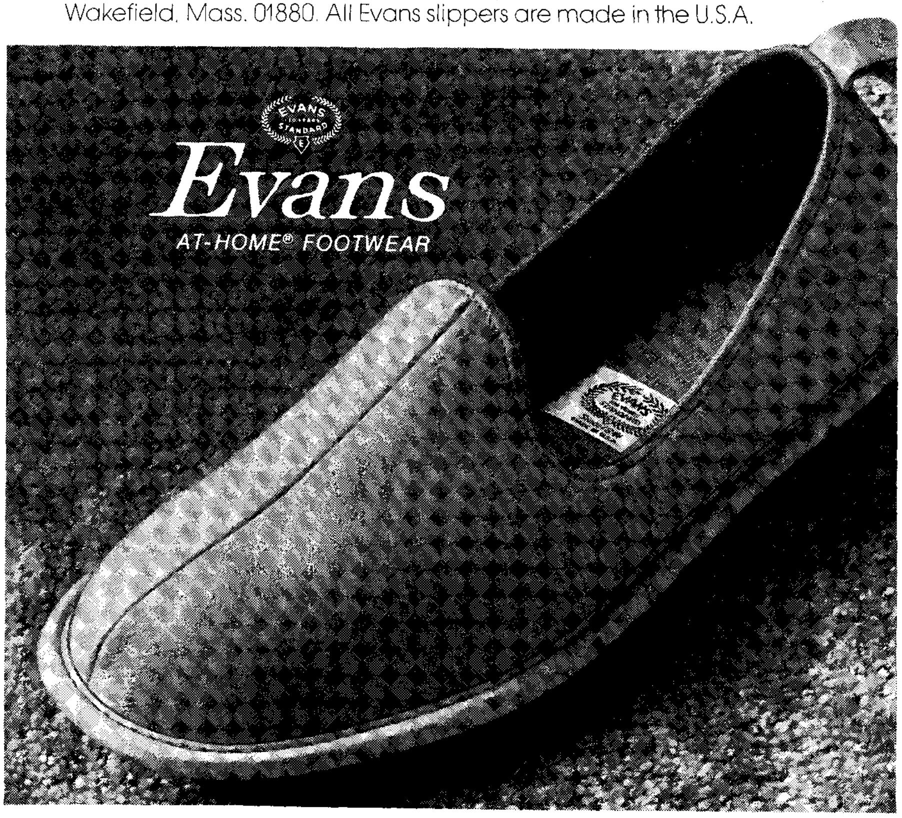

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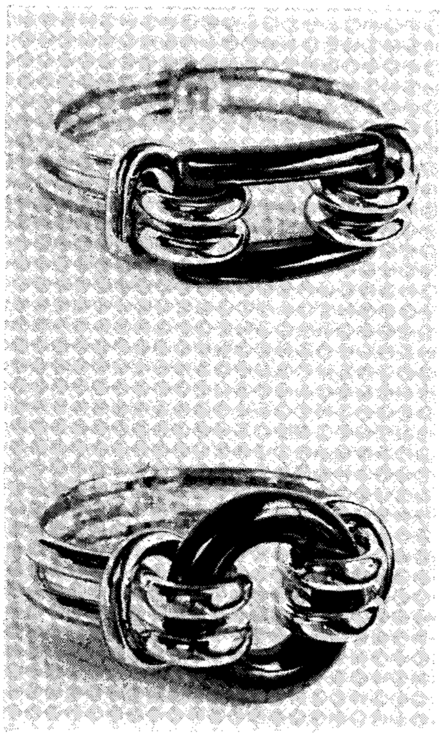

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Randolph, died in March, 1923—after failing to find employment in the garment industry. Bereaved, and embarrassed that the *Messenger's* connections with the garment unions had failed to help his brother, Owen dropped out of the radical movement toward the end of 1923 and left for Chicago.

In September of 1924, the Reverend James William Randolph, who was sixty and had been suffering from heart and kidney complications for some months, died in Jacksonville. Randolph wrote a moving tribute to his father in the *Messenger*. When the elder Randolph died, his wife, Elizabeth, arrived in New York to join her sons and her daughter-in-law. This made the Randolph apartment no longer suitable for Sunday-morning meetings, and the Friends of Negro Freedom broke up.

After Owen left New York, he continued working for the *Messenger*, and for about a year he sold advertising space in it to black businesses in Chicago and Philadelphia. Then, though his name remained on the *Messenger's* masthead as co-editor, he took no further active part in the magazine's affairs. In Chicago, he became an editorial writer for the *Bee*, a black newspaper, and a ghost writer and public-relations functionary for both Republican and Democratic ward politicians. He and Randolph remained close friends. Years later, Randolph spent a good deal of his time in Chicago, and saw a lot of Owen, who, he observed to friends, had "a joyous social life," his associates being "people of money and station."

WITH Owen in Chicago, Randolph started leaning heavily on George Schuyler for help in running the magazine. Many of Schuyler's traits reminded him of Owen's: cynicism, combativeness, and an enormous capacity for handling laborious detail. Schuyler, an admirer of Mencken—and later on a contributor to Mencken's *American Mercury*—was a writer of biting satire, and would, in Randolph's view, add an exciting dimension to the *Messenger's* social commentary. He offered Schuyler ten dollars a week to join the *Messenger* as a contributing editor—which meant, as it turned out, that Schuyler would take over the practical running of the magazine. It was about the worst financial offer Schuyler ever received. After paying "half that much for a small room," he calculated in his autobiography, "Black and Conservative," there would be "little left

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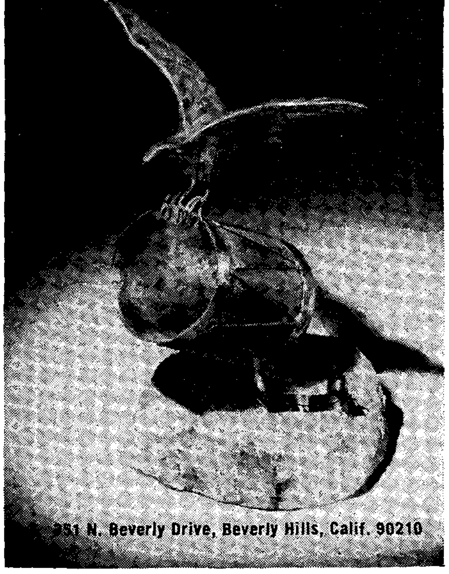

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for food and laundry." He accepted, however, because he had developed a great admiration for Randolph, and because he felt that the *Messenger* was "a good place for a tireless, versatile young fellow to get plenty of activity and exercise." When Schuyler saw the *Messenger's* office, he almost regretted the decision. He later wrote, "The furnishings were nondescript, the files were disorganized, back copies of the magazine were scattered about indiscriminately, and finding anything was a chore. There was but one typewriter, a battered old Underwood." Nor had he anticipated the extent of his duties: sweeping and mopping the office, opening and answering mail, reading manuscripts and proofs, taking edited copy to the Brooklyn *Eagle* press, where the magazine was printed, handling subscriptions, distributing the magazine to newsstands, and taking Randolph's dictation on the old Underwood. But Schuyler, now that he was working alongside Randolph every day, found him even more likable. He later wrote of him in "Black and Conservative" that he was "one of the finest, most engaging men I had ever met . . . undemanding and easy to get along with . . . leisurely and undisturbed, remaining affable under all circumstances, whether the rent was due and he did not have it, or whether an expected donation failed to materialize, or whether the long-suffering printer in Brooklyn was demanding money. He had a keen sense of humor and laughed easily, even in adversity. . . . However *The Messenger* might feel the fell clutch of circumstance, Randolph showed no dismay and his aplomb seemed impenetrable . . . he calmed all tension, anger, and insistent creditors."

Still, as Schuyler said not long ago, "despite all the talk about black and white unite and fight, it didn't quite pan out." Several reasons have been advanced for the *Messenger's* failure. An old resident of Harlem attributes it to the language of the black Socialists. "Socialism did not appeal to the Negroes, because the leadership did not speak the language of the masses," he says. "Also because a lot of these leaders were West Indians, and were so pompous they antagonized the Negroes. The Socialists should have learned to speak the language of the masses. They should not have been standing in front of churches—they would have been better off in poolrooms and bars." Whatever the errors of the black Socialists and the political reserve or conservatism of the general black population, the white radical

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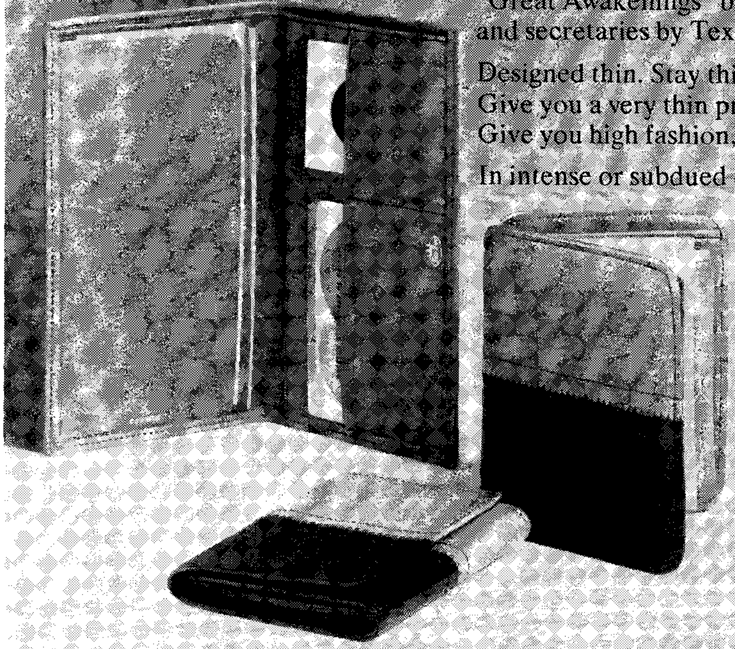

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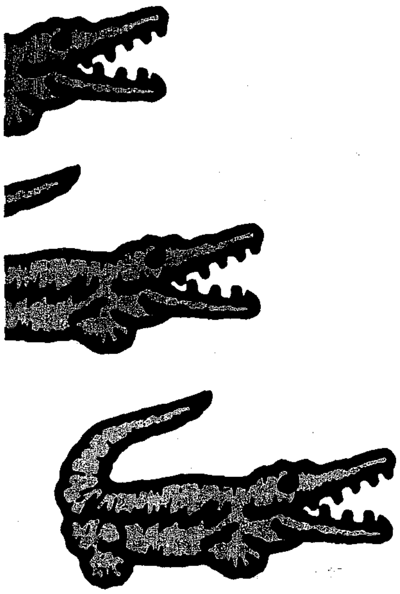

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movement itself bears a large part of the blame for the failure of class politics to engage the serious interest of the black community. Given the good intentions of the white-radical movement, the failure was tragic. Notwithstanding the fullness of the Socialist Party's commitment, at least after the war, to racial and economic equality, it failed to recognize the two main facets of the black struggle: the one against the kind of economic deprivation that could be alleviated by inclusion in the trade-union movement, and the one against the kind of bigotry that barred all but a handful of blacks from that movement. For the Socialist Party, while it stood firmly behind the principle of trade-union solidarity, did not—except with the few unions closely allied to it—devote any special energy to the organization of black workers.

The Party's policy made this inevitable. No other American Socialist had been as deeply committed to the principle of racial equality in the labor movement as Eugene Debs. The East St. Louis race riot of 1917 was, in his view, "a foul blot upon the American labor movement." If the labor unions had "freely opened their doors to the Negro instead of barring him," Debs argued, "the atrocious crime at East St. Louis would never have blackened the pages of American history." And Debs declared that any Socialist who failed to speak out "for the Negro's right to work and live, to develop his manhood, educate his children, and fulfill his destiny" equally with whites "misconceives the movement he pretends to serve or lacks the courage to live up to its principles." But it would be difficult to live up to those principles as long as Socialists saw no need to address themselves to the race problem. The Party's policy toward that problem had been enunciated as early as 1903 by Debs himself at the Party's convention: "We have nothing special to offer the Negro, and we cannot make separate appeals to all the races. The Socialist Party is the party of the whole working class, regardless of color—the whole working class of the whole world." Because black workers had learned from their experience with organized labor that they were not considered part of "the whole working class of the whole world," the Socialists could not overcome the ingrained political conservatism of the black community, let alone quicken its consciousness of class interests and class identity. Partly for this reason, Randolph, in 1925, withdrew from Socialist ac-

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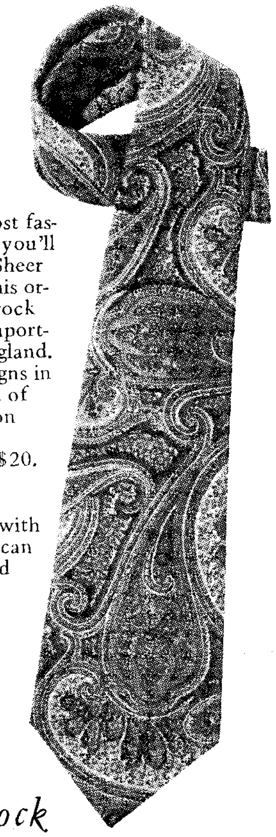

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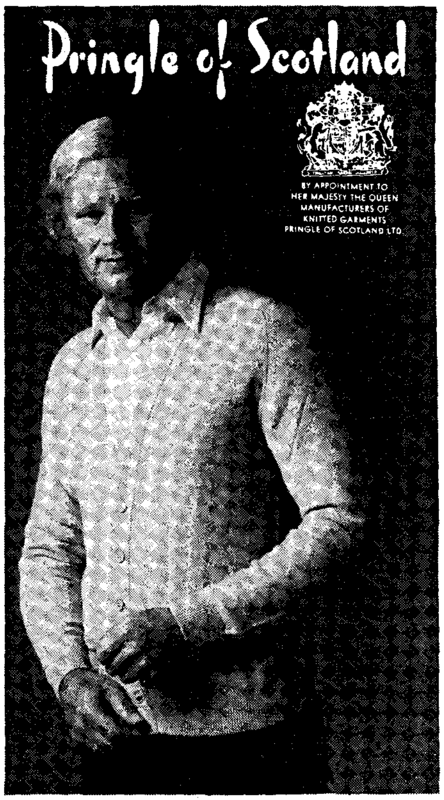
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tivism, and lost interest, if not in Socialism, at least in the Socialist Party. "The Socialist Party had no effective policy toward Negroes, and didn't spend enough time organizing them," he told an acquaintance not long ago.

Ernest Rice McKinney, a black Socialist who had been a contributing editor of the *Messenger*, concurred in Randolph's view recently, saying, "As understanding as Debs was, he apparently didn't understand this one problem: that Negroes had two disabilities, one being Negroes and one being workers; that Negroes had to struggle on both fronts, and probably more vigorously on the front against discrimination. Randolph's main effort back then, as I remember, was to try to get this notion into the head of the Socialist leadership."

By 1925, not one of the political or trade-union organizations that Randolph and Owen had founded remained. The Independent Political Council, reorganized by the two men in 1916, had quietly passed away soon after the war. The Twenty-first Assembly District Socialist Branch, founded in 1918, was defunct. The United Brotherhood of Elevator and Switchboard Operators, founded in 1917, was taken over the following year by the Elevator Operators' and Starters' Union. A National Association for the Promotion of Labor Unionism among Negroes, announced in 1919, failed to materialize. A National Brotherhood Workers of America, founded in 1919 as a sort of Negro Federation of Labor, was dissolved in 1921. A Tenants' and Consumers' League ("to meet and settle the problems of high rents . . . and high food"), set up during this period, did not survive its first few meetings in the *Messenger's* office. An attempt to organize a Harlem branch of the Journeymen Bakers' and Confectioners' International Union was rebuffed in 1920. And the Friends of Negro Freedom went their own ways in 1924. All that survived was the *Messenger*, and even that—though its life would flicker on for three more years—was dying. Lucille Randolph's once thriving beauty salon was in decline, her husband's reputation as a "wild-eyed radical" having scared away most of her customers. In 1925, then, Randolph was facing the ruins not only of his radical dreams but of a career as well. He had no profession except that of a propagandist and self-employed journalist, and, as far as he or anyone else can remember, nothing to look forward to. In Harlem, the possibilities of radical propaganda had been exhausted, and in America as

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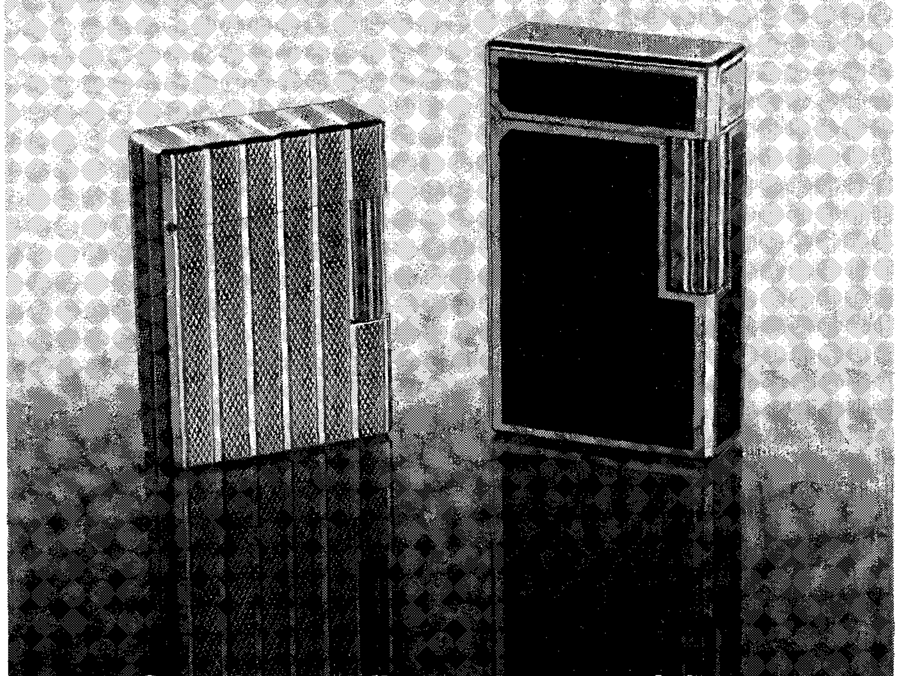

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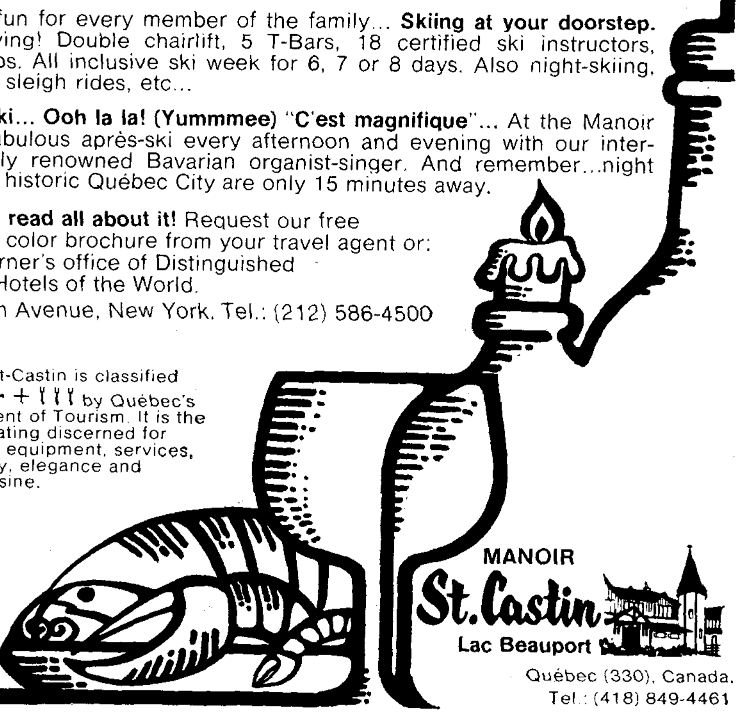

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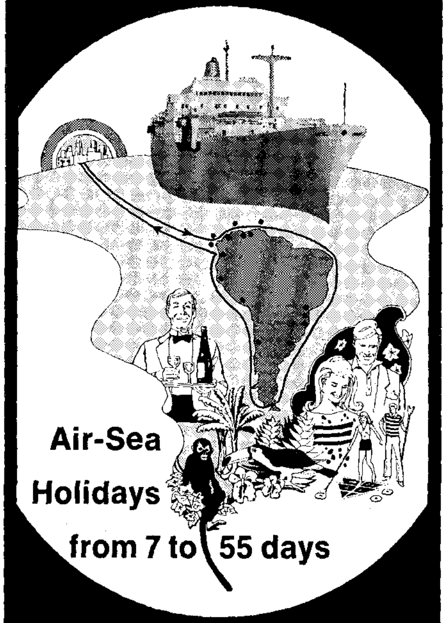

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a whole Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer had—as Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., has put it—slain the liberal dream.

There were consolations, to be sure. Randolph said to an acquaintance not long ago, "It was a dark period for us. We were in the wilderness alone. But as Negro radicals we did not work in vain. We were the very first to shape a working-class economic perspective in Negro thought." And, too, there was still the *Messenger*. Going there every morning was a way of giving some shape to his day and perpetuating something of what his life had been all about. Somehow he managed to keep the magazine afloat—more, apparently, by blind faith than by realism. Advertising was down to practically nothing, and the magazine's close circle—once made up largely of intellectuals—seemed now more like a ring of creditors. The economist and writer Stuart Chase, who came occasionally to look over the accounts, could not understand how the *Messenger* kept going. But, according to Schuyler, whose salary had, miraculously, been increased to fifteen dollars a week, Randolph steadfastly declared that "the *Messenger* shall never die." The *Messenger* did die, of course, but not before it had served as the bridge over which Randolph—bearing, like a refugee, the remnants of his former political commitment—crossed to a new beginning. —JERVIS ANDERSON

(This is the first part of a three-part article.)

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For Claremont, Bowen said, the future thrust is to "develop it as a center of scholarship and learning, developing in strength not size and attacking scholars of national reputation."—*Boston Sunday Globe.*

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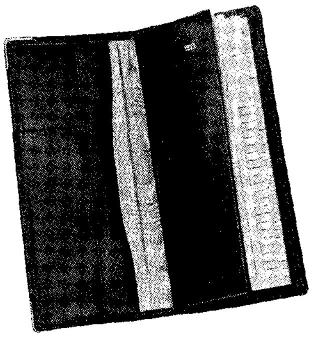

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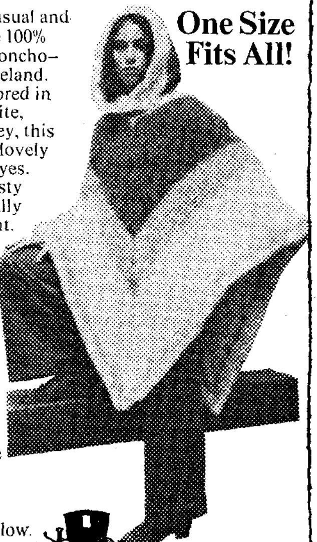

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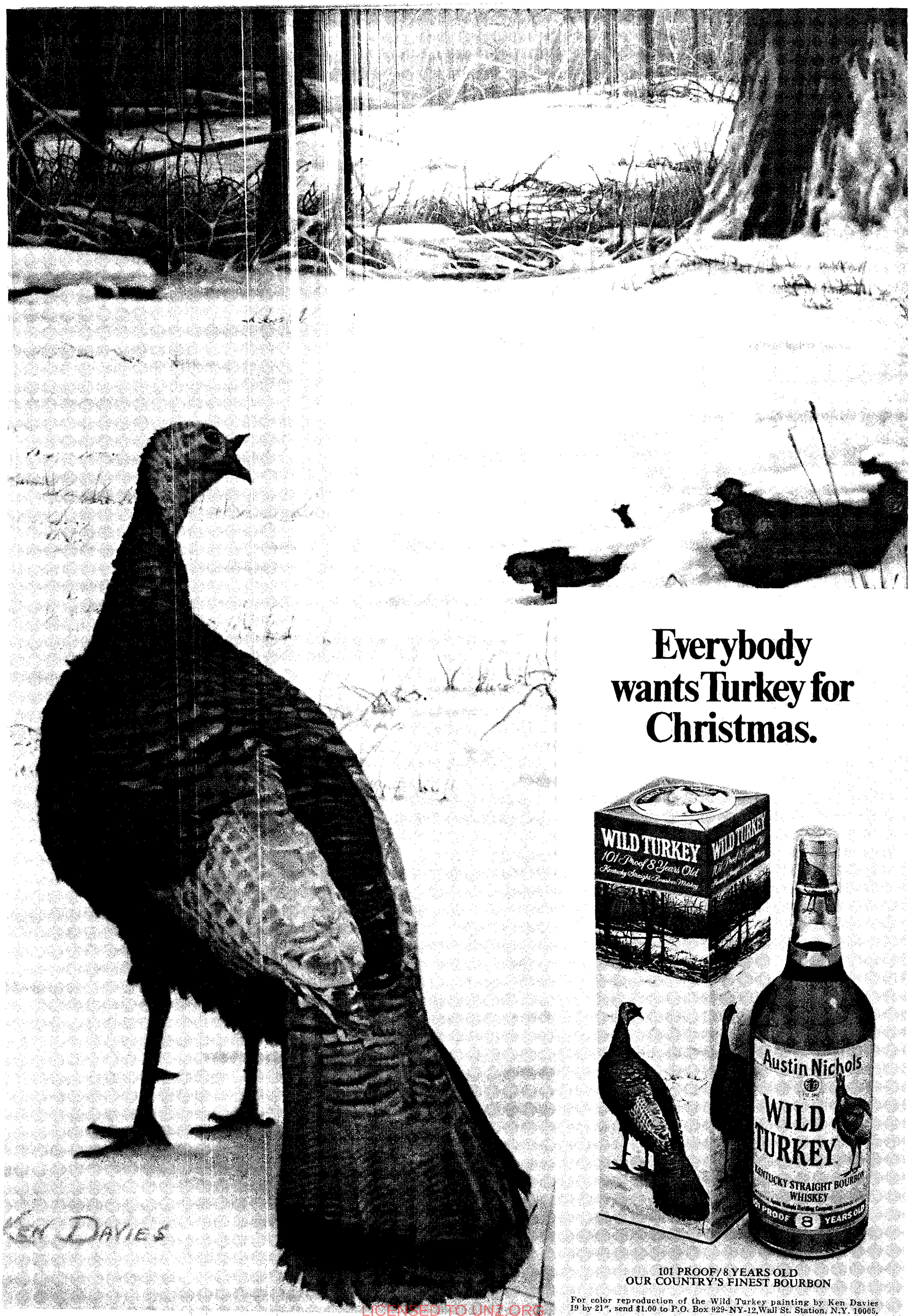
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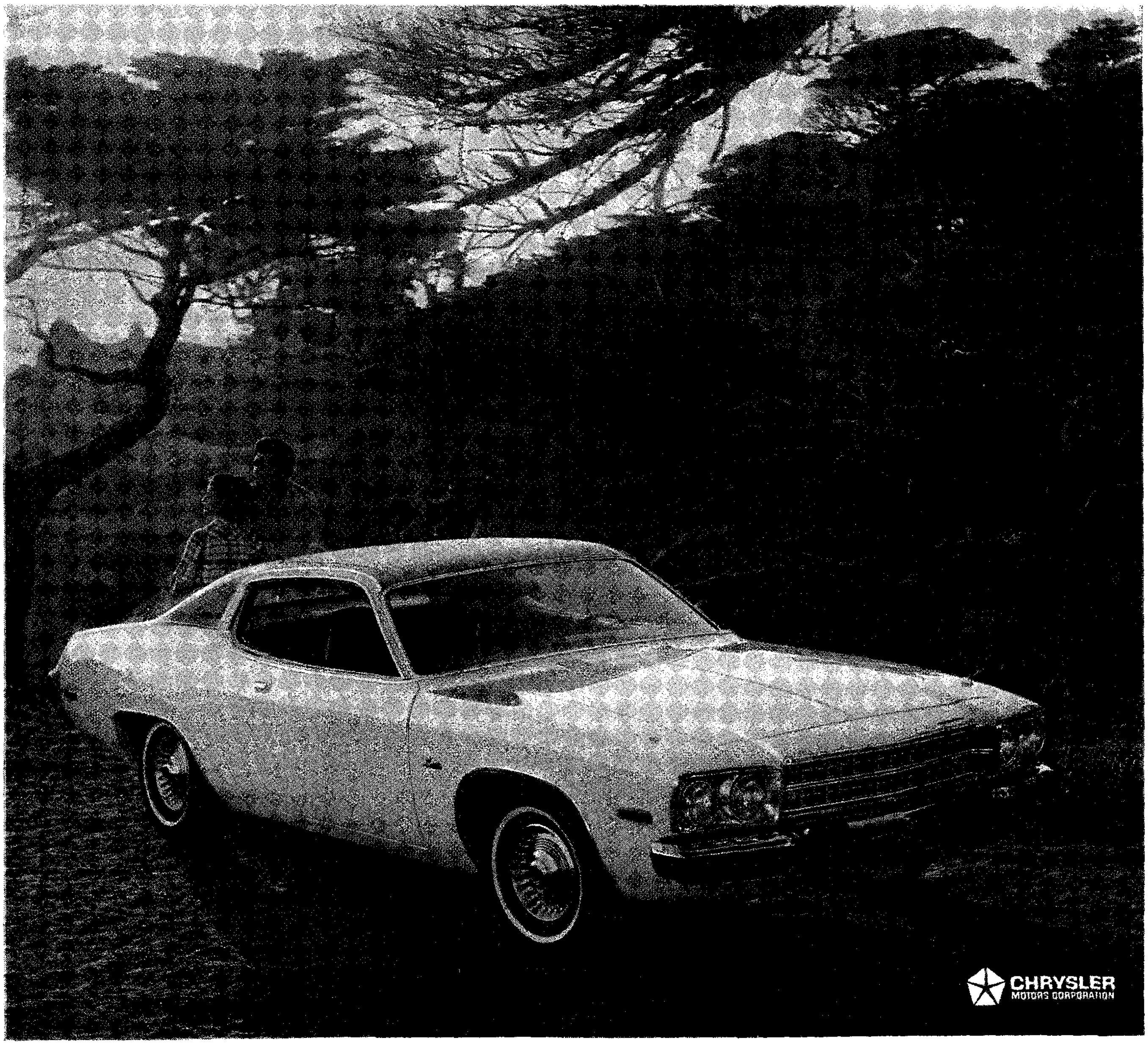

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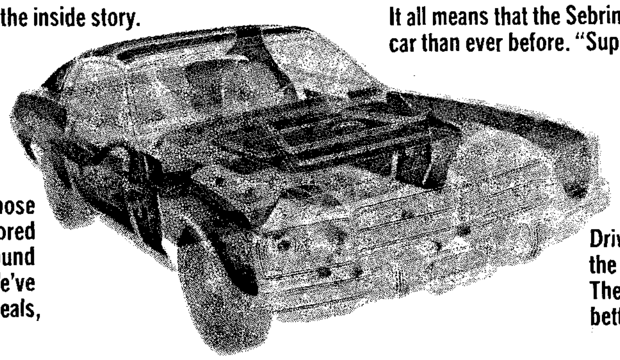

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THE THEATRE

TRASHING THE MASTER

"AMBASSADOR," which came and went at the Lunt-Fontanne, was an attempt to transform Henry James's great novel "The Ambassadors" into a musical, and one is obliged to say at once that a good deal more than the definite article and the final "s" of James's title was lost in the process. Indeed, almost everything that is authentically Jacobean in the original—those trophies of a broad and delicate sensibility that gathered up, as if the reflecting mirror of some immense inward-looking telescope, the least glint of light from the dark firmament of self, registered it upon the plate of the imagination, brooded upon it, and then assigned it its just place in the intricate maze of narrative—was either totally suppressed onstage or reduced to (as James would say) mere twaddle. There was, of course, no way to do right what the authors of the book of the musical did wrong, but the vulgarity of their approach to a problem insoluble to begin with guaranteed that their failure would be not only conspicuous but, what is worse, uninteresting. "Ambassador" amounted to a trite and corrupt précis of a tale that could have been written by F. Marion Crawford, or perhaps even Edna Ferber; it had nothing to do with James, whose corpulent angelic presence during the short run of the play must have been muttering maledictions of a singular complexity in some golden Turkish corner of Heaven.

The stars of "Ambassador," Howard Keel and Danielle Darrieux, were scarcely to be blamed for the poverty of the material they were called on to display. Mr. Keel, whose unaided voice could be heard in New Jersey, was wantonly over-miked, as were the other members of the large and adroit cast. We heard them as if at second hand, overbearingly; moreover, the mikes picked up the sound of footsteps onstage, with the result that small and graceful women were heard going clump-clump, like elephants. If there were no hints of James at the Lunt-Fontanne, there were far too many hints of "My Fair Lady" in the words, music, costumes, and settings; to remind audiences of a classic in a genre is always unwise. The musical was directed with considerable spirit by Stone Widney, who must take care next time to look forward and not back.

"DEAR OSCAR" was a sad little wisp of a musical, which closed after five performances at the Playhouse. It succeeded in making Wilde the prince of bores—a remarkable feat, though unworthy of celebration. Richard Kneeland, plump and unctuous, gave what I fear was an accurate representation of Wilde, and Kimberly Vaughn was charming as his wife. Russ Thacker played Bosie ably enough for me to believe that if the musical had been better written we would have encountered in him—Wilde's beloved "gilt-mail'd lad"—a character of considerable fascination.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Beckett Back to Back

THE lovely little Forum in Lincoln Center has fallen upon tricky times. Jules Irving, its artistic director, has resigned, and no one seems to know what its future will be. Mr. Irving has apparently decided to go out with a bang—or, more precisely, with productions of four plays by Samuel Beckett (a pair at a time), starring Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. They are "Happy Days," "Act Without Words I" (new to me but first done in London in 1957), "Krapp's Last Tape," and "Not I" (world première).

Every performance of "Happy Days" yields much that is new. Was ever a more bountiful part written for an actress? Much of Winnie—first buried up to her waist in a mound of dirt, and later up to her neck—may indeed be Woman, but a lot of her is Winnie, too, and the portion that is Winnie is at the disposal of whoever plays her. There was the indelible Winnie of the late Ruth White, all radiance and earthiness; there was the poetic Winnie of Madeleine Renaud; and now there is the Winnie of Miss Tandy—a gentlewoman with a lightness of touch, sensibility, gallantry, and a clear, fluty voice that barely covers panic. All were good performances, but the part is so accommodating and so rich that it carries any actress. I'd like to see an Irishwoman in it someday, just to hear her say, "Don't go off on me again, now dear will you please, I may need you. No hurry, no hurry, just don't curl up on me again" and "Ah earth you old extinguisher." As Willie, mostly hidden, mostly silent, and on the receiving end of Winnie's monologue, Mr. Cronyn does all that can be expected of him. By the way, I'm sure I was not the only member of the audience who noticed that Miss Tandy had plenty of lipstick on when, at the beginning, she added more, complaining that the stick was "running out." A tiny point, but a tiny bit of fakery, too, which struck a false note.

In "Act Without Words I," a pantomime, Mr. Cronyn, dapper in white and carrying a panama hat, comes tumbling out onto the stage. Someone whistles from the wings. He goes off and then comes tumbling out again, having been kicked. Someone whistles from the other side. Same thing. Hot, dry setting and lighting. A flask of water is lowered to just within a few inches of his reach, but as he grabs for it the flask is raised. Other props include wooden cubes, a large pair of shears, a palm tree with branches that suddenly go limp, and a long rope with a noose at the end of it. The poor, hopeful fellow tries to use all of them, in one way or another, but at the end, all his resourcefulness having come to nothing, he lies gasping with thirst and dying. That's all. As a whole, the play could be considered a rather obvious and coarse commentary on Beckett by Beckett, and it is certainly not Mr. Cronyn's fault that it is a bore. The requirements of the role are as much gymnastic as histrionic, and he meets all of them.

Reviewing the original production of "Krapp's Last Tape," in 1960, Donald Malcolm wrote in these pages that the play revealed Mr. Beckett in "an unwontedly unambiguous and almost chatty frame of mind," and commented that "the interplay of actor and recording produces a remarkable blend of irony and sentiment." Surely the story of the solitary, unsuccessful old writer who each year has made a tape of the events of the past twelve months, and who on this occasion replays, with stinging commentary, a tape he made when he was young, is almost too familiar for synopsis. For a number of reasons, Mr. Cronyn does not seem to me ideally cast in the role—at least, I never for a moment lost the actor in the character. Nevertheless, his love scene in the punt sounds as beautiful as

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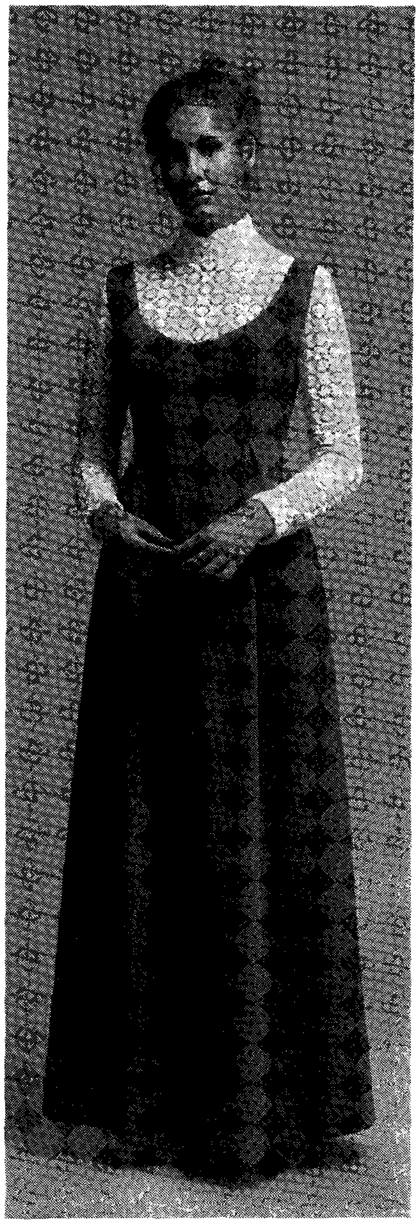

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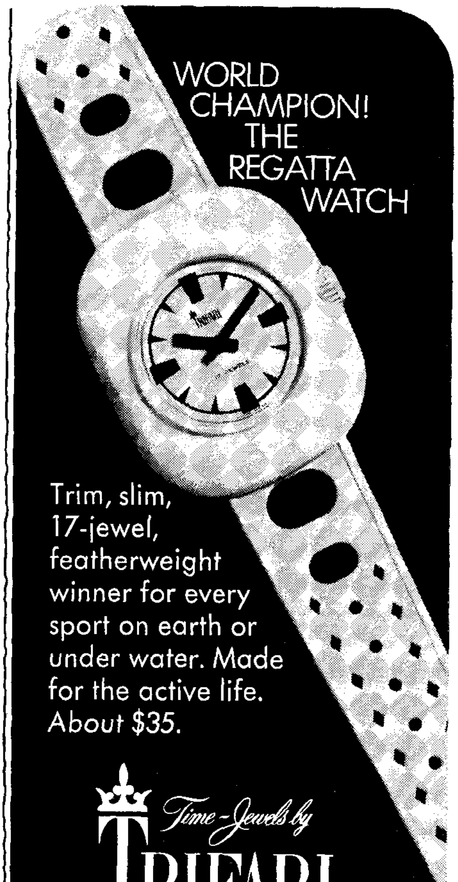
ever when it comes over the tape recorder, and the play as a whole is a small miracle.

The nearest I can come to describing "Not I" is to say that it is an aural mosaic of words, which come pell-mell but not always helter-skelter, and that once it is over, a life, emotions, and a state of mind have been made manifest, with a literally stunning impact upon the audience. Even then, much of the play remains, and should remain, mysterious and shadowy. It opens in total darkness. A woman's voice is heard (but so quietly that it almost mingles with the rattling of programs out front) whispering and crying and laughing and then speaking in a brogue, but so quickly that one can barely distinguish the words. Then a spotlight picks out a mouth moving; that is all the lighting there is, from beginning to end. The words never stop coming, and their speed never slackens; they are, we finally realize, the pent-up words of a lifetime, and they are more than the woman can control. She refers to her own "raving" and "flickering brain," and to her "lips, cheeks, jaws, tongue, never still a second." Yet something of great power and vividness—tatters of incidents and feelings, not a story but something—comes through from a dementia that is compounded of grief and confusion. We hear of a sexual episode that took place on an early April morning long ago, when she was meant to be having pleasure and was having none. There is talk of punishment for her sins, and of being godforsaken, with no love of any kind. She is obsessed with the idea of punishment. There was a trial of some kind, when all that was required of her was to say "Guilty" or "Not guilty," and she stood there, her mouth half open, struck dumb. Since then (or maybe not since then), she has been unable to speak, except for once or twice a year, when she rushes out and talks to strangers—in the market, in public lavatories—only to see their stares and almost die of shame. She has "lived on and on to be seventy." The light slowly fades, the gabble slides off to whispers and to silence. All the while, a man in monk's garb has been standing in the shadows, listening and occasionally bowing his head. Miss Tandy gives an accomplished performance in what must be an extremely difficult role. Henderson Forsythe is the listener. This production of "Not I" (I have no idea what the title means) lasts around fifteen minutes. They are about as densely packed as any fifteen minutes I can remember. All the



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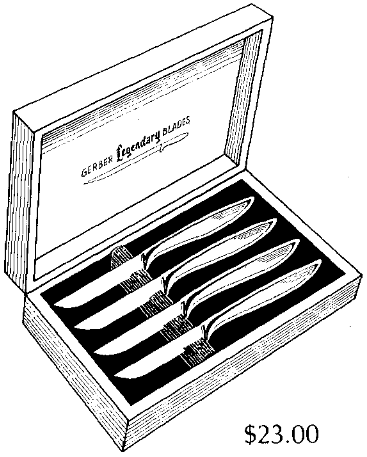

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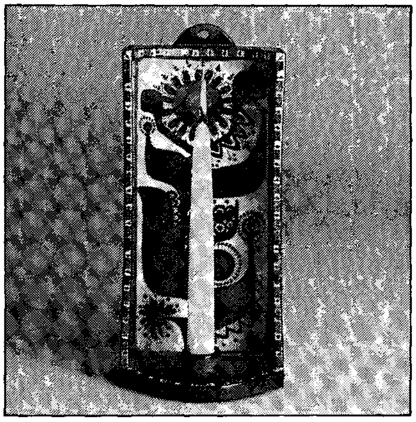
plays were directed by Alan Schneider; the settings were by Douglas W. Schmidt, and the lighting was by John Gleason.

THE strongest impression one gets after just one exposure to "The Making of Americans," at the Judson Church, is of the extraordinary affinity that still exists between the late Gertrude Stein, author of the book on which it is based, and Al Carmines, resident minister, who wrote the music for this theatre-opera and who also sings and speaks the part of Miss Stein. This affinity first showed itself a few years ago in his "In Circles," another work based on Miss Stein's writing; sitting at the piano, profile to the audience, he even looked like the Picasso portrait of Miss Stein. "The Making of Americans" is more complex than "In Circles"—by far the most complex of any of his shows I've seen. The novel, which I've never read, seems to be about the making of Americans—the making of an American Jewish family, actually—out of European immigrants, and at the same time about the making of a novel, with all the attempts and the false starts at finding the essences of the characters. It must be said, regretfully, that no image in this opera is as inspired as Mr. Carmines' groping, fumbling, wonderful piano overture to "In Circles," and that "The Making of Americans," for all its dedication, is not a marvel, as "In Circles" was. It is only in-and-out good. Nevertheless, the songs pour forth with such exuberance and seeming ease that one is in danger of taking them for granted—arias and show tunes and quartets and chorales and just funny songs—and, as a friend of mine remarked, Miss Stein's words, even from a novel, make perfect lyrics. This time, the adaptation is by Leon Katz, and although I cannot testify to its fidelity to the original, it works. Many of the singers and actors at the Judson are only part-time singers and actors, but they get better and better with every production, and the presence of David Cryer, an excellent full-time singer and actor, gives a professional tone to the entire proceedings. Stuart Silver, Theo Barnes, Tony Clark, Maureen Sadusk, and Margaret Wright are also good. As for the Rev. Mr. C., he is, as usual, absolutely splendid, playing and singing and talking and hosting and pulling everything together. The direction was by Lawrence Kornfeld. "The Making of Americans" will run at the Judson—Fridays through Mondays—until December 4th.

—EDITH OLIVER



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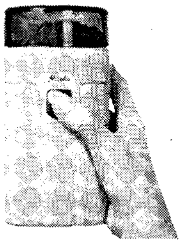

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Countdown to 2001. Study of future space projects. Monday, Dec. 4 (8-8:30 pm).

The Vandals. Investigation of widespread vandalism in America. Monday, Dec. 4 (8:30-9 pm).

A War of Children. Effects of conflict in Belfast. Tuesday, Dec. 5 (9:30-11 pm).

Apollo 17. Wednesday, Dec. 6.

ABC Afterschool Special. Santiago's Ark; William. Wednesdays, Dec. 6; Jan. 3 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Cortez and Montezuma: The Conquest of an Empire. Appointment With Destiny—Conquistador confronts the Aztec ruler. Wednesday, Dec. 6 (8-9 pm).

The Homecoming—A Christmas Story. Drama of backwoods family during the Depression. Friday, Dec. 8 (9-11 pm).

The Snow Goose. Moving drama of friendship between young girl and an artist. Tuesday, Dec. 12 (8-9 pm).

Once Upon A Mattress. Musical starring Carol Burnett. Tuesday, Dec. 12 (8:30-10 pm).

America. Making a Revolution; Inventing a Nation; Gone West; A Fireball in the Night. Tuesdays, Dec. 12, 26; Jan. 9, 23 (10-11 pm).

Portrait: The Woman I Love. Story of Duke and Duchess of Windsor starring Richard Chamberlain, Faye Dunaway. Sunday, Dec. 17 (9-10 pm).

Of Men and Women. Relationships between the sexes, based on works of well-known writers. Sunday, Dec. 17 (10-11 pm).

If You Give a Dance You Gotta Pay the Band. ABC Theatre—Contemporary story of ghetto youth. Tuesday, Dec. 19 (8:30-10 pm).

Health Care in America. An economic view. Tuesday, Dec. 19 (10-11 pm).

Man and Beast. Relationship of man to his pets. Friday, Dec. 22 (10-10:30 pm).

Whatever Happened to '72? Look at major news of the year. Thursday, Dec. 28 (8-9 pm).

Population: Boom or Doom. Population growth and the American future. Thursday, Dec. 28 (10-11 pm).

Holiday Shows. Santa Claus is Coming to Town, Fri., Dec. 1 (8-9 pm); The House Without a Christmas Tree, Sun., Dec. 3 (7:30-9 pm); Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas, Mon., Dec. 4 (8-8:30 pm); Frosty the Snowman, Mon., Dec. 4 (8:30-9 pm); Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer, Fri., Dec. 8 (8-9 pm); The Little Drummer Boy, Sun., Dec. 10 (7:30-8 pm); Bing Crosby's Christmas Show, Sun., Dec. 10 (8-9 pm); A Charlie Brown Christmas, Tues., Dec. 12 (8-8:30 pm); The Night the Animals Talked, Fri., Dec. 15 (8-8:30 pm); A Christmas Carol, Fri., Dec. 15 (8:30-9 pm).

JANUARY 1973

Much Ado About Nothing. N.Y. Shakespeare Festival production. Thursday, Jan. 4 (8-11 pm).

In Search of Ancient Astronauts. Program probes theory of visitors from space. Friday, Jan. 5 (10-11 pm).

Marlene Dietrich. One-woman show. Saturday, Jan. 13 (10-11 pm).

The Voyage of the Yes. Two youths sail to Hawaii. Sunday, Jan. 14 (7:30-9 pm).

The Forbidden City. Report includes first film from China's Ming tombs. Tuesday, Jan. 16 (10-11 pm).

Cole Porter in Paris. Perry Como hosts salute to Porter. Wednesday, Jan. 17 (10-11 pm).

Strange Creatures of the Night. National Geographic study of night animals. Wednesday, Jan. 17 (8-9 pm).

The Inauguration. Saturday, Jan. 20.

The Incredible Flight of the Snow Goose. Study of annual migration. Tuesday, Jan. 23 (8-9 pm).

The Wild Dogs. Jane Goodall and the World of Animal Behavior. Thursday, Jan. 25 (8-9 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Watch Your Child/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company

Tuesday: NBC Reports/First Tuesday (monthly).

Wednesday: ABC After School Special (1st Wed. of each month).

Saturday: In the News/Multiplication Is/ABC Saturday Superstar Movie/Sealab 2020/Kid Power/Around the World in 80 Days/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/Talking With A Giant/CBS Children's Film Festival.

Sunday: In the News/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Multiplication Is/Curiosity Shop/Camera Three/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

NEW CHAPTER IN KOREA—II

ON December 25, 1971, a disastrous fire in the Tae Yun Kak Hotel, in Seoul, took the lives of a hundred and sixty-five guests, many of whom were trapped in their rooms or jumped to their death from upper floors. In mid-January, South Korea's President, Park Chung Hee, at his annual New Year's press conference—one of the rare occasions when he meets with Korean journalists or any others—pointedly criticized the hotel management's failure to see the danger and take proper precautions, and contrasted this negligence with the manner in which he had responded to what he described as "a danger sign already up pertaining to our national security." Park was referring to a declaration of a state of national emergency he had made on December 6th, soon after which the National Assembly, at his behest, had passed a twelve-article Special Measures Law for National Security and Defense, giving the President the right to limit freedom of speech and of the press, to control wages and prices, and to order national mobilization and the movement of people into and out of certain areas.

As things turned out, that was just a beginning. This October, following the momentous disclosure last July 4th of the secret meetings held in Seoul and Pyongyang, North Korea, between top officials of the North and the South to improve relations between the two nations, with the hope of ultimately bringing about reunification, President Park declared martial law throughout South Korea. He dissolved the National Assembly, offered amendments to the constitution (ostensibly for the purpose of making the dialogue with North Korea legal), and announced a national referendum on the new amendments, to be followed by new Presidential and parliamentary elections. Once the elections were held, he added—for President this month and for a new National Assembly within six months—normal constitutional order would be restored, and what he described as "the great reformation [of] the political structure of South Korea" would be completed. Thus, he explained, the dialogue with the North would no longer be restricted by legalities "fixed in the Cold War era," and could continue more productively. Those legalities, Park pointed out, decreed that the Seoul government had jurisdiction over all of Korea, and did not even admit the existence of any regime in the North.

The declaration of martial law came as less of a surprise to the South Koreans than to the many American officials in Seoul—who, as Park had doubtless foreseen, objected to it strenuously. They regarded it as primarily an excuse by Park to hold emergency elections in advance of the next scheduled ones, in 1975, and thus gain a fourth term for himself—and for six years instead of the previously specified four. An earlier constitutional amendment, passed in 1969, had enabled Park to run for and win an unprecedented third term, and it had been generally supposed that he would seek a fourth term anyway, either on the basis of another amendment or by means of some sort of emergency measure, but few observers expected him to move as quickly and drastically as he has. Those who have been least surprised by the martial-law declaration suggest that Park's reasons for acting now include, above all, his fear that his political opponents, who had been registering protests against the earlier emergency regulations, would gain enough support between now and 1975 to defeat him; in the 1971 elections, Park won by a margin of only 947,000 votes out of twelve million cast. By gaining virtually absolute power under the new constitutional amendments—which the voters dutifully approved last week—and by jumping the gun on the 1975 vote, Park not only assures his remaining in office almost indefinitely but also assures his retaining full control over the North-South dialogues,

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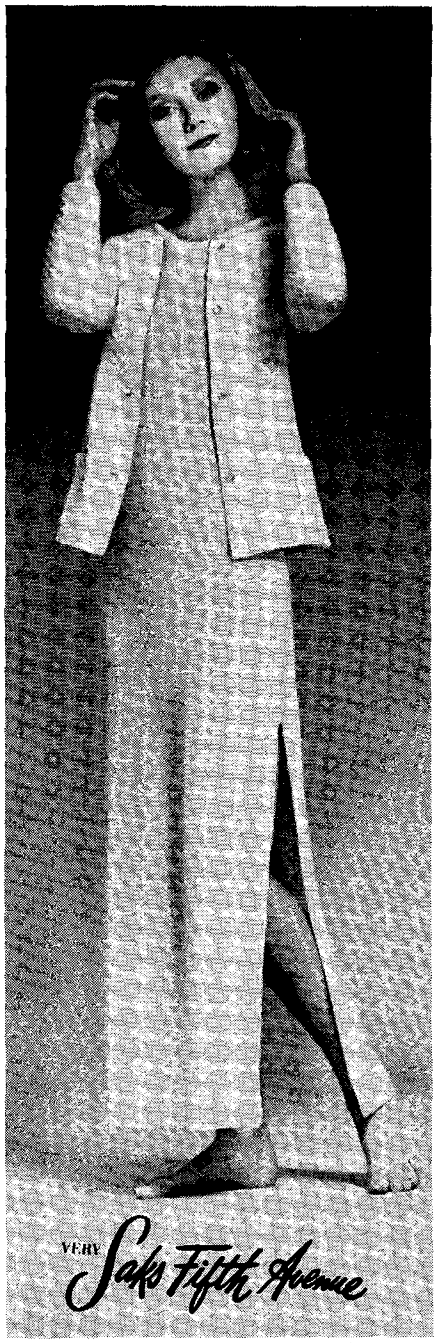

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which have begun on two levels and are bound to be protracted.

The first of these levels is a South-North Coördinating Committee, whose formation was announced on July 4th, and the second is the Red Cross organizations of the North and the South, whose representatives, meeting alternately in Pyongyang and in Seoul, are discussing arrangements for the reëstablishment of ties between separated family members in the two nations and are dealing with other humanitarian matters. Meanwhile, the South-North Coördinating Committee—with Lee Hu Rak, head of South Korea's Central Intelligence Agency, and Park Sung Chul, North Korea's Second Vice-Premier, serving as chief spokesmen for their respective sides—has during the past month worked out important agreements. It has determined what its future structure and agenda will be, and both sides have pledged, among other things, to suspend propaganda broadcasts and to carry out a broad political and cultural exchange program. North Korea, as further evidence of its good intentions, has also revised *its* constitution, so as to acknowledge the South Korean government's hegemony in its own area.

THE latest restriction of civil liberties in South Korea—which includes the closing of all universities—came amid growing discontent over the government's already autocratic role. Park had maintained that there was nothing "sinister" in his initial emergency measures, and denounced critics of them as "irresponsible." Then, after the original meeting between representatives of the North and South was announced, he cautiously described it as "opening a channel of dialogue . . . a channel that is small," and insisted that stringent domestic measures were vital during the delicate negotiations with the North. These statements did not change the opinion of many, if not most, South Koreans that the security regulations already in effect were undesirable and unnecessary, and it may have been partly because of their protests that Park took the further step of imposing martial law. He and other government leaders continue to assert that the objective of North Korean Premier Kim Il Sung is still what it was at the time of the Korean war—to dominate the entire peninsula—but that now Kim intends to attain it by political rather than military means. Park has repeatedly said that reunification, though a legitimate goal, is an extremely complex and perilous process

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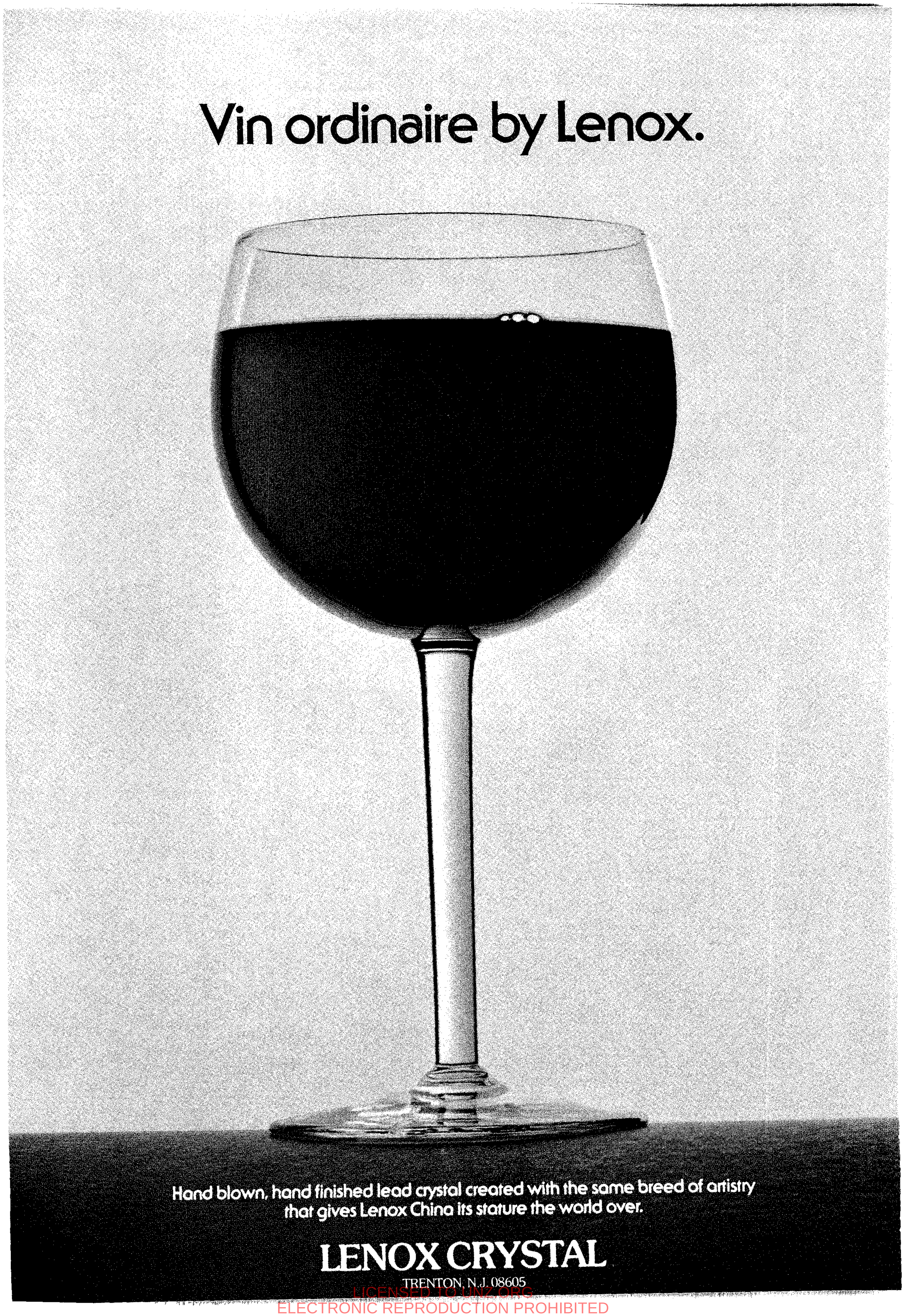
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and that, in contrast to Kim Il Sung, he believes it can be achieved only in slow and carefully supervised stages, and perhaps not for many years. Many South Koreans, though they basically agree about the timetable, feel that better relations between the North and the South, and possibly even some sort of interim confederation—which Kim has suggested—can be established sooner, and that the South has more to gain than to lose by demonstrating the effectiveness of a more open and less restrictive society.

I was in South Korea at the time of the July 4th announcement and for quite a while thereafter, and as I talked with Koreans both in and out of the government and with American diplomats and others, it seemed to me that the criticisms of the Park regime's methods were justified. The Koreans are a naturally tempestuous people, who love a heated argument—"The whole country always seems to be in danger of a flash fire," a Korean friend of mine said—and Park's overreaction to dissent and his fear of loosening his tight rein over the country seem as much a psychological as a political response, some of the explanation for which may lie in the fact that he seized power by a coup in 1961 before being elected President for the first time, by only a narrow margin, in 1963. Though nowadays he travels around a lot, especially to some community-development projects that are his particular interest, he remains isolated, and is inaccessible most of the time except to a trusted few. He has a deep-seated fear of the North—which is shared by many Southerners who remember the sudden North Korean invasion in 1950—and this, combined with his innate feeling for discipline, has led to the creation of a strong, highly centralized government. When Park pulled off his military coup, the country was in a state of almost total political chaos, and he is determined not to let the factionalism that was rampant just before his seizure of power get out of hand again.

For the time being, at least, the rigid new controls seem to have had little effect on the daily lives of most South Koreans. The peasants follow their traditional quiet routines, far removed from the growing pressures of the crowded cities, and even in Seoul—which, since the Korean war, has become a high-rise, pollution-ridden metropolis of some six million—people pay little attention to political issues. A vocal minority of politicians, journalists, and intellectuals, however, have

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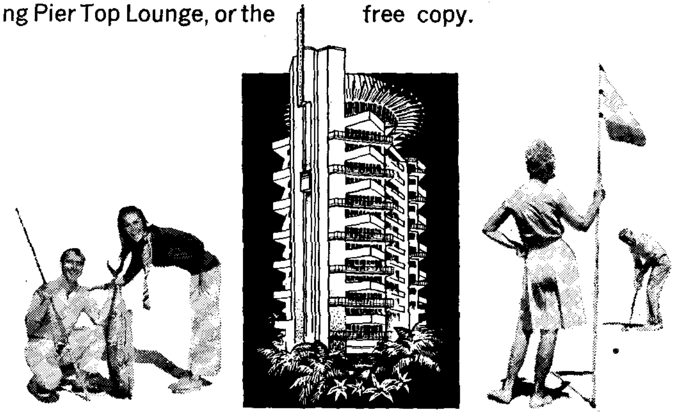

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all along felt themselves constrained and even repressed, and since the recent decrees they naturally feel even more so. Even prior to the imposition of martial law, in each newspaper office a representative of the South Korean Central Intelligence Agency "supervised" the publication of all articles. Members of the opposition New Democratic Party told me last summer that their telephones had been tapped and their homes watched, and a few said that attempts had been made on their lives by indirect methods, such as traffic "accidents." During my stay in the capital, beneath the hustle and bustle that has made South Korea one of the fastest-growing nations in the world I sensed a pervasive restiveness and discontent. Some of the opposition leaders, though they agreed that "most people don't care what happens so long as they are left alone," felt that the frustrations of realizing that horizons and opportunities were limited because the government regulated just about everything would lead to "an inevitable explosion," and that it was obviously to keep this from happening that Park has taken such firm steps.

Park's close 1971 victory in the Presidential election over Kim Dae Jung, one of the top leaders of the New Democratic Party, undoubtedly scared the President, and his confidence was scarcely strengthened when a National Assembly election a month later resulted in the seating of eighty-nine members of the New Democratic Party, as against a hundred and thirteen for the government's Democratic Republican Party. In addition to these less than overwhelming mandates, a source of apprehension for Park was student unrest, which began just before the Presidential election, over the issue of enforced military training on campuses, gathered momentum because of allegations of voting irregularities, and came to an ugly climax in October, 1971, when some four or five thousand university students in Seoul demonstrated almost daily for three weeks against both compulsory military training and government corruption. South Korean Army troops stormed and occupied the campuses, and a hundred and seventy-five students were expelled and thousands more were threatened with immediate military duty, though only a few hundred were actually inducted. Then seven colleges and universities were temporarily shut down. In August of 1971, while the student rebellion was growing, there had been two other major incidents: the mutiny of an Air Force unit stationed on an

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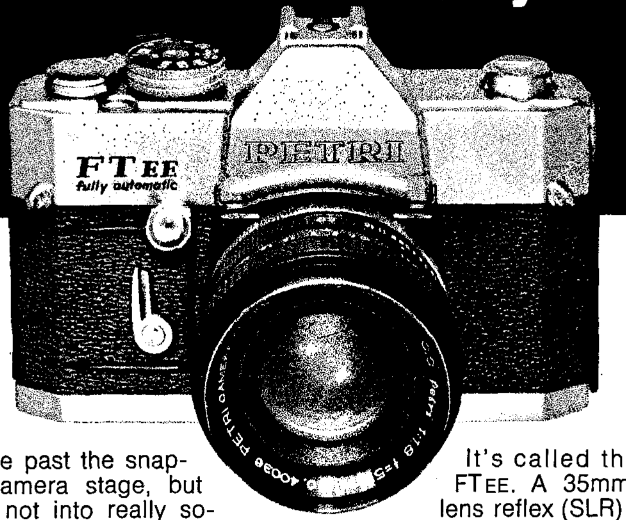
island thirty-five miles from Seoul, whose members crossed to the mainland and made an attempt to talk with the Premier—an affair in which forty-two people were killed—and a riot in which three hundred men formerly employed by a Korean trucking company in South Vietnam, seeking back pay, stormed and set fire to an office building owned by the head of the company.

South Korea is in many respects a tight Confucian society, with the traditional emphasis on filial respect, and Park, in addition to being a military man, is a strong believer in the old virtues and values. It is generally felt that he reacted so strongly to the student crisis not only because he was galled by the election but also because he still vividly recalled even more serious demonstrations in 1965, against his normalization of diplomatic and trade relations with Korea's old colonial master, Japan. Park was easily reëlected in 1967, but was then faced with a two-term constitutional limit on his tenure. In September, 1969, at a predawn Assembly session unattended by the opposition, he forced through a constitutional amendment permitting him to run again. The period was a fairly tranquil one, and subsequently the amendment was approved by a sixty-five-per-cent affirmative vote in a national referendum. In 1971, however, criticism of the government over high prices and bitter political fighting within the ranks of the government party helped to trigger Park's heavy-handed response to the student rebellion—which, in a nation with a hundred and fifty thousand university students, had in fact involved only a relative handful.

Accounts of the Korean students' protests brought to my mind student repressions I have witnessed over the years in South Vietnam, which have become steadily harsher. Indeed, many aspects of life in South Korea and in South Vietnam show resemblances and differences that seem worth pointing out. Both are what could be called "confined" societies—restricted but not totally closed. South Korea, however, because it is not at war and because it has attained such remarkable growth and general prosperity, is a far better organized society. Both Park and Nguyen Van Thieu are former military men eager to retain power and suspicious of anyone who appears to challenge them, often ruthless in eliminating or neutralizing political opponents, military or civilian. In South Korea, neither of the two most powerful men after Park—Lee Hu Rak, of the South Korean C.I.A., and the Premier, Kim



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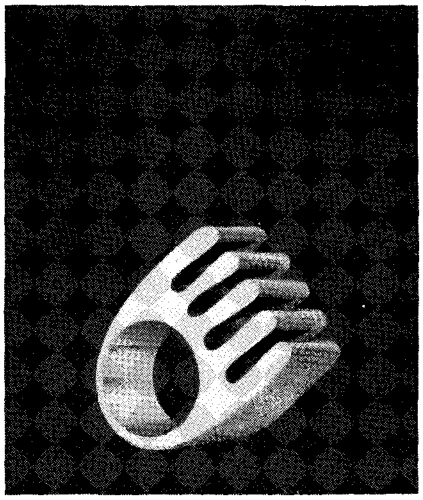
Jong Pil—has a substantial political base of his own, though Kim organized the 1961 coup that propelled Park into power and then also organized the government party. He fell out of favor after that, but returned as Premier last year, following the brief Premiership of Paik Too Chin, who had replaced Chung Il Kwon when the latter was caught in a personal scandal. (Chung Il Kwon is still close to Park, and was recently made chairman of the Democratic Republican Party.) Park and Thieu have also been similar in their canny ability to use men as they want to, but Park has always been at once subtler and more confident than Thieu in his maneuvers and in his handling of private and public dissent. Censorship of the press in South Korea, for example, both before and after the new martial-law decrees, has usually been smoothly conducted, with editors and their South Korean C.I.A. supervisors often remaining friendly while playing little games with each other. The South Koreans will undoubtedly accept the new, tougher regulations with the same sort of equanimity, hoping that restrictions will not last too long, or at least will be modified.

In South Vietnam, by contrast, many newspapers, especially opposition ones, have simply suspended publication under the Thieu regime because they couldn't afford to post the large bonds now required or to pay constant large fines, and, in any case, far less dissent is tolerated. Moreover, the South Vietnamese have been subjected to so many laws and regulations under different regimes for so long that they have become unsure of themselves, and their dissent is aimless, confusing, self-confounding. The Koreans are far more resilient, realistic, and tough, and, though just as devious in their economic and political dealings, less inhibited in most of their actions—including their sexual and drinking habits. "They have a sort of boisterous, Irish emotional range that shows in their spontaneity, their laughing and weeping and singing," an American who has lived in Korea a long time says. "They behave toward you just the way the situation seems to call for—they're very good at covering up ulterior motives. But they're so likable it's fun trying to figure out what they're really up to." On some occasions, however, the South Koreans are forthright to the point of bluntness; certainly they are more daring than the Vietnamese in expressing opinions. In South Vietnam, the Catholic Archbishop Nguyen Van Binh, while privately opposed to many of the increas-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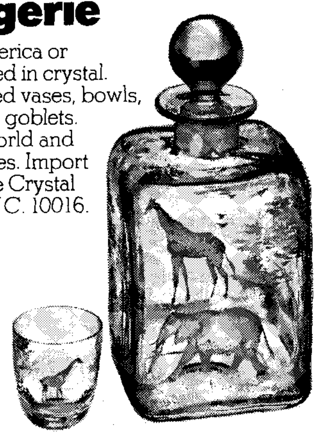

ingly dictatorial things Thieu is doing, has been loath to speak out publicly; in South Korea, Stephen Cardinal Kim (Kim Su Hwan) has twice this year—in his Easter message and in August—strongly criticized the government, though without mentioning Park by name.

ACADEMICS and other intellectuals have, at least until this fall, been generally free to express their opinions privately and, up to a point, publicly, under ground rules laid down by Park. A group of opposition intellectuals, calling itself the Congress of National Solidarity and led by a former chief editor of the *Dong-A Ilbo*, the leading opposition newspaper, has met occasionally to issue petitions, and these have sometimes been given one-paragraph notices in the newspapers. There has been a growing literature of semi-underground dissent, which now and then has come to public notice in short-lived magazines. The best-known poet in the country is Kim Chi Ha, who is in his early thirties and has written several long, angry (and sometimes obscene) poems. Kim Chi Ha has recently become a Catholic and is close to the group of dissenters around Cardinal Kim. Earlier this year, he was placed under what amounted to compulsory confinement in a hospital for tuberculosis—which he didn't have—but later was allowed to go home, under strict surveillance. Last April, a Catholic magazine called *Creation* printed a poem of his called "Groundless Rumors," about a peaceful fellow named An Do for whom nothing turned out well—who couldn't find a job, a place to live, or a girl, made a vain effort to kill himself, was constantly plagued by the police, and finally, tired and frustrated by "running around like a mad dog to earn even the rat's-tail bit of money," shouted one day, "Hell, what a bitch this world is!" He was immediately handcuffed and dragged away to court, where he was charged with "standing on his two feet and spitting groundless rumors from his mouth," and with a host of other things, including, as the poem continues:

Crime of attempting to usurp the fundamental substance of human uprightness in
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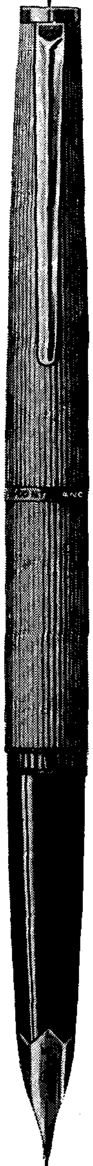

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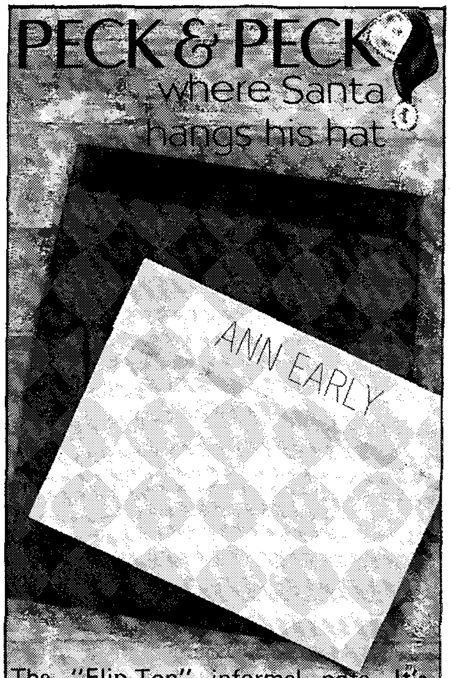
Kim Chi Ha's polemics against the world of privilege, corruption, and ruthless authority, which take an angrier and earthier form in a poem about a high government official caught with a girl in the hotel fire last Christmas, have given him a reputation as one of the leading voices of protest in South Korea, but the government has naturally not admired his talents. (The issue of *Creation* containing his "Groundless Rumors" was banned.) Shortly before he was "released" from the tuberculosis hospital, I brought up his case during a conversation with Premier Kim Jong Pil, who responded by drawing a distinction between "freedom and liberty and the manner of enjoying it." The enjoyment of freedom cannot be the same the world over, Kim Jong Pil maintained, and it is the responsibility of the intellectual "to understand how and where he lives." He explained that there are both economic and "geopolitical" aspects to enjoying freedom, and went on, "A Korean is in a situation where if he breathes too hard someone may shoot him in the back or stab him with a knife. We cannot have unlimited freedom for intellectuals when national integrity and security are endangered. One can be an intellectual only when one recognizes his limitations in proper perspective and enjoys freedom accordingly. If one spits on the pavement, one is no intellectual. If one spits in a corner, where he's not seen spitting, then it's different."

Premier Kim's summation, delivered with typical Korean gusto, was interesting, I thought, because it demon-



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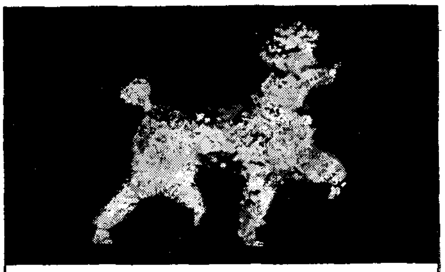

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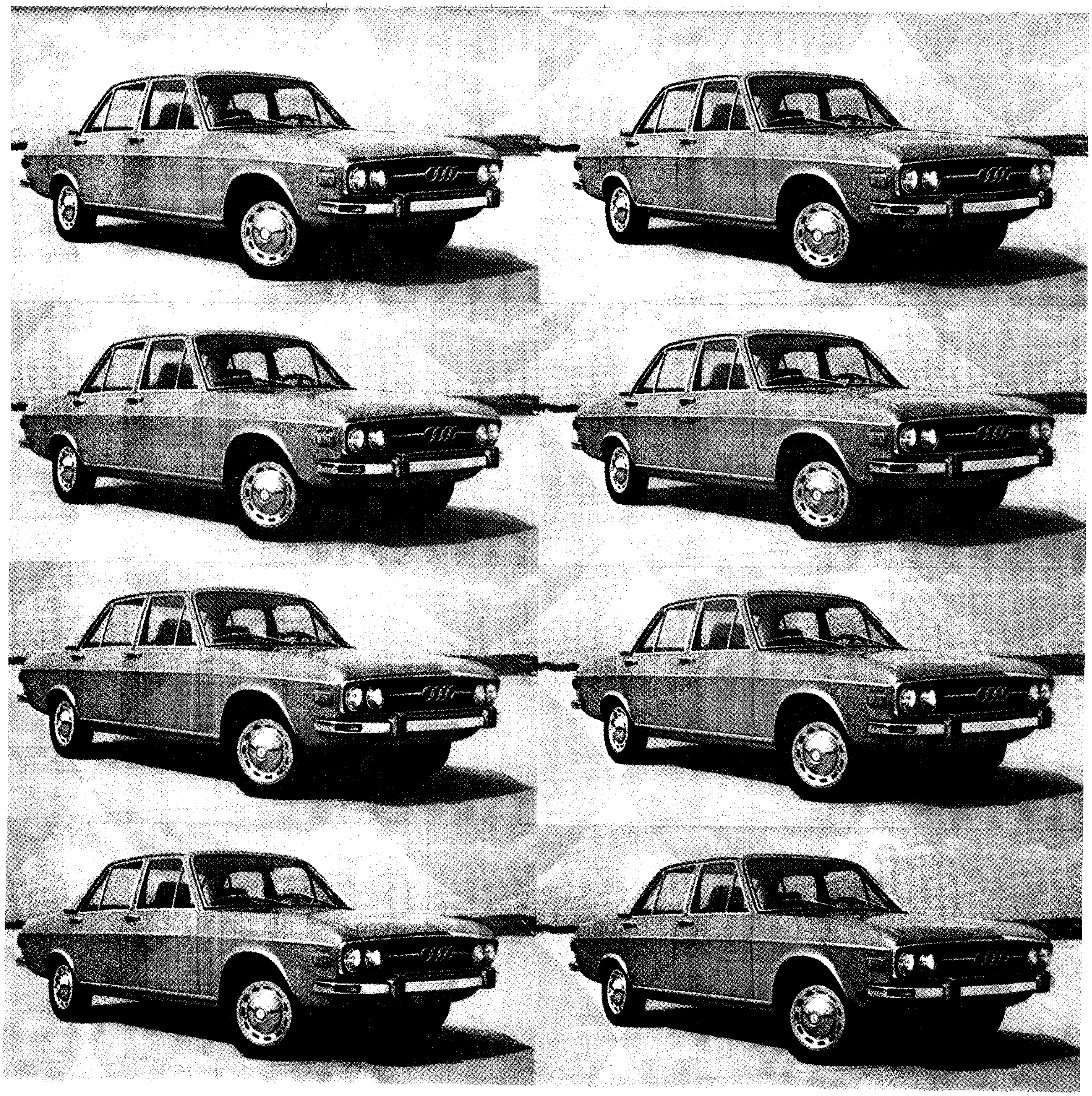

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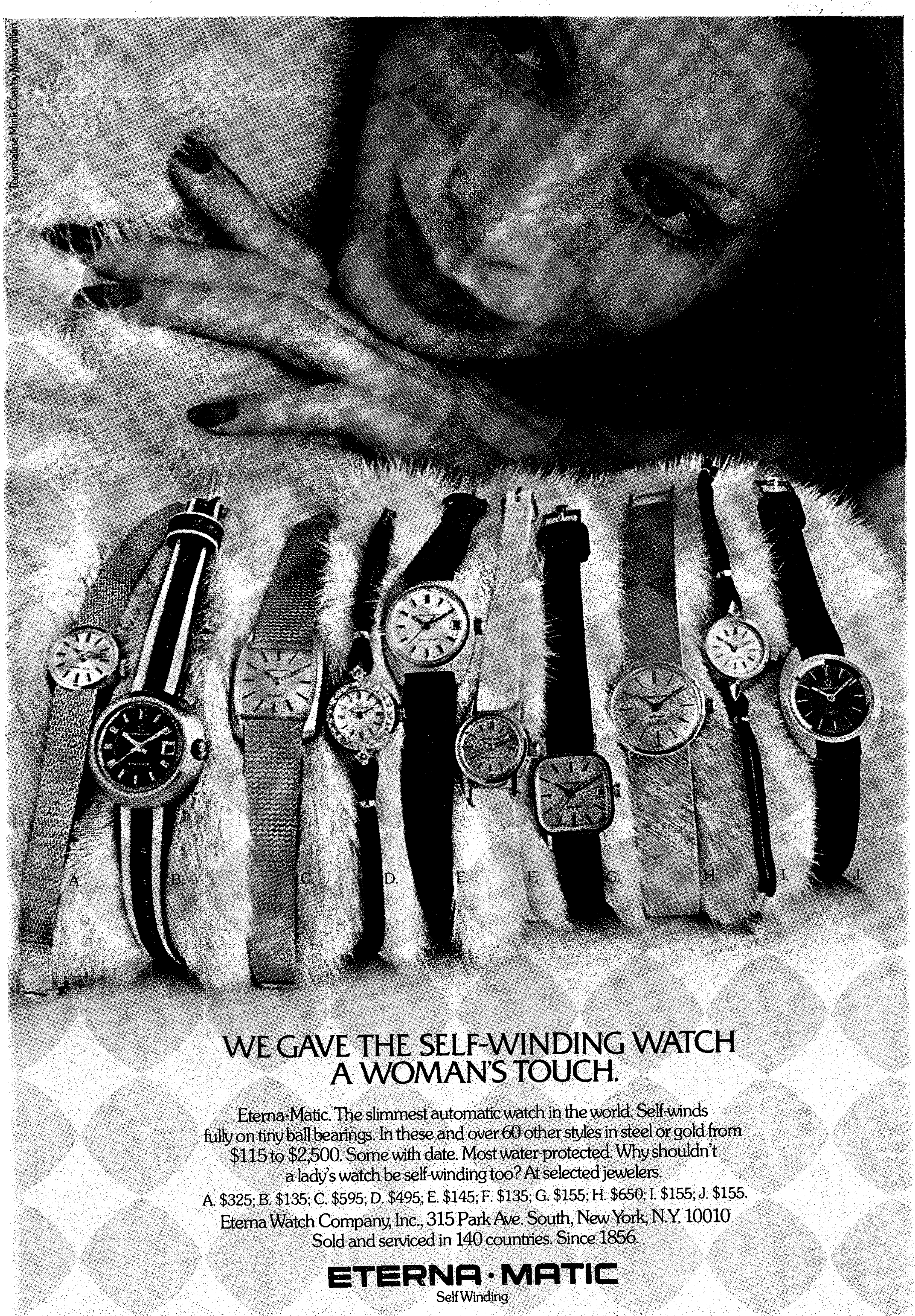

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Self Winding

strated the government's basic disdain for intellectuals. Its acceptance of them is confined pretty much to recognizing some hundred and fifty-eight "living national treasures," such as painters, calligraphers, lacquerware-makers, dancers, and carefully selected writers, who receive a government subsidy. More attention has recently been paid to both modern and traditional folk art, and while I was in Korea there were exhibitions of both. But by and large the intellectual atmosphere is stultified, because most South Koreans are concerned mainly with making money—a lot in the case of the rich, enough to live well in the case of those who thrive on political patronage, and enough to scrape by on for most people.

City adolescents nearly always seem to have enough money and enough time to frequent tea and coffee shops that are often also discothèques, and they sit and listen for hours to modern recordings, mostly American jazz or sad Korean love songs. Younger boys and girls go to small and dimly lighted comic-book libraries, where for a few *won* they can read their favorite strips in paper booklets. Long hair for boys is officially disapproved, but miniskirts, though they, too, are supposed to be taboo, are seen everywhere, especially in the lobby of the most modern and fashionable hotel in the city, the Chosun, and in the blocks around it, where coffee shops abound. Those who are older sit around and drink *makkolli*, a traditional liquor made from barley and rice, or *chung-jong*, a rice wine of better quality. The men, if they can afford it, regularly visit *kisaeng* houses, the Korean version of geisha houses, where many of them have regular mistresses or select part-time female companions. Though many more women now work than ever used to, there is nothing resembling a women's-liberation movement, and women still play a secondary role in South Korean life. Many marriages, even upper-class ones, are arranged, and a divorced woman is virtually read out of society and has little chance of remarrying. The men claim that women are becoming too assertive, while they merrily continue to go their independent way in a male-oriented, hedonistic society. One high official with a reputation for conviviality and extramarital capers told me, "It used to be that I'd get a massage from my wife no matter what time I came home. Now if I return after seven I have to apologize, and after eleven I hide." He laughed uproariously.

While I was in South Korea, I talked with a young man named Michael Kim,

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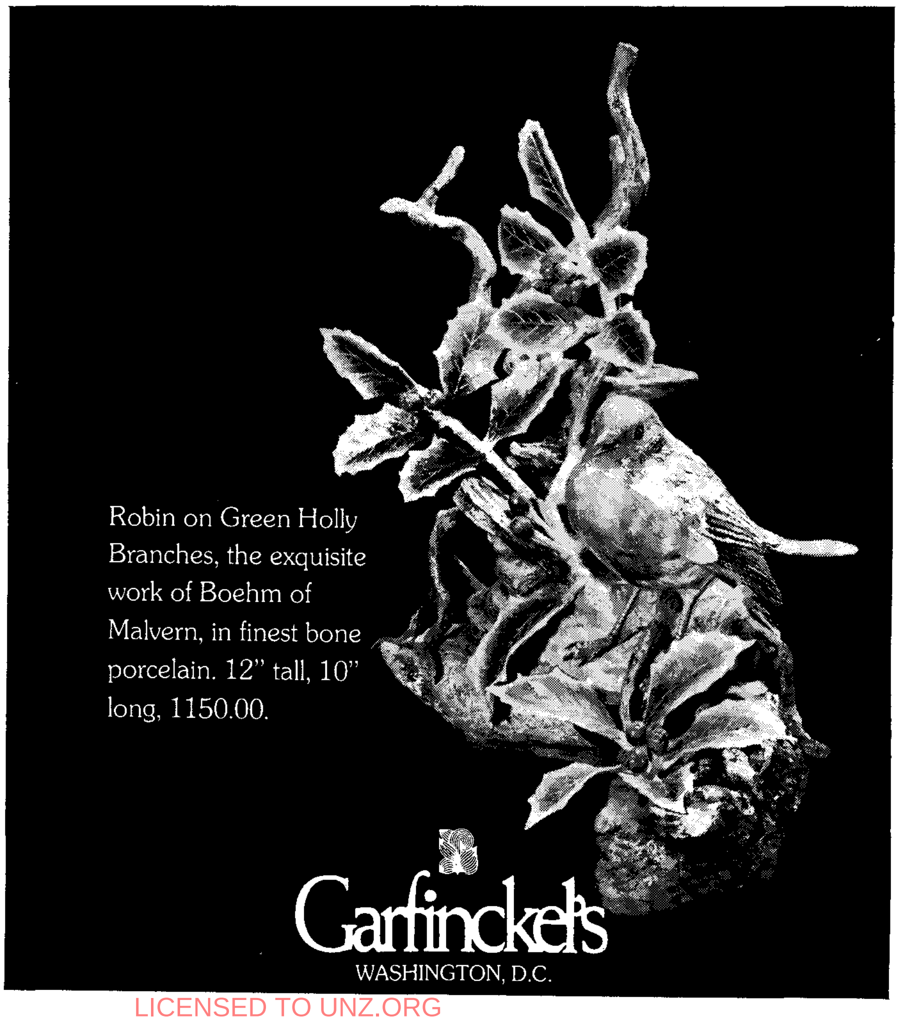
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who had studied in America and had recently returned to work for the Foreign Affairs Committee of the National Assembly. "We've barely begun to ask ourselves the question 'Who are we, really?'" he said. "What are our tastes? What kind of clothes do we want to wear? How do we greet and deal with people?" Young Kim himself has sought to find his roots in the past while playing a role in the present. "When I returned from the States, I found myself becoming interested in things that my father's generation had neglected," he said. "My great-grandfather was an official of the Yi Dynasty, which preceded the Japanese takeover. The politics of his time were brutish, and he was thrown out. He found peace of mind in a mountain village, writing poetry and practicing calligraphy. My grandfather at first led a frugal literary life during the Japanese time, when Korea began to be semi-modernized and money became important. He studied Chinese classics, but finally built a brewery, to make money. His son, my father, studied surgery and became interested in the independence movement. He was imprisoned by the Japanese, but ended up in the National Assembly after the Second World War. Under his influence, I went to America to learn English and get a degree. When I came back, I felt lost. I went to the country, to where my grandfather had lived, and there I found all sorts of beautiful things—furniture, pottery, paintings—rotting away in a barn. I brought these back to Seoul, and now I have them in my home. They're part of the Korean heritage I have to rediscover if I'm going to be able to come to terms with modernization."

THE fact that, notwithstanding some traditional Buddhist values and more recent Christian influence, there is a basic spiritual void helps explain both a mood of malaise amid impressive prosperity and the pervasion of military influence throughout the national life. President Park's firm sense of leadership and his personal emphasis on austerity set the national tone. Everything that is done emanates from Chong Wa Dae, or the Blue House (named after a peculiar bluish type of Korean tile), in central Seoul, where Park lives and works. He and his small entourage of active or retired military men, though they allow the politicians to have a voice, rule the country through the bureaucracy. As a sop to the intellectuals, Park has brought a number of academic specialists on such

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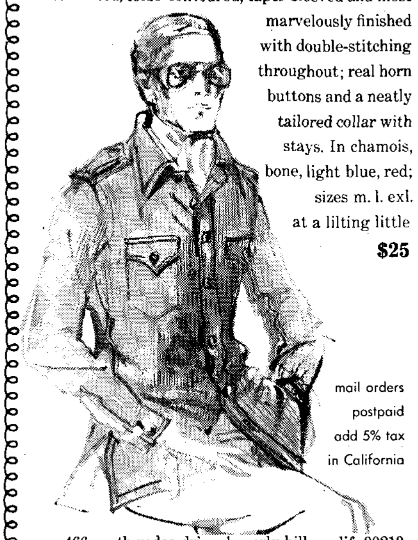

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things as community development and international affairs into the Blue House, but above them sit the true architects of power, the members of what is called the Presidential Secretariat, whose status symbol is a dark suit and an open-collared white shirt, and who report directly to the President.

The system works; in fact, it works so well that it often seems boring. Everyone is very polite and is eager to show off the workings of the governmental mechanism—up to a point. Beyond that point, where the stresses and strains may begin, no outsider can penetrate. However, in the event of serious domestic trouble, the military—specifically, the leaders of the five-hundred-thousand-man Army—would still in all likelihood take action on their own against the present system and on behalf of "the people." That is what Park himself did on May 16, 1961, when, as a major general, he seized power from the well-intentioned but inefficient and chaotic regime of Premier John M. Chang, who had taken over when President Syngman Rhee was forced out of office in April, 1960.

Park, the son of a poor peasant family in the southern part of South Korea, was forty-three years old at the time of the coup. He had attended normal school and then, under the Japanese, the Manchukuo Military Academy ("Manchukuo" is what the Japanese call Manchuria), after which he was admitted to the highly regarded Japanese Imperial Military Academy in Tokyo. As a youth, before he went to Manchuria, he and an older brother were associated with left-wing elements seeking independence from the Japanese, and when he returned to Manchuria in 1944, though he had been subjected to intensive anti-Communist indoctrination in Japan and was now a first lieutenant in the Japanese Army, left-wing groups again attempted to contact him. After V-J Day, when Korea was partitioned between American and Soviet occupation forces, there were a couple of abortive left-wing uprisings in the South, which were mainly put down by Korean police, backed by the Americans. Park's older brother, who had a more direct associa-

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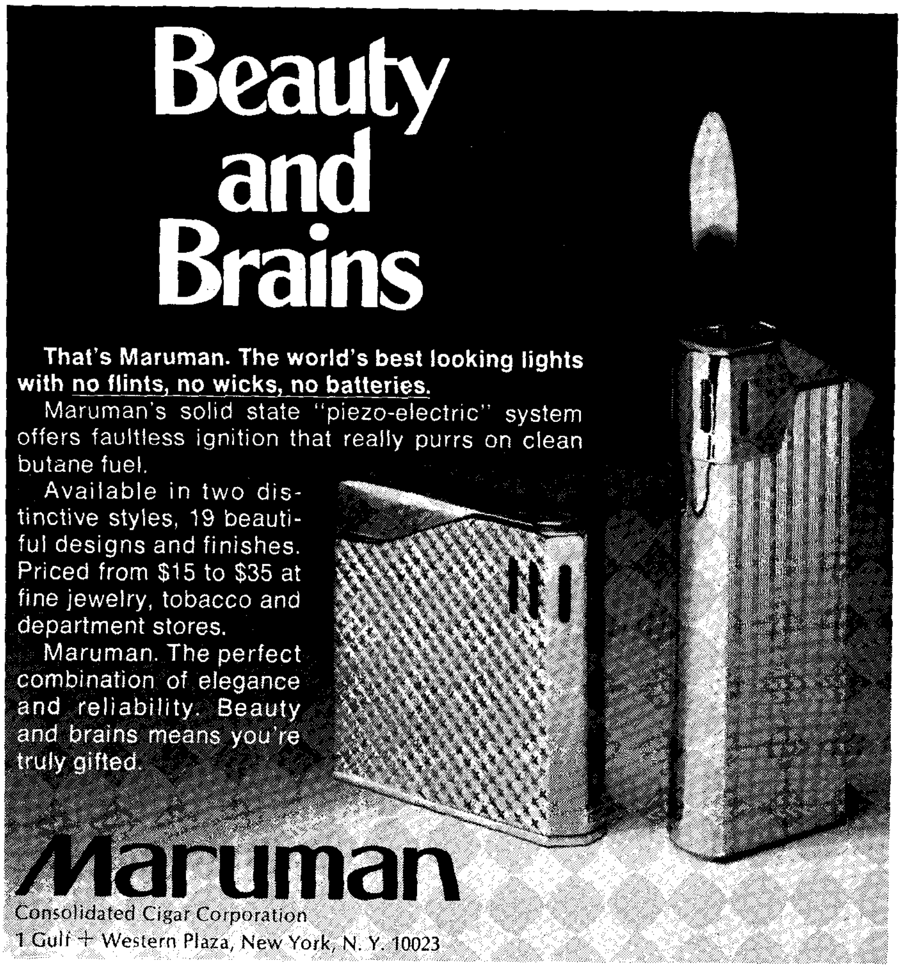
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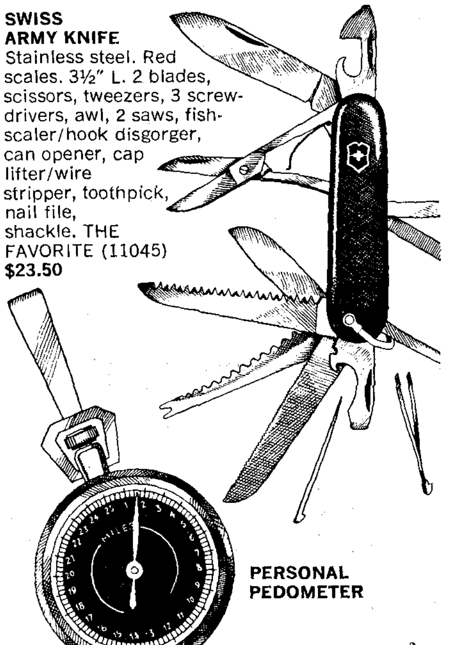

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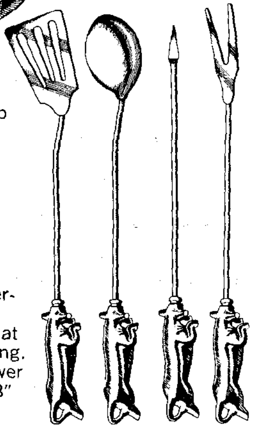

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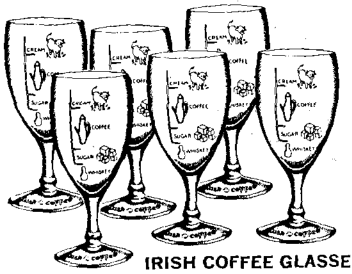

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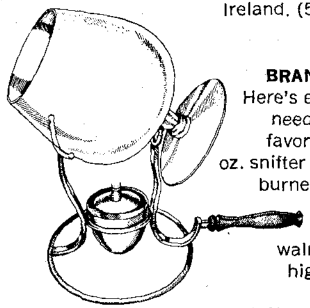

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tion with the Communists, was killed during a 1946 rebellion in Taegu. During the Yosu Rebellion, in October, 1948, which was also led by members of the left wing, Park was arrested, convicted, and sentenced to death. He soon sent word to officers of the Korean Army that if he was set free he would identify the leaders of the Yosu Rebellion. He was thereupon let out of jail, and joined search parties tracking down and killing or arresting the rebels. For about a year, he worked as a civilian intelligence officer, and then, after the outbreak of the Korean war, in 1950, he returned to military status as a captain in Army Intelligence. Because of his early left-wing activity, Park's political enemies have always tried to link him with the Communists—they made another attempt last year, when the North-South reunification dialogue began—but such rumors have been totally discredited.

Between 1950 and the 1961 coup, Park was transferred approximately twenty-five times, and remained, as one historian has noted, "outside of the *main political traffic in the Army*." Though he eventually attained the status of a general officer, his resentment against the faction-ridden military establishment undoubtedly helped rekindle his revolutionary energies. According to Professor Kim Se Jin, of North Carolina Central University, Park always had a rural outlook—he described urban life as "rotten" and "filthy"—and today he looks upon himself as a farmer-leader. He was, however, a member of what Professor Kim calls "the *new* breed of scientifically oriented officers," having undergone special artillery training in the United States as well as in Japan, and was therefore "thoroughly aware of the supremacy of technology in the modern world." Professor Kim has written further that Park "belongs to the old and almost Prussian school of thought, which values administrative efficiency above *individual* freedom or popular representation." When the two hundred and fifty or so officers who organized the 1961 coup led by Kim Jong Pil chose a leader, Park seemed the logical man, as the senior officer among them and a genuine nationalist who could unify the many participants. The coup leaders pledged to turn over power as soon as possible to "new and conscientious politicians," but, following the passage in 1962 of a new constitution, which prescribed a strong form of *Presidential rule, Park himself, after* a vast amount of political infighting, became the candidate of the Demo-

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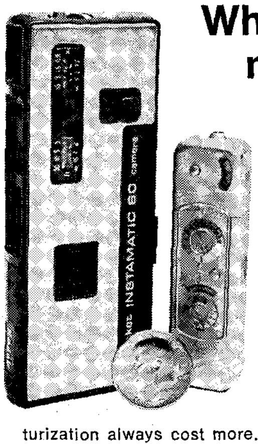

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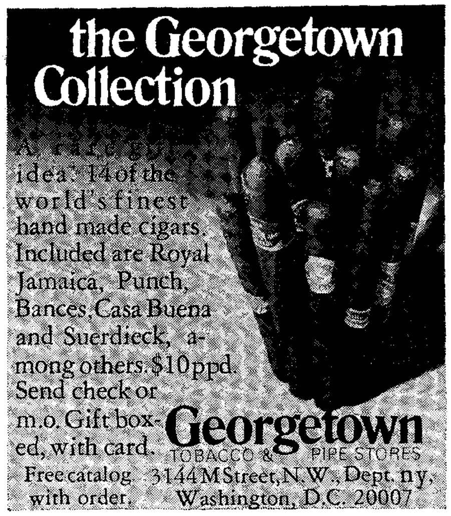

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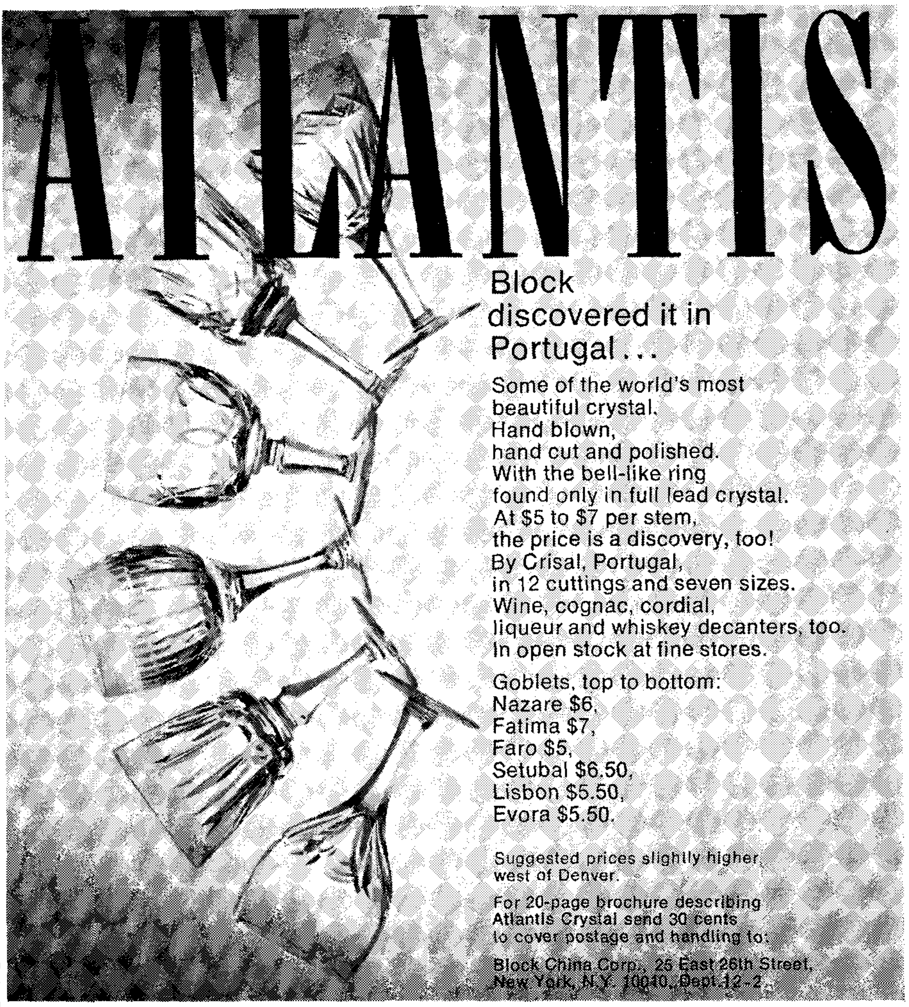
cratic Republican Party that Kim Jong Pil had created. In a surprisingly free election in October, 1963, Park defeated former President Yun Po Sun (who had entered office under the Chang regime) by only a hundred and eighty-one thousand votes out of eleven million cast.

Professor Rupert Emerson, of Harvard University, who had been the principal consultant on the drawing up of the 1962 constitution, warned Park the following year in a letter to the New York *Times* that the closeness of the vote showed that most South Koreans harbored "suspicion and hostility" toward the military, and he added that "civil liberties must be scrupulously safeguarded if the popular will is to make itself effective and if the people are to be given a sense of participation in their government." Today, as recent developments emphasize, such a sense of participation is still lacking. It is impossible to conceal from the populace that Park's principal aides are old military comrades, or that his principal instruments are the Secretariat and the South Korean C.I.A. The ubiquitous role of the latter is both a hangover from the days of Japanese occupation, when the police were more powerful than the Army, and a manifestation of Park's mistrust of Western-style democracy. Much as he has benefitted from American economic and military support, this mistrust has increased of late, as a result of the Nixon Doctrine and of anticipated further withdrawals of United States servicemen in Korea, who now number about forty thousand. "Park was prepared for a change of policy," one American in Korea said to me, "but he wanted to tell us when to go instead of having us tell him when we were leaving."

Though President Park has taken some steps in the past two years to attack corruption, which is pervasive, he has scarcely touched any big shots who belong to or coöperate with the regime, or at least pay it off. When I was in Seoul, a bribery scandal involving military contracts and draft exemptions led to the arrest of several high-ranking officers and the imposition of the death penalty on one general, and this has probably been the biggest case of *disclosed* graft so far; the real manipulators of money and power, including officials and rich businessmen as well as leading politicians of both parties, have been left alone.

It may be, as some American scholars have speculated, that in developing nations the only alternative to genuine social revolution is a series of supposed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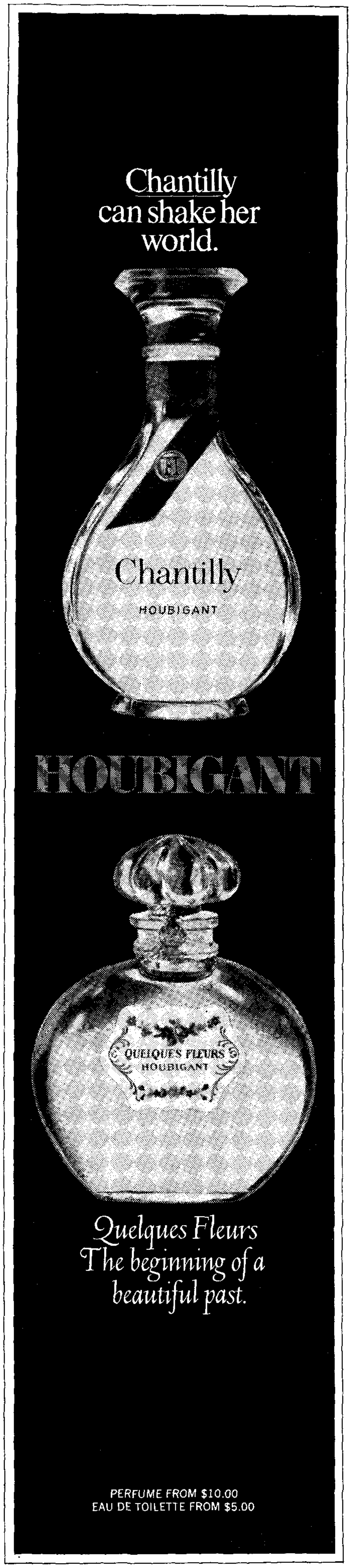
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"reform coups" that can be both anti-Socialist and anti-Communist and whose leaders believe in "progress" through modernization rather than through significant political and social change. The Park regime, being essentially apolitical, if not antipolitical, has sustained itself so far, but it is now suffering from having been in power so long, and it could still face serious trouble if it fails to meet imminent challenges. The chief problems are the economic ones—most notably corruption—brought on by too rapid and diffuse a growth, and the most important challenge is the one that Park is shakiest and least confident about: the talks with the North on reunification. Though some observers believe Park initiated the talks primarily because of the projected American withdrawal, it appears that the shifting of power relationships throughout Northern Asia made such a step inevitable.

IN the course of long conversations I had, before the imposition of martial law, with two of the most important political-opposition leaders—Kim Dae Jung, the man who narrowly lost to Park in last year's Presidential race, and Kim Yong Sam, who came close to being chosen as the New Democratic Party candidate before Kim Dae Jung was named—both men not only revealed their own feelings about the authoritarian aspects of the Park regime but expressed what I took to be broad public sentiment. Both spoke out emphatically against the continuance of the national-emergency laws, and expressed fears—which proved justified—of even harsher measures. Kim Yong Sam said, "There must be an effective, unmolested political opposition and unrestricted press and student activity. If these are suppressed, the people will ask what the difference is between a dictatorship of the right and a dictatorship of the left. They will also ask why we wasted hundreds of thousands of lives in the Korean war. The present laws prevent us from saying to the North Koreans and the rest of the world that our system is superior to theirs."

Kim Dae Jung went further. He repeated an accusation he had made during the election campaign—that President Park had "stolen" the idea for promoting a reunification dialogue from him—and charged Park with having failed to obtain a firm pledge from the North Koreans that they would not again invade the South. He also said that the government was "misusing" the July 4th communiqué

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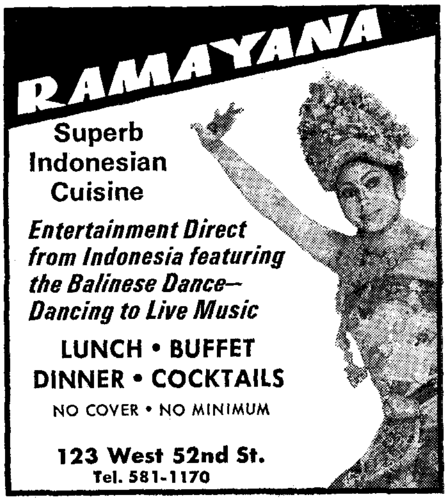
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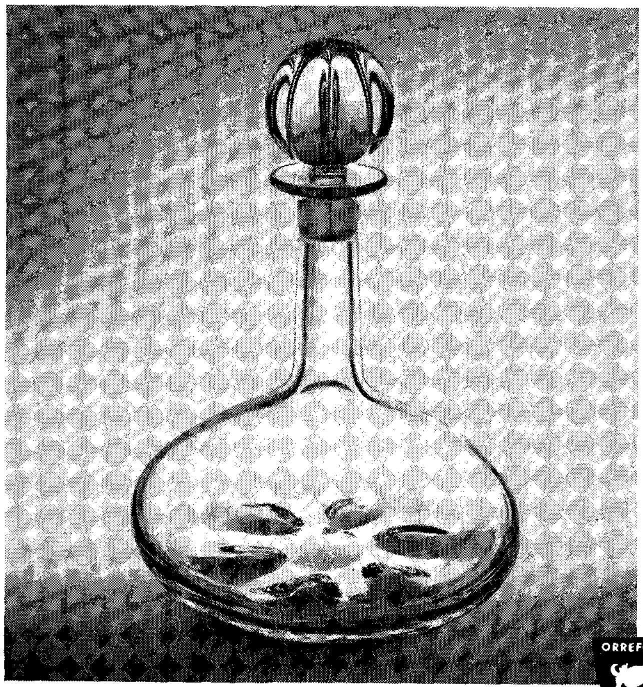
"to strengthen its dictatorial rule and power." He added that discontent and restiveness were widespread. If there were no reform and no relaxation of the emergency measures, social unrest would "burst forth," he predicted, and he went on, "That could lead to Communist intervention or to another military coup."

Kim Yong Sam, too, predicted an "explosion," because, he said, "the people will not remain passive and subservient and look the other way forever, despite the fact that the government has cleverly divided those it wishes to repress from those who don't care." He cited acts of terrorism against leading opponents of the regime, including himself; several years ago, he said, three men tried to stop his moving car and broke a bottle of acid against it. Kim Dae Jung, too, noted a number of attempts at intimidation, including an effort during the election campaign to sideswipe and smash his car. He was still watched wherever he went, even within his house, he said, and two of his private secretaries had been arrested and were in jail. "To be a leader of the opposition here is to be ready to give one's life," Kim Yong Sam said. "I am ready."

As nearly as I could find out, their stories about having suffered narrow escapes were true, and there was no doubt about their allegations concerning restrictions on their freedom. During my stay in Seoul, for example, Kim Dae Jung gave an impassioned speech on reunification, the national-emergency laws, and other issues. He was permitted to speak openly at an N.D.P. dinner in a hotel, but several South Korean C.I.A. agents were very visibly in attendance, and the papers the next morning carried only small, one-paragraph stories on the event. Strangely, despite the strong liberal convictions that both men expressed to me, the orientation of most of their party's members is essentially just as conservative as that of the government party. In fact, I was told that, as far as money goes—and in South Korea it goes all the way—businessmen and newspaper publishers regularly contribute to the treasuries of both parties and also to individual members of both. This is all part of the heavy patronage system, and it helps explain why Park has been able to rule—so far, at least—smoothly and efficiently. "The gap between rich and poor exists, of course, but what really counts is that there are no people eating bark," one American commented. "The rich get richer, but, for the most part, the poor are also doing



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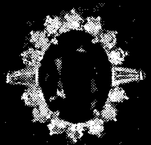

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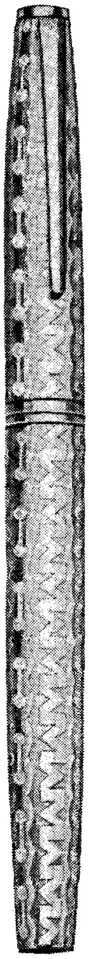
better, and so are those in the middle."

After almost two decades of remarkable growth (the annual economic growth rate reached an astonishing 15.9 per cent in 1969), the country is now in what is described as a period of "cooling off," with the rate of growth in 1971 down to slightly more than ten per cent—still one of the highest in the world. (The United States rate runs between four and five per cent annually.) Overexpansion, overborrowing, poor management, rising prices, and overdependence on foreign raw materials have all been major factors in the comparative recession that has taken place in the past year, and two successive devaluations of the *won*, linked with revaluations of the dollar and Japanese yen, have helped to make things difficult—as has the decline of American influence and support.

The shock of readjustment has been psychological as well as economic, and though the government has taken many useful steps, it still lacks sufficient awareness of the needs of ordinary people. The phenomenal development of modern Seoul—now the eleventh-largest city in the world—has brought not only vast economic benefits but also poverty and many problems, including those endemic to overpopulated and overactive cities, such as air, water, and noise pollution. The contrasts visible in Seoul are manifold. It has ten golf courses, modern freeways, an almost completed new subway line, and such an abundance of modern office buildings and banks, to say nothing of factories and stores and shopping arcades, that a day in the downtown part of the capital and a trip through the city and along its outskirts leave the visitor breathless in more ways than one. But in the course of admiring all the signs of economic growth and modern improvement one cannot help being struck by the shacks and slums, which, according to some estimates, are the homes of at least a sixth of the city's population, or a million people, and by the sight of those without any homes at all, sleeping at night on the streets, in momentarily dry open sewers, or in pedestrian tunnels beneath busy intersections. Some of the city's sights are pleasant, among them the charming traditional L-shaped family houses in garden clusters, like small villages, amid blocks of tall new buildings, and three old royal palaces, which have been preserved in spacious parks; some are incongruous, such as the sight of men and women trudging through the streets carrying almost anything on traditional A-shaped wooden frames attached to their backs



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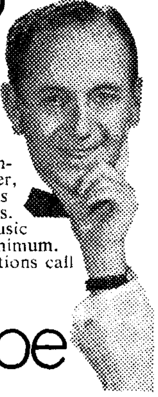

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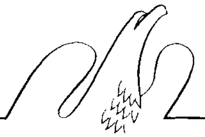
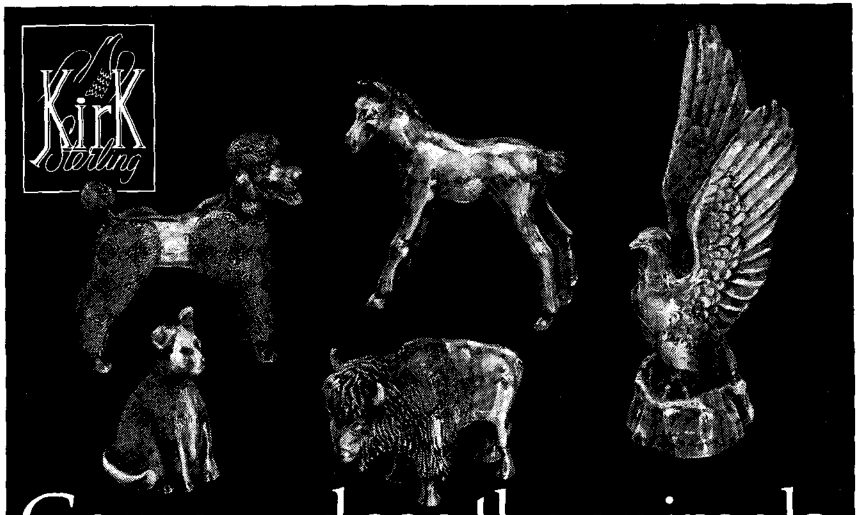
while shiny new sedans and modern sports cars swoop past them. Hidden by the glitter of neon and by other symbols of the affluence that the money economy has created are sweatshops as bad as any that were once to be found on the lower East Side of New York.

PARTLY, if not mainly, because of the new North-South dialogue, and the desire of the government to show itself and its system in as good a light as possible, there have been reports recently of plans to introduce reforms involving health insurance, minimum-wage legislation, and more free schooling, but the imposition of martial law could delay such reforms. The idea for such measures is said to have come from a trip that President Park made to Masan—a city west of Pusan—where the working conditions, he said, scandalized him. To date, Premier Kim Jong Pil has taken more interest in labor than any other member of the government hierarchy. Last May, he gave a dinner for union members at his house and spent the evening listening to their grievances, which were numerous, and later he made available, at a nominal rent, a building in a fine part of town for the Federation of Korean Trade Unions, which numbers about half a million members. Wages in South Korea are extremely uneven, but the scanty statistics available show that the average skilled male worker earns about twenty to forty thousand *won*, or fifty to a hundred dollars, a month, and that earnings for unskilled labor and clerical work are quite a bit lower. There is considerable moonlighting of one kind or another among laborers and civil servants, since the average urban family of four needs from thirty-seven thousand to forty thousand *won* a month to cover living expenses; to live in reasonable comfort, a family needs about four times that. An increasing number of girls from middle-class families now go to work in offices or shops, and poor girls work in the textile sweatshops under such bad conditions that many of them contract tuberculosis or other diseases. Girls generally work for two or three years to help with expenses at home and amass a small dowry.

As for the labor movement as a whole, one American described it as "tame," meaning that unions are permitted to make "reasonable" economic demands, which are seldom fully granted, but not to play any political role, except when the government urges them into some specific political action for its own purposes. South Korean





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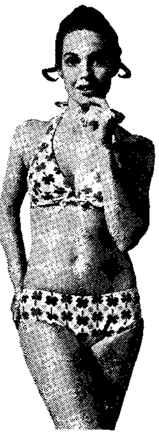

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businessmen have been so strenuously intent on keeping the wheels turning and the profits rising that they have had to grant significant wage increases over the past four years in response to competitive labor conditions. However, management abuses, especially poor working conditions and a lack of firm contracts and of such benefits as personal-injury insurance and pensions, are still the rule rather than the exception. Despite labor's general passivity, there have been some strikes and demonstrations, but in recent years the police have usually kept them under careful control. If economic conditions get worse, however, or if they improve but the workers do not receive a better deal, or if labor is further restricted by the national-emergency measures, some sort of violent reaction is perfectly possible, no matter how many controls Park imposes.

Under South Korea's Third Five-Year Economic Development Plan, covering the years 1972 through 1976, the principal aims are to seek "stabilization and . . . a self-sustaining economic structure," with the emphasis on helping farmers and fishermen and others in the low-income brackets. The projected annual economic growth rate is 8.6 per cent, and yearly commodity exports amounting to three and a half billion dollars are anticipated. An idea of how rapidly South Korea has advanced since the end of the Korean war can be seen in the commodity-export figures alone: in 1956, exports amounted to about twenty-five million. South Korea, which has few natural resources, then had no electric power to speak of, and was suffering from inflation and total dislocation of manpower. American military and economic aid saved the day—in fiscal 1960, for example, it came to more than four hundred million dollars—and the expectation was that, at best, South Korea would slowly evolve over a period of decades from an agricultural nation into a minor industrial one. No one—certainly not the South Koreans themselves—anticipated the degree to which manufacturing would flourish. When the Americans financed two thirty-million-dollar fertilizer plants, some doubts were expressed in Washington about the South Koreans' ability to utilize such facilities; in three years, they were running beyond specified capacity. Roads, railroads, and power plants were quickly built, and so were textile, cement, and machinery factories, and though the over-all objectives of the first two Five-Year Plans, extending from 1962 through 1971, were to lay

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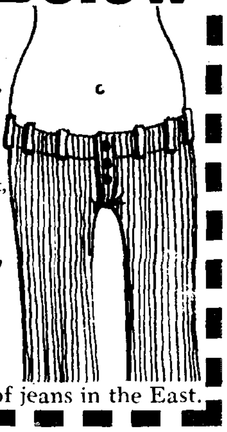
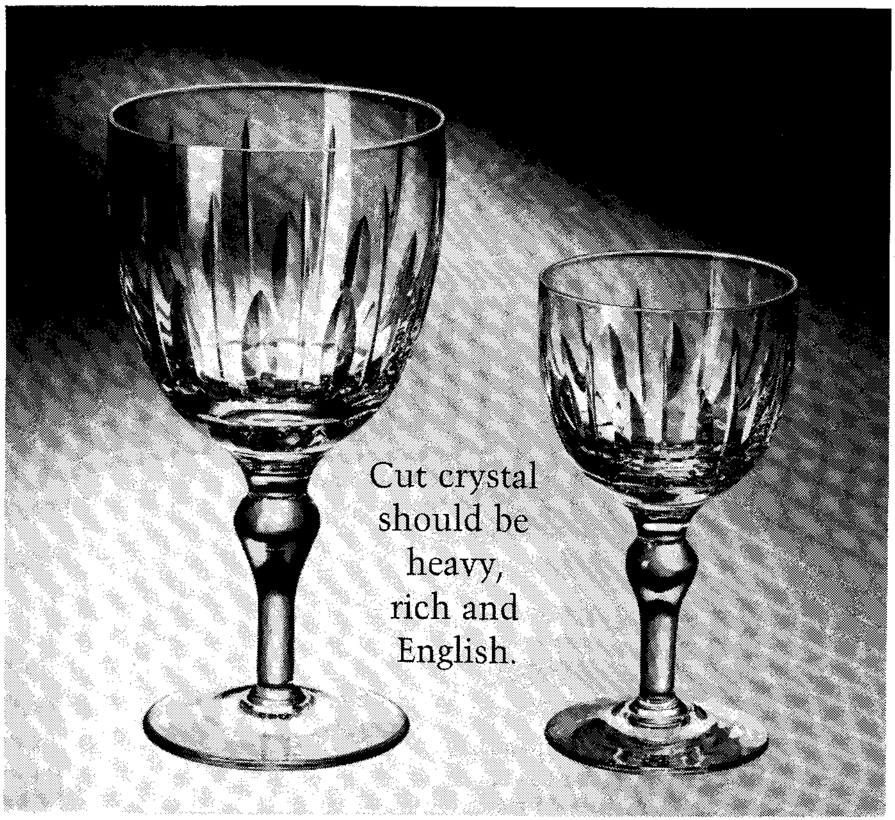


the basis for industrialization, commodity exports in 1971 amounted to a billion three hundred and fifty million dollars. There was a rush to import raw materials, such as logs from Borneo, which were made into plywood, and in addition machine parts were brought from abroad to be assembled. Though the Americans applauded the South Koreans' zeal and ability, many felt that things were moving too fast—that despite the fact that the annual per-capita gross national product rose from ninety-five dollars in 1961 to two hundred and fifty-three dollars in 1971, domestic social and economic growth was being neglected.

Toward the end of the Second Five-Year Plan period, the Koreans themselves became aware of trouble—caused by overinvestment, too rapid expansion of credit, too many foreign raw-material purchases, and too many marginal operations, among other things. Serious balance-of-trade and balance-of-payments problems loomed, and inflation gained. Steps were taken to cool things off—for instance, the borrowing of foreign money and the purchase of foreign raw materials were cut down—and now the economy is running at a more even pace, with the balance-of-payments figures showing a decided improvement in the past six months. The government is helping to refinance marginal businesses, is improving the quality of textile exports instead of just producing more goods (they are now subject to foreign quotas, primarily American, anyway), and is diversifying its industry, both for export purposes and for domestic consumption—notably by starting a vast new iron-and-steel complex, new petrochemical and fertilizer plants, automobile assembly plants and electronics factories, and a big shipbuilding yard, which will soon produce large oceangoing freighters as well as inland and coastal vessels.

Some foreign economists feel that there is still overinvestment—especially by the Japanese, who have put well over a billion dollars into South Korean factories and firms—which could lead to bankruptcies, with the Japanese then picking up the pieces. "A sort of recolonization of Korea could thereby occur," one American has warned. But most foreign students of the economy are guardedly optimistic. A recent report based on a survey by the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development generally praised the Third Five-Year Plan for its objective of moving ahead at "a somewhat slower pace" but expressed concern about



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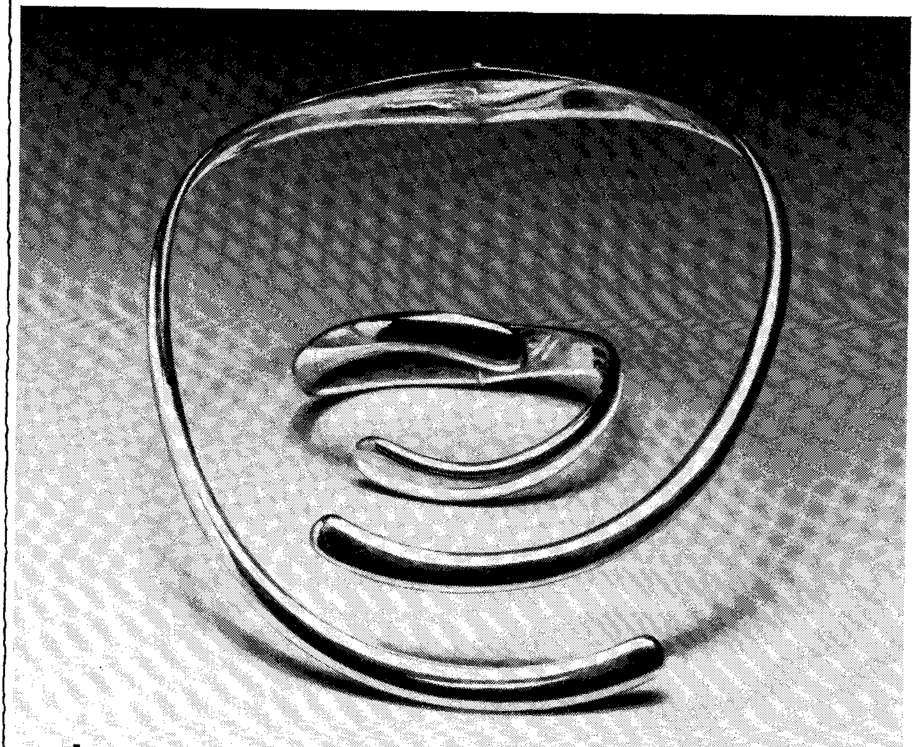

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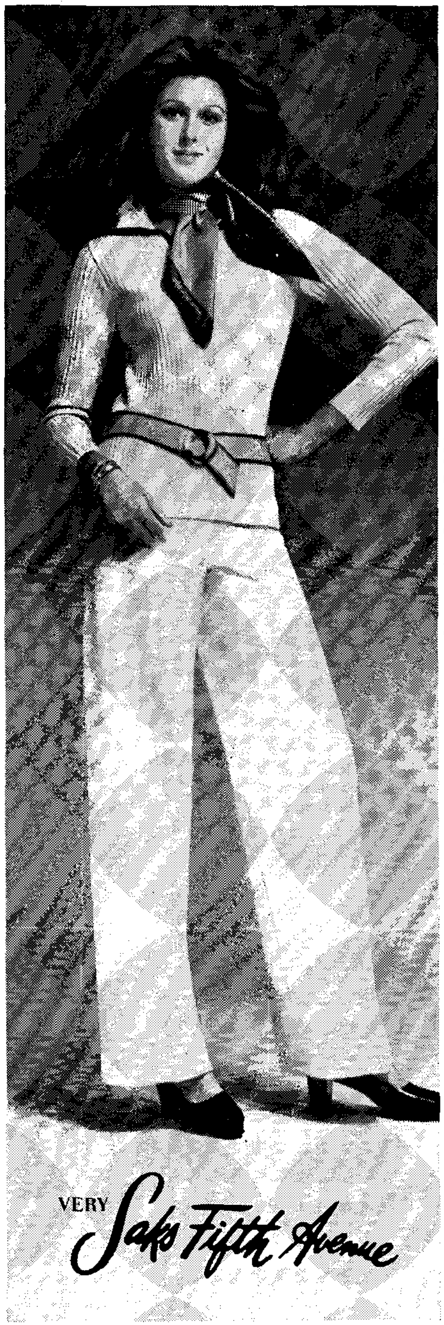

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the continuing inflation (since the *won* was devalued in June, 1971, prices have risen eighteen per cent), noting that such a rate does not encourage "a more stable climate for expansion of private investment," and "militates against the longer-term objective of promoting agricultural development."

THE Third Five-Year Economic Development Plan seeks to raise the agricultural growth rate by four and a half per cent, and rural development is being given a further boost by the New Community Movement, a combined economic and "spiritual" scheme to raise living standards and improve the appearance of South Korea's thirty-three thousand villages. The movement, which has President Park's special blessing, uses government incentives to get the farmers and fishermen to undertake self-help projects. A total of five billion dollars has been allocated to encourage deserving farmers and fishermen to "learn the wisdom to help themselves and coöperate with each other to create self-supporting communities," in Park's words. Aimed partly at reversing the population flow to the cities (in the last decade, the rural population has declined from fifty-six per cent to forty-six), the program got under way on a trial basis in October, 1970, when the government gave every village a shipment of cement. Villages that were adjudged to have used the cement wisely—to build or repair such things as wells, sewage systems, laundries, and roads—and that organized local committees for further self-improvement projects were selected for additional government help. These were only about half the total, but villages that had failed to pass the initial test were allowed to join the movement voluntarily. Altogether, about two million households are now involved, and nearly a hundred and fifty thousand projects have been completed. Ministry of Home Affairs officials in green hats and field jackets can be seen scurrying around the countryside supervising the village projects, but it is the villagers themselves, through their own committees, who are supposed to do the work and initiate further improvements. A similar program was introduced in 1961 but failed, because, the government says, it lacked the proper "spiritual impetus." This time, Park himself is providing the spiritual impetus, and the program has obvious political momentum, but both the political opposition and some independent critics, though they admit that it has achieved some substantial results, re-

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gard it as primarily a gimmick for helping keep Park in power. An American official described it as having "a comic-opera touch" in its excessive number of slogans, but he, too, thought it was having some effect. "Not all the farmers who join the movement like it," he said, "and there have been some complaints about its taking them away from their planting and plowing, but the fact that Park is so solidly behind it—he keeps reminding everyone that he's a farm boy himself—really counts. When Park wants something, he usually gets it. There's also a lot of national pride involved, and some xenophobia, too. The Koreans are more and more feeling themselves isolated, and are looking toward the Third World."

The New Community Movement has gathered speed in the past year. Whatever his critics may have said about there being no need for the national-emergency laws—or for martial law—and about other aspects of his increasingly closed society, Park obviously feels that the village program makes South Korea a showcase of opportunity compared to the even more tightly run dictatorship in the North. In what, despite the new atmosphere of détente, remains a contest for control of the entire Korean peninsula, Park Chung Hee and Kim Il Sung are aware that their competing governments will be put to a long test. If Northern and Southern families do eventually start visiting each other's villages under relatively free conditions, their reactions will be worth watching, for it is the Korean people themselves who will ultimately have to determine whether, after all these years of separation and bitterness, they can come together again. At the moment, reunification is a distant goal, and even the Red Cross talks on exchanging mail and arranging personal visits have got off to a slow start, but the overridingly hopeful aspect of the process is that it *has* begun. The Koreans, who are such fierce fighters in war, may eventually prove that they can be among the builders of a durable peace in Asia, if only the major powers that have messed up their lives for so long will leave them alone. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes originally appeared in this magazine.)

The Summer Game, by Roger Angell (*Viking, $7.50*).

The summer game is baseball, and this book is a set of dispatches on spring training and on regular games and on various World Series over the past ten years. One of the events of those ten years, of course, was the rise of the Mets, from their butterfingered beginnings at the Polo Grounds to that triumph in the Series at Shea Stadium. But that, in a way, is only part of the book. The idiosyncrasies of the players, the greed of the owners, the distortions of television, the pressures of fame, the diversions of the box score—all these come before Mr. Angell's eye and serve to furnish what he calls the Interior Stadium.

Evil Eye, by Natacha Stewart (*Houghton Mifflin, $5.95*).

A pianist and his entourage at home in France and later at Carnegie Hall, children at a beach, an old Russian émigrée in Paris, a schoolgirl in New York whose roots are deep in Russia are just a few of the characters in these nine short stories, most of which are shot through with a streak of wonder.

Ecstasy at the Onion, by Whitney Balliett (*Bobbs-Merrill, $6.95*).

Mr. Balliett continues to bring us news of jazz and of the musicians who play it. This collection contains reports on Duke Ellington at the Rainbow Grill and at the White House for his seventieth-birthday party; Profiles of Ray Charles, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Red Norvo, and Bobby Short, among others; and accounts of jazz festivals all over the map. The Onion is the Red Onion, a night club in Aspen, Colorado.

Paris Was Yesterday, by Janet Flanner (*Viking, $8.50*).

This selection of excerpts from Miss Flanner's early Letters from Paris to this magazine (1925-39) is both companion and foundation to her two volumes of later dispatches, and, like them, is a record of politics and society and the arts. It is, as well, a record of endings (Claude Monet, 1840-1926; Isadora Duncan, 1878-1927; Marie Curie, 1867-1934) and of beginnings—e.g., 1931: "The popular detective story . . . has suddenly developed a new local vogue and a new writer: M. Georges Sim, who at the age of twenty-eight has already written two hundred and eighty yarns. He . . . has used sixteen pseudonyms, of which Simenon . . . will probably become permanent."

The Optimist's Daughter, by Eudora Welty (*Random House, $5.95*).

The event that spins the plot of this novel is a death (of the old optimist) in a hospital in New Orleans. The subsequent action takes place in a large house in Mount Salus, Mississippi, where the past constantly encroaches upon the present, where the often perplexed gentry must deal as best they can with rackety upstarts, and where goodness and wickedness and a whole spectrum of feelings assume social disguises of unimaginable complexity. It should be unnecessary to inform Miss Welty's readers that her story extends way beyond its apparent boundaries or that her chatty characters—gentry and upstarts alike—do most of the telling.

A Window on Russia, by Edmund Wilson (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.95*).

A posthumous collection of critical essays written over the past thirty years, in which the great critical essayist examines the life and works of a number of Russian masters as if he had just discovered them. In a sense, he had. Mr. Wilson learned Russian when in his forties, and at one point he describes these essays as "first impressions of the Russian classics." He never lacked the courage of his impressions and discoveries: "This lower-class man who is on the make is the central figure in Chekhov."

Medina, by Mary McCarthy (*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $2.45*).

A report on the court-martial of Captain Ernest L. Medina for his part in the My Lai massacre—a trial that ended in an acquittal. Miss McCarthy has added to her account of the case some observations on related matters.

The Time Element, by John O'Hara (*Random House, $6.95*).

Thirty-four short stories that have never been collected before. Most of them were written in the nineteen-forties, during the late Mr. O'Hara's most active short-story-writing days, and all of them show a master at the top of his form.

Hawaii: The Sugar-Coated Fortress, by Francine du Plessix Gray (*Random House, $5.95*).

Mrs. Gray removes the frosting bit by bit as she relates the history of our fiftieth state, from the arrival there of Captain Cook in 1778 through the subsequent arrivals of, among other tourists, Christian missionaries, whose descendants became tycoons; Chinese and Japanese laborers, who became merchants and legislators; and the American military, who have used this "most isolated archipelago in the world" as a base for rest and recreation and have also made it the Pentagon of the Pacific. Reporting on present-day Hawaii, she cites the advantages and the disadvantages of its society of many races, but she is ever the champion of the unhyphenated Hawaiian, who has had a bad deal from all the rest.

The De-definition of Art, by Harold Rosenberg (*Horizon, $10*).

Mr. Rosenberg, refusing to preside over the total disintegration of art, continues to guide his readers through some of its recent manifestations and its thorny, tongue-spraining terminology, separating the chaff from the chaff and paying tribute to modern masters and their progenitors as he goes.

Museums and Women, by John Updike (*Knopf, $6.95*).

Twenty-nine stories about museums and women and fathers and daughters and husbands and mistresses and churches and farewells and a civil-rights march in Boston, most of which are concerned, either directly or tangentially, with the discovery or the pursuit of love and with its aftermath.

We Must Run While They Walk, by William Edgett Smith (*Random House, $7.95*).

A Profile of the heroic Julius Kambarage Nyerere, first President of the United Republic of Tanzania, who is an African chieftain's son by birth and a Pan-African by passionate conviction. On the side, the book is a history of his native country, Tanganyika, through its independence from Britain in 1961 to its merger with Zanzibar in 1964, and of the various domestic and foreign crises that have beset Tanzania as it has walked a tightrope between China and the Western powers.

Winter Trees, by Sylvia Plath (*Harper & Row, $5.95*).

This is the final collection of Miss Plath's poems. All of them are direct and vivid and personal, and all of them were written during the last few months of her life.

Fire in the Lake, by Frances FitzGerald (*Atlantic-Little, Brown, $12.50*).

"Since 1954—indeed, since 1947, with the American sponsorship of the French war in Indo-China—the United States has had only one concern, and that was the war to destroy the revolutionary movement. It has not won that war, and it has not destroyed the revolution, but it has changed Vietnam to the point where it is unrecognizable to the Vietnamese." Thus the argument of this book. Miss FitzGerald here combines a political and social history of Vietnam with an analysis of its subtle, convoluted culture, and adds a first-hand account of the destruction brought by the war. She ends with some hope for the country's resilient people once our troops have pulled out.

Without a Stitch in Time, by Peter De Vries (*Little, Brown, $8.95*).

A selection of forty-six short stories and humorous pieces from among all those that Mr. De Vries, at the behest of his frisky muse, has written over the past thirty years or so.

The Sticks, by Burton Bernstein (*Dodd, Mead, $5.95*).

A report—historical, geographical, social, and ethnic—on Essex County, which was formerly a flourishing region of this state, rich in natural resources and resourceful citizens, and was officially declared an economic disaster area in 1961. Mr. Bernstein, himself a sometime resident of these sticks, has based much of his book on conversations with the locals about the good old days and the sad new ones.

People in a Diary, by S. N. Behrman (*Little, Brown, $10*).

Mr. Behrman has been keeping a journal all his life, and these memoirs are based upon it. They constitute a record of his early struggles as a dramatist and of his first hit ("The Second Man," starring Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt), of his years of successful playwriting here and scriptwriting in California, and of his many excursions overseas as vacationer or journalist. The book is primarily a tale of three cities—New York, Hollywood, and London—and an affectionate salute to the many friends he made in each of them.

The Dead of the House, by Hannah Green (*Doubleday, $5.95*).

The dead of Miss Green's novel are ancestors, who were pioneers in Canada, New England, and the wilderness of northern Michigan; the quick are their descendants in a couple of houses in Ohio; and the link between quick and dead is a grandfather, whose reminiscences are here set down by his attentive granddaughter. This book about family love and family pride (and family abrasions) is composed of three long stories, each of them taking place at a different stage in the granddaughter's life as she grows from childhood to maturity.

Wimbledon, by John McPhee and Alfred Eisenstaedt (*Viking, $14.95*).

This celebration in words (McPhee) and photographs (Eisenstaedt) of tennis and its Camelot includes Mr. McPhee's Profile of Robert Twynam, keeper of the lawns.

Asbestos and Enzymes, by Paul Brodeur (*Ballantine, $1.25*).

The dust of asbestos—a magic mineral to the ancients—is now known to be a prime cause of lung cancer. Enzymes in laundry detergents often have a toxic effect on people with allergies of one kind or another. Mr. Brodeur here dissects these two environmental blights and speaks his mind about the efforts of captains of industry to pretend that they don't exist. René Dubos, of Rockefeller University, has written an introduction.

Stories and True Stories, by Francis Steegmuller (*Atlantic-Little, Brown, $7.95*).

A collection of short fiction and factual reports whose diverse backgrounds reveal an author always on the move. The reports include an account of Stravinsky's funeral in Venice and a conversation with an old trapeze artist—once a friend of Jean Cocteau's—in a coffee shop in Austin, Texas.

Daddyji, by Ved Mehta (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95*).

A biography of Mehta *père* by Mehta *fils.* Amolak Ram Mehta is a cultivated, worldly Indian doctor and public-health official who was born in a mud hut in a country village in the Punjab. Ved Mehta combines detachment with an admiration and affection that go far beyond the filial in recounting the story of his father's progress, which, in a way, parallels that of their country.

Doctor Brodie's Report, by Jorge Luis Borges (*Dutton, $5.95*).

In a prefatory note to his volume of brief stories, Mr. Borges cites Rudyard Kipling as his model. Nevertheless, these are hardly Plain Tales from the Pampas, for the author, whatever his intentions, has given them the aura of legends. Of the eleven stories in the book, five first appeared in this magazine, and all were translated by Norman Thomas di Giovanni and the author.

The World of P. G. Wodehouse, by Herbert Warren Wind (*Praeger, $5.95*).

A Profile and a celebration of the merry and manifold accomplishments of the Squire of Remsenburg, Long Island—and our most distinguished English writer-in-residence—upon the occasion of his ninetieth birthday.

Downstream, by Paul Brodeur (*Atheneum, $6.95*).

Short stories set at, among other places, a United States military base in Germany, a beach near Boston, and a hall at Columbia where an old Russian Menshevik suddenly—in the midst of his own lecture—remembers snow falling on the streets of Petrograd. Of the thirteen stories in the book, five first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

Cover-Up, by Seymour M. Hersh (*Random House, $6.95*).

A report on the many ways—some outright and some devious—in which the Army, with the over-coöperation of many branches of the government, attempted to keep the facts of the massacre at My Lai hidden from the people of the United States. This book by the journalist who first disclosed the facts (thereby winning a Pulitzer Prize) documents the failure of the officials concerned.

Nobody's Business, by Penelope Gilliatt (*Viking, $6.95*).

A collection of short stories, many of them about men and women whose acute sensibilities put them at the mercy of men and women without any. Most of Miss Gilliatt's characters are English, at home or abroad.

The Tree Where Man Was Born, by Peter Matthiessen / **The African Experience,** by Eliot Porter (*Dutton, $17.50*).

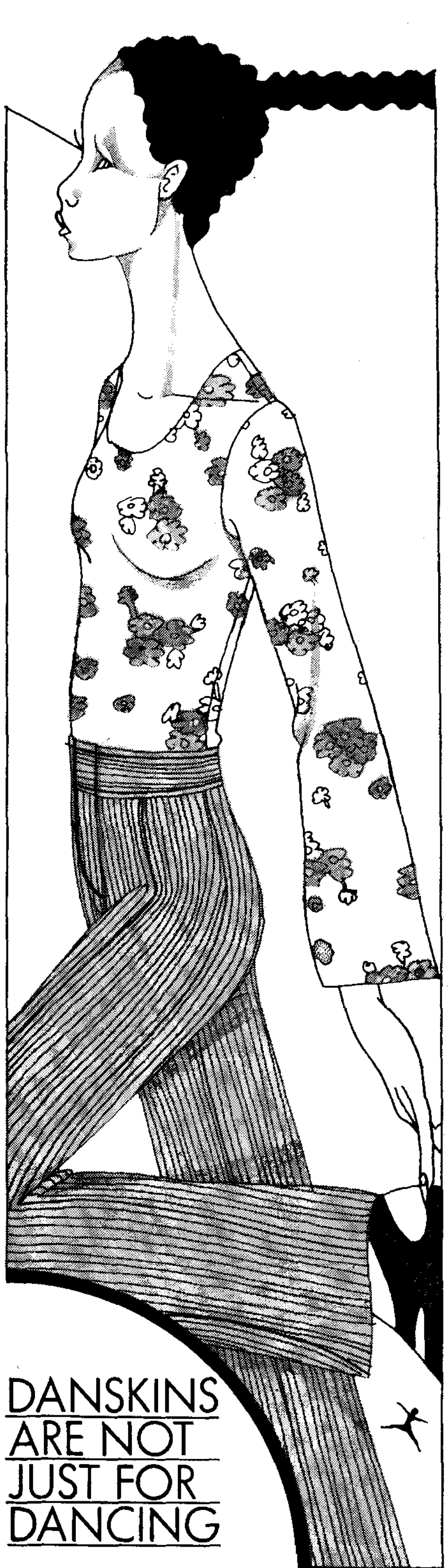
A record of the many days and nights that Mr. Matthiessen spent observing the wildlife and people of East Africa, where hunting tribes, who kill to eat, are being displaced to make room for civilization, with consequent dangers to both men and beasts. The text is combined with stunning color photographs by Eliot Porter.

Sadness, by Donald Barthelme (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95*).

Sixteen of Mr. Barthelme's specimens of literary trompe-l'oeil. Perhaps the ultimate surprise is the fact that sadness does indeed underlie these attempts—comical, topical, and visual—to come to terms with the weight and terror of the American quotidian.

Tallulah, by Brendan Gill (*Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $25*).

Tallulah Bankhead (1902-68) was a star with the rare additional qualities of intelligence, talent, and honesty. Mr. Gill examines every aspect of her life—theatrical, cinematic, and private (insofar as any aspect of Miss Bankhead's life could be considered private)—dealing impartially with her strengths, which sustained her through panicky times, and her weaknesses, which ultimately and tragically defeated her, and he always takes her far more seriously than she ever managed to take herself. Photographs abound of Miss Bankhead in many roles on many stages and screens.



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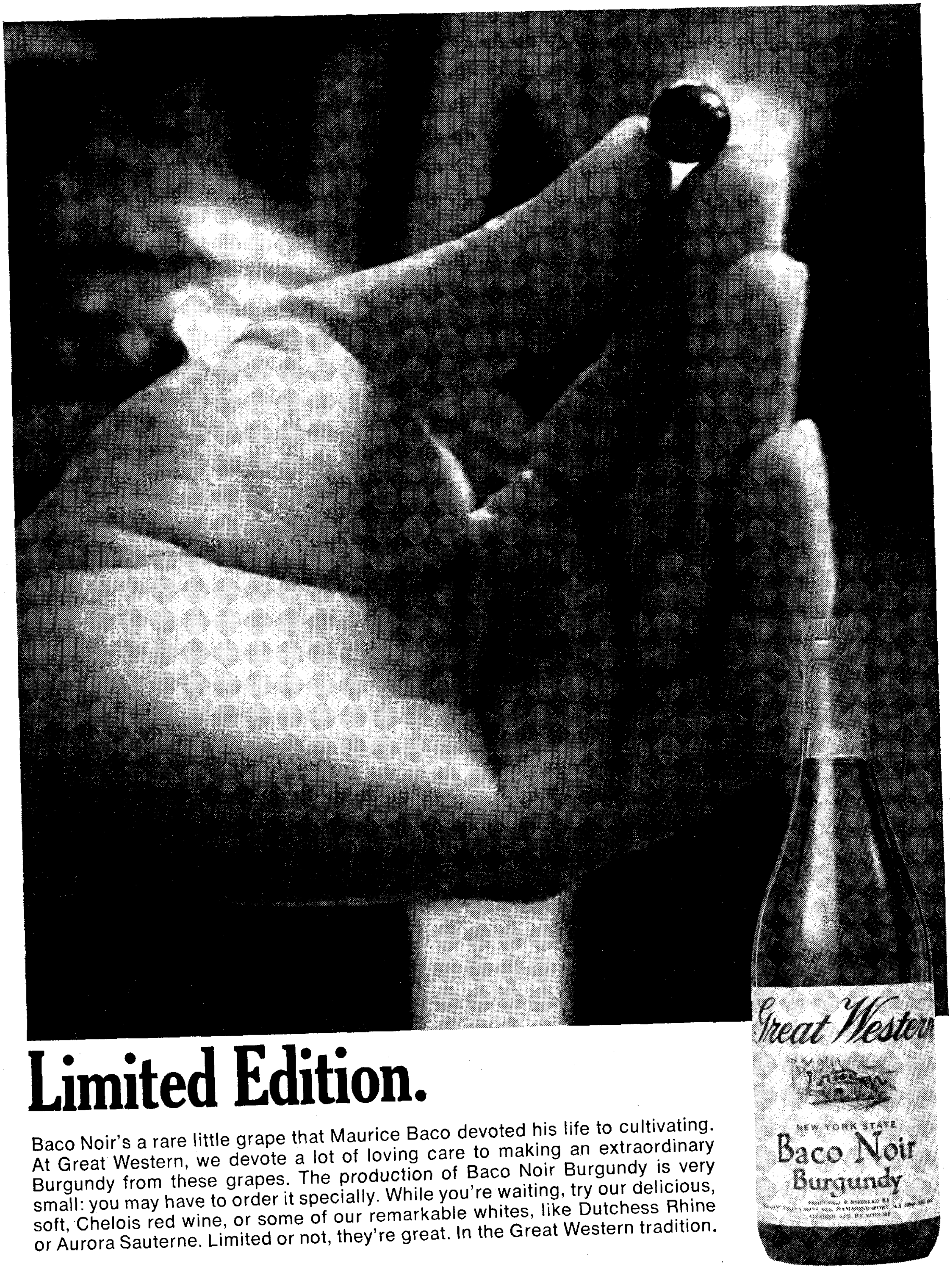

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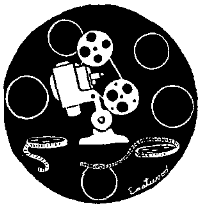
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Notes on Black Movies



PEGGY PETTITT, the young heroine of the new film "Black Girl," doesn't have a white girl's conformation; she's attractive in a different way. That may not seem so special, but after you've seen a lot of black movies, you know how special it is. The action thrillers feature heroes and heroines who are dark-tanned Anglo-Saxons, so to speak—and not to lure whites (who don't go anyway) but to lure blacks whose ideas of beauty are based on white stereotypes. If there is one area in which the cumulative effect of Hollywood films is obvious, it is in what is now considered "pretty" or "handsome" or "cute" *globally;* the mannequins in shopwindows the world over have pert, piggy little faces.

In the mock-documentary "Farewell Uncle Tom," the Italian moviemakers aren't content with simulating the historically recorded horrors of slavery; they invent *outré* ones, including a slave-breeding farm, so they can mix prurience with their piety about how white Americans are the scum of the universe. On this farm, white Southerners call the black babies "pups," and a slender, sensitive young black girl is mated with a huge, shackled Wild Man of Borneo stud while the white owners watch. In order to make us aware of the outrage, the film selects for the terrified girl a black *jeune fille* who resembles Audrey Hepburn. Presumably, if she had larger features we might think the drooling, snarling stud just right for her.

"BLACK GIRL" is too touching to be considered bad. It is derivative, and its crude techniques seem almost deliberately naïve in the sophisticated medium of modern sound-and-color films, but there is something here struggling to be heard. The film is trying to express a young girl's need to free herself from the patterns of ghetto apathy; it's trying to express black experiences while encased in an inappropriate, TV-shopworn, domestic-drama form (J. E. Franklin's own adaptation of her Off Broadway play). The struggle seems anachronistic. Not just because the cumbrous structure that is falsifying the experiences is the well-made second-rate serious play of thirty years ago, the sort of play that has never got by on the screen (though it still occasionally turns up: "The Subject Was Roses," "I Never Sang for My Father"), but because the whole attempt represents the birth pangs of honest and idealistic black moviemaking—which is like witnessing the birth of something that has already died. "Black Girl" arrives when, after just two years, black movies have reached the same stage of corruption as white punch-'em-and-stick-'em-and-shoot-'em action movies. It isn't in the class of "Sounder;" it's faltering and clumsy, yet the black audience enjoyed it, and, in a way, I did, too—I liked watching the people on the screen. They embody different backgrounds and different strategies for survival, and the phenomenal strength of the older actresses in the cast said more than the script itself. However, in casting the older roles and in breaking with the white conventions of beauty by giving Peggy Pettitt the leading role, Ossie Davis, who directed, may not have realized what he was doing to Leslie Uggams, who is also in the picture. Her role requires her to be a model of strength, but Miss Uggams, a TV cutie and a stereotype of the prettiness accepted in the media, seems shrivelled and trivialized by that prettiness. A movie that tries to deal with matriarchal black family life, and that features the rich talent of Louise Stubbs as well as that powerhouse Claudia McNeil, can't accommodate media models.

Ossie Davis also directed the first black hit, "Cotton Comes to Harlem," in 1970—an ingenuous detective comedy that was like a folkloric version of an early-thirties movie. When a sexy black siren outsmarted a white cop by stealing his pants, it was a silly, naïve joke—the tables being turned, and a white man being ridiculed the way black men onscreen used to be. The racial humor might have been considered vilely insulting from a white director, but the picture began to suggest the freshness that black performers could bring to movies—just as Ossie Davis himself, when he acted in such movies as "The Hill" and "The Scalphunters," brought a stronger presence to his roles than white actors did, and a deeper joy. What a face for the camera! He was a natural king, as Louise Stubbs is a natural queen. There seemed to be a good chance that black talent on the screen, on TV, in literature, and in the theatre would infuse new life into the whole culture, the way jazz entered American music and changed the beat of American life.

But then the white businessmen saw the buying power of blacks and how easy it would be to do black versions of what was already being done. And they took over, along with the black businessmen-artists, and so we have separate cultures—black-*macho* movies and white-*macho* movies, equally impoverished, equally debased. But movies of this kind are not the only ones that deal with white experience, while for blacks they are virtually all there is. Right now, there are more than fifty in the planning stages or in production, of which about half will probably be completed.

This has happened at the same time that black performers on TV and in movies have got close to us, just as white performers in the past got close to blacks. Despite racial fears, whites obviously accept black performers as part of American life, and respond to them in a new way. (I am told that big-city white families with several kids often have a black child; that is, a kid who wants so badly to be black that he or she talks as if he were, so that if you overhear him you assume he *is* black.)

IF the freedom of blacks has always involved a sexual threat to white men—who fear that their wives and daughters would prefer blacks, and imagine that for blacks freedom means primarily sleeping with white women, and turning them into whores—the black-*macho* movies have exploited retaliatory black fantasies. The heroes sleep with gorgeous white girls, treating them with casual contempt. They can have any white women they want, but they have no attachment to them; they have steady gorgeous black girls to count on in time of trouble. They act out the white men's worst fears: fully armed and sexually as indomitable as James Bond, they take the white men's women and cast them off.

The black superstud has very different overtones for the black audience from what Bond or Matt Helm had for mixed audiences, because the black movies are implicitly saying to the black audience, "See, we really *are* what the whites are afraid of; they have reason to be afraid of our virility." One would have to be a little foolish to take offense at this when it so obviously serves an ego need, and there's a good deal of humor (and justice) in acting out the white man's fears. (That movie ad showing creamy Raquel Welch's embrace of Jim Brown's beautiful black chest was a great erotic joke.) But there are times when the black hero's condescension to the white women

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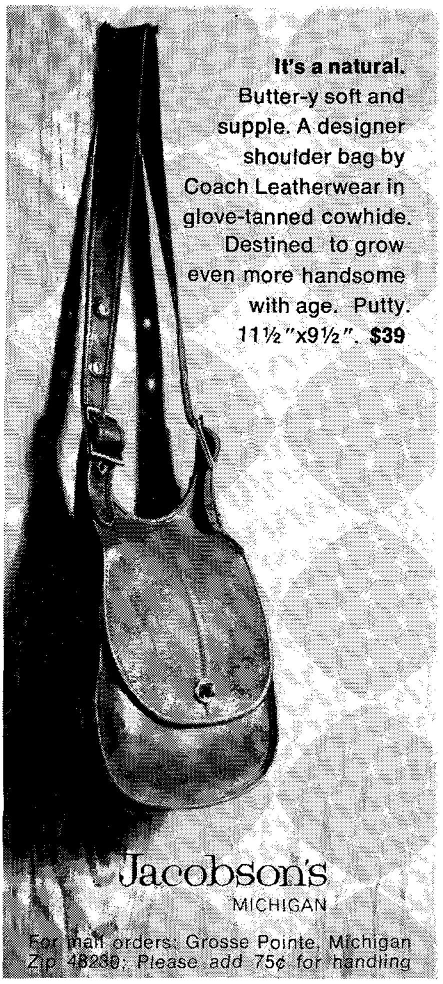
who are eager for his favors becomes mean and confused—when the white women are so downgraded that it seems as if only a stupid, shallow white tramp could want a black man. Whose fantasy is this? The contempt for white women can be really foul. In "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song," the police break into a room where a black man and a white woman are in bed together; the police beat the man while the woman watches and smiles with pleasure. The scene is racist at fairly low levels, since it assumes that the white woman has no feelings (except sadistic ones) about the man she has been making love to—because he's black. But this movie, like the others, posits a black-stud virility, which should insure *some* feeling. Probably the author-director, Melvin Van Peebles, couldn't resist the chance to score an ideological racist point, and what he's saying is that black men shouldn't waste themselves on white women, who are nothing but vicious little beasts, using them.

ALL weaponry had become phallic in the James Bond pictures, and in the ads for "The Silencers" Dean Martin rode his trusty automatic while girls crowded around him; the black movies feature not only the sexual prowess and the big guns of their black heroes but also an implicit "Anything you can do we can do better." The weapons in the black-*macho* movie ads are a big phallic put-on, but they're also real avengers; they announce to blacks that now we've really got our own. (They're probably also a very effective deterrent to attendance by white males, and the action genre has never attracted many white women. It's not surprising that so few whites go to black-*macho* movies: they know the show isn't meant for them, and it's very uncomfortable to be there.) The heroes are sex-and-power symbols for an audience that has been looking at white symbols, and so the heroes are revenge figures as well. Sex means you can get anybody you want, and power is what comes out of a gun, and money is the key to everything. You can even buy your way out of your life, change your way of living, if you've got enough money—as in the fantasy of "Super Fly." These movies say that the white man had his turn to play God and now it's ours. But the movies are controlled by white men, and a big gun is a *macho* kid's idea of power.

THESE films say that the smart black man gets what the white man has: the luxury goods of a con-



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sumer society, including luscious broads. The hero of "Super Fly" says he's got "eight-track stereo and color TV in every room," and he sneers that it's "the American dream." These films say that there is nothing but consumerism, so grab what you can; what's good enough for the white man is good enough for you. The message is the exact opposite of the Martin Luther King message; he said, in essence, that you must not let the white man degrade you to his level. King wanted something better for blacks than the consumer-media society. Since his death, if black people have been dreaming of something better the media have blotted it from sight. That dream has been Shafted, Hammered, Slaughtered.

WARTIME propaganda films did to the Germans and the Japanese what is done to whites in these films—turned them into every available stereotype of evil. Whites are made treacherous, cowardly, hypocritical, and often sexually perverse; the subsidiary black villains are often sexually kinky, too. And these movies are often garishly anti-homosexual; homosexuality seems to stand for weakness and crookedness—"corruption." They have already developed some classic clichés: they feature blacks beating up white men with excessive zeal, and very likely the white villain will rasp "Nigger!" just before the black hero finishes him off (something many a black has probably dreamed of doing when he was called "nigger"). Except when we were at war, there has never been such racism in American films. There have been numberless varieties of condescension and insult, but nothing like this—not since D. W. Griffith made the one terrible mistake of his life in "The Birth of a Nation," when he showed a black man attempting to rape a young Southern girl, a mistake that shocked the country into awareness of the dangerous power of the emerging art. Only in wartime (and immediately after, in dealing with war themes) have Hollywood movies used this primitive power to encourage hatred of a race or a national group.

The obvious conclusion would seem to be that black people are using the screen to incite race war, but if one examines how the films are made it's apparent that the white companies are making the films for profit, and that the blacks involved are mostly boastful yet defensive about the content. The archetypal black superhero Shaft was, admittedly, lifted out of Dashiell Hammett by Ernest Tidyman, the white writer who got an Academy Award

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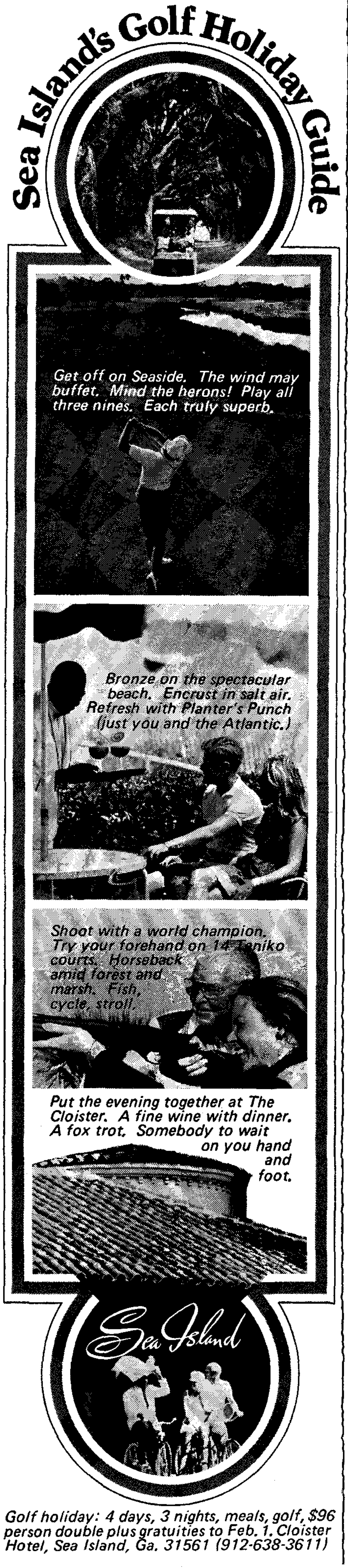

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for his screenplay for "The French Connection;" he had tried to latch on to an earlier movement with his book "Flower Power." These movies use black resentment to turn blacks on to the excitement of getting back at whites; the racism is a slant, a shtick. "Super Fly," in which the cocaine-hustler hero puts down two weakling black civil-rights representatives who are trying to raise money by telling them that he won't be interested until they buy guns to shoot the whites—a speech calculated to crush the finky, cowardly pair and to get cheers from the audience (and it did when I saw the film)—was produced by a white man (Sig Shore) and is distributed by Warner Brothers, a company headed by a white liberal (Ted Ashley), who probably contributes to civil-rights organizations. With only a few exceptions ("Sweetback" is one), the black films are packaged, financed, and sold by whites, who let the black actors or directors serve as spokesmen for the therapeutic function these films are said to have for the black community—by creating black heroes. Do people actually make movies for therapeutic purposes? Only if wealth can be considered a form of therapy. When their arguments are challenged by CORE and other black groups, the spokesmen generally say that these films are at least providing jobs and training for black actors and technicians, who will then be able to do something better. But when a movie is made that isn't pure exploitation, they can't resist sniping at it and pointing to their own huge grosses as proof that they're giving blacks the right entertainment. This is what big-money success does to people; they want honors, too. The black artists who want to do something worth doing find themselves up against what white artists in films are up against, and with less training and less to bargain with.

If there's anything to learn from the history of movies, it's that corruption leads to further corruption, not to innocence. And that each uncorrupted work must fight against the accumulated effects of the pop appeal of corruption. How is it going to be possible to reach black audiences after they have been so pummelled with cynical consumerism that any other set of values seems hypocritical and phony—a con?

EXPLOITING black rage is a dangerous game, but the stakes are high for men like Jim Aubrey (president of M-G-M) and Ted Ashley and their competitors. The movies are made on the cheap, on B-picture

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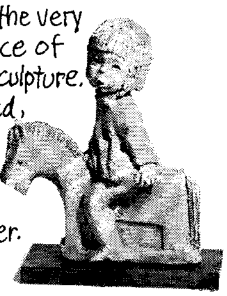

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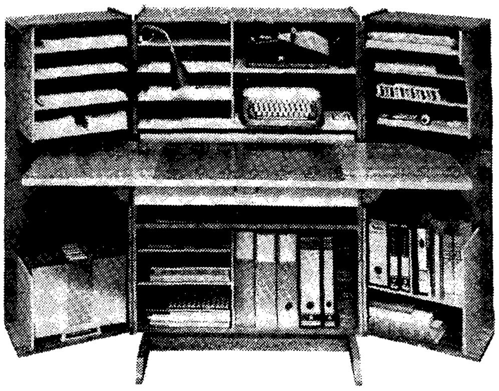
budgets, and the profits are enormous. "Shaft," which cost just over a million dollars, is credited with "saving" M-G-M, though the slick black shoot-'em-ups ("Cool Breeze," "Melinda") and the white action films ("Skyjacked") that Aubrey is producing are far removed from what probably comes to mind when one thinks of the salvation of M-G-M. (Aubrey's triumph as head of the C.B.S. television network was "The Beverly Hillbillies.") Warner Brothers bought and released "Super Fly," which cost well under a half-million dollars and has grossed over twelve million, and Warners is now producing its sequel.

Black films are not recapitulating film history; they went immediately from the cradle to this slick exploitation level. For the movie companies, blackness is a funky new twist—an inexpensive way to satisfy the audience that has taken over the big downtown theatres now deserted by the white middle classes. Jokers are now calling Broadway "The Great Black Way."

AMONG the queasiest racist rationales for a black hero yet is the plot device in "Super Fly" that allows the cocaine hustler (and user, who is also a pimp) to be a black hero: the cocaine he sells goes to whites. This is not only a strange rationale (particularly for a movie produced by a white man and distributed by Warner Brothers) but a highly specious one. The nonfiction book "Dealer," Richard Woodley's "portrait of a cocaine merchant," reads almost like the script of "Super Fly," except that the dealer, who is black, is selling to blacks, because, he explains, a black man dealing downtown would be dangerously conspicuous. In this book, as in the movie, the dealer dreams of getting enough loot to get out of the grind, but in the book it's perfectly clear that he can't—that there's no way. It's easy to see why a fantasy movie made for entertainment and profit should turn him into a winner who fulfills his dreams, and certainly the black audience enjoys his triumph over the white homosexual Mr. Big. And, yes, it's easy to see why the movie made him a man of "principle," who is selling to whites, not blacks, even though it's pretty funny to think that dope hustlers are principled about black people. But the self-righteousness of the men getting rich on this movie is unclean.

THE most specific and rabid incitement to race war comes in "Farewell Uncle Tom," a product of the sordid imaginations of Gualtiero



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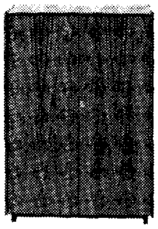

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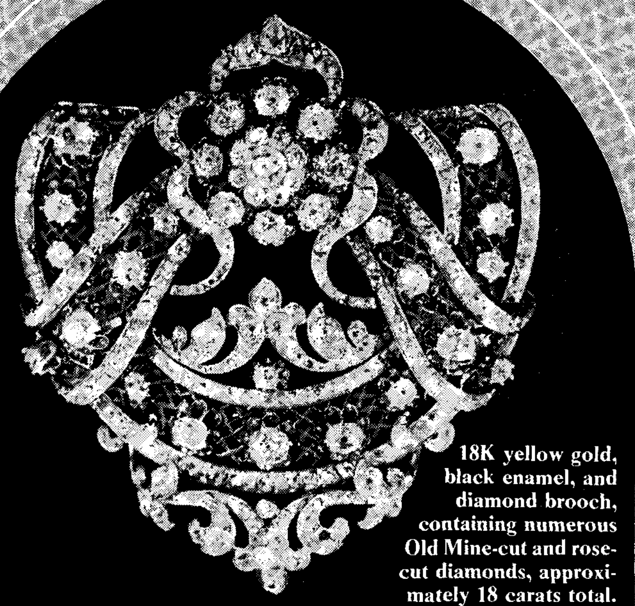

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Jacopetti and Franco Prosperi, whose previous films include "Mondo Cane," "Women of the World," and "Africa Addio." Bought for this country by the Cannon Releasing Corporation ("Joe" and soft-core exploitation porn), it had to be toned down, because theatre operators were afraid to show a movie featuring a fictional re-creation of slavery, from slave ship to plantation life, and concluding with modern blacks butchering middle-class whites in their homes. The movie, set in the United States but shot mostly in Haiti, was trimmed, and some new scenes were added, so that what was expected to be "the ultimate exploitation vehicle" could be released without violence and damage within the theatres themselves. The limited partnership formed by Cannon's young chairman and president, Dennis Friedland, to acquire the film includes Evan R. Collins, Jr., Richard Heinlein, Victor Ferencko, Marvin Friedlander, Thomas Israel, Michael Graham, Arthur Lipper, James Rubin, and Steve Wichek; I doubt if any of them are black. There must have been considerable fear of a public outcry about the film, because when they finally opened it a few weeks ago they did so with a minimum of publicity.

The film, which purports to be a "documentary" of exactly what America was like in the days of slavery, includes, in addition to the slave-breeding farm, Southern white women rolling in the hay with their young slaves, a group rape with children watching, and a bizarrely fanciful sequence in which blacks in cages are used for mad scientific experiments, and all this is thrown together with scenes on board a slave ship which can't help affecting you. One's outrage at the voyeuristic hypocrisy of the movie gets all tangled up with one's emotions about the suffering people on the ship. No one has ever before attempted a full-scale treatment of slave-ship misery; how degrading to us all that by default it has fallen into the hands of perhaps the most devious and irresponsible filmmakers who have ever lived. They use their porno fantasies as part of the case they make for the slaughter of the whites, who are shown as pasty-face cartoons, then and now. It becomes the blacks' duty to kill whites. "He was a white and so he had to die," Nat Turner says as he kills a man who has been good to him, and then the film cites Eldridge Cleaver and the Black Panthers and cuts to a modern black on a beach staring at disgusting whites. Unlike the black hits, the film lacks a central figure for the audience to identify with, but the black audience in the

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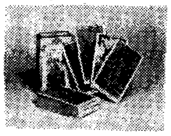

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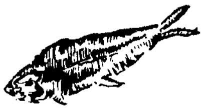

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theatre was highly responsive to Jacopetti's and Prosperi's fraudulent ironies, and in the ads are quotes from black papers saying, "An all time great gut-busting flick," and "Don't miss 'Farewell Uncle Tom,' it is must viewing. Eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation with stark reality and chilling candor." Since the anticipated outcry did not develop, and the film, chopped up and sneaked in as it was, didn't do the expected business, it has been withdrawn, to be brought back in the new year with a new publicity campaign.

THE movie hustlers—big-studio and little—are about as principled as cocaine hustlers. There is a message implicit in "Super Fly"—everyone is a crook, and we all just want what's best (most profitable) for us—and when the hero pulls off his half-million-dollar haul of cocaine the audience cheers. That's the practicing ethic of the movie business; that's what it lives by, and it gets its cheers from stockholders and the media whenever it pulls off a big box-office haul like "Super Fly." By now, if a black film isn't racist, the white press joins in the chorus of the exploitation filmmakers who claim it's a film not for black people but for white liberals. That's how fast racism can become respectable when it's lucrative.

ARE the blacks who participate in these movies naïve enough to believe that they are directing rage only against whites? Since what is being peddled is a consumer value system and a total contempt for ethics or principles, why should the young blacks in the audience make the nice discrimination of the hero of "Super Fly"? Cheat and rob and kill only whites? Surely, when you glorify pragmatic cynicism blacks in the audience can take the next step; they already know there's less risk in stealing from other blacks and in terrorizing the poor.

When a popular culture is as saturated in violent cynicism as ours, and any values held up to oppressed people are treated with derision as the white man's con, or an Uncle Tom's con, the cynicism can't fail to have its effect on us all. What M-G-M and Warner Brothers and all the rest are now selling is nothing less than soul murder, and body murder, too.

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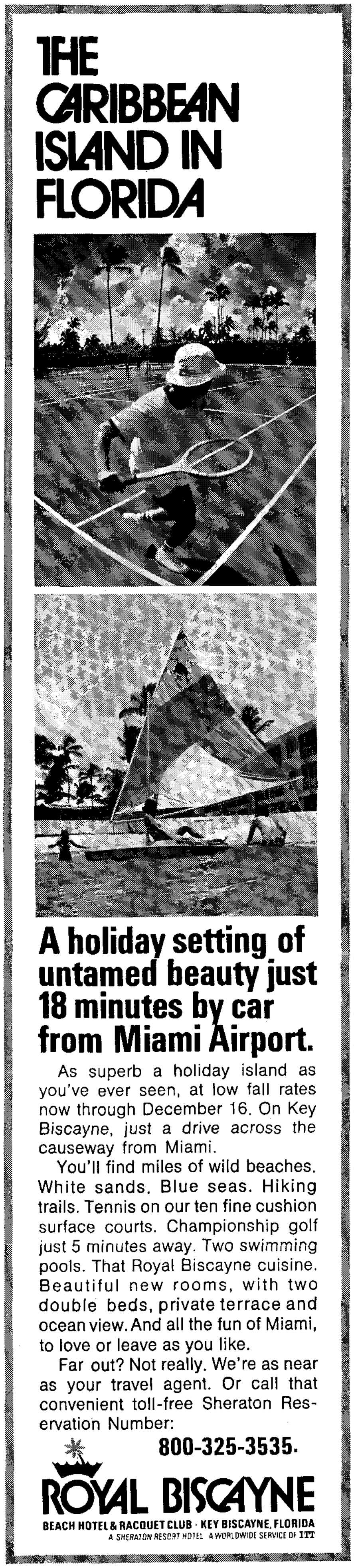

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Forging the Ring

THE notion of staging the "Ring" at Salzburg came to Herbert von Karajan, he said, during a summer festival while he was conducting there his own spectacular production of "Boris Godunov." An enormous stage, with superb technical equipment, unused for most of the year; a theatre with uncommonly fine, warm, delicate acoustics; a small, beautiful town, where the artists could gather to rehearse intently, away from the bustle of the everyday musical round, and to which the audience could come as pilgrims with nothing but Wagner (and perhaps a concert or two) to fill their days—all things conspired to suggest that there the "Ring" he had dreamed of but had never been able in ordinary theatres to achieve might be created. And thus the idea of the Salzburg Easter Festival was born. It would be like Bayreuth but in some ways even better: present-day Bayreuth puts on a pretty hefty season; at Salzburg each year Karajan would concentrate on bringing just one opera—and perhaps a revival as well, but never a complete "Ring"—to the performance pitch he had in mind. More—preparation could be doubly thorough if during the previous fall he were to record that opera. In the Berlin studios, with the forthcoming Salzburg cast and his own orchestra, the Berlin Philharmonic, he would undertake the detailed work, the paragraph-by-paragraph polishing involved in the making of a record. Then at Salzburg, at Easter, it would all join together while Karajan the producer gave visual shape to what Karajan the conductor had achieved.

Beginning in 1967, it came to pass, and the Salzburg "Ring" was a marvellous experience. The performances had so strong a character that, despite the year that elapsed between installments and despite changes of cast in the principal roles, one entered the Festspielhaus and was caught up almost at once in the powerful, particular "Ring" world, unlike any other, that Karajan had created. Above all, it was distinguished by the most beautiful orchestral playing of our day. To the magnificent Berlin orchestra everything else was subordinate. It did not drown the singers, for Karajan held much of its playing to a chamber-musical finesse. Rather, he accompanied his instrumentalists with voices that were, in the main, far lighter and less imposing than those of the heroic singers traditionally associated with the "Ring." Similarly, though the stage pictures (scenes by Günther Schneider-Siemssen, costumes by George Wakhevitch, both working under Karajan's spell) were large, wonderful, and impressive, they seemed to have been planned solely as illustrations to a drama that was unfolding in the pit. They glowed dim and mysterious; it was easier to read expression on the instrumentalists' faces than on those of the actors. There were high, breathtaking moments when eye, ear, and mind together were amazed: the dragon of "Das Rheingold" shaping itself from the glittering goldheap, embodiment of the evil creed Alberich has just expounded; in "Die Walküre," Brünnhilde appearing to Siegmund in a *mandorla* of blue radiance, apt vision of a stern and lovely messenger from another world. Nevertheless, something was missing. In all operas, the main emphasis must be on the stage—even in Wagner's operas, I was going to add, but should perhaps say: and especially in Wagner's operas, since that idea determined the very form of his Bayreuth theatre, designed expressly to focus attention on the scene. In Salzburg, the scrim between actors and audience was also symbol of a barrier that kept us from direct emotional involvement in the drama of gods and men, and distanced their passions. We watched, we heard, we marvelled. The luminous texture of the sound, the grandeur, the delicacy, the clarity of instrumental and verbal detail, the long line of Karajan's reading, the wizardry of his vast, inventive stagecraft—all these brought their rewards. In many ways, this was the most nearly perfect realization of the "Ring" anyone could hope to encounter: a great conductor's vision of what it might be, shaped without impediment, with all the practical and technical circumstances right, limited only by the human failings of one or two singers taxed beyond their powers. But in one important way it was imperfect: straightforward, simple response to the singers was inhibited.

A brief assessment of the Salzburg "Ring" is the necessary prelude to any consideration of the Metropolitan Opera's "Ring" in progress, since the latter is a by-product of the Karajan presentation. It could not be the same, even if he were still here to direct it. The orchestra is no longer Karajan's own. The carefully rehearsed original casts are changed. The scenery needs drastic reduction before it can fit on the Metropolitan stage. The operas must be sandwiched into a busy repertory, and therefore the theatre cannot be devoted for weeks to nothing but Wagner; orchestra, stagehands, and lighting crew have other cares, and so, for that matter, has a city audience. Given the present circumstances of New York opera, these things are inevitable, yet the basic plan remains a good one: to build, on the Salzburg foundation, a repertory "Ring" of unusual quality. Karajan produced his "Walküre" here in 1967, his "Rheingold" in 1968. This year, but without him, the cycle is resumed; "Siegfried" has been added and "Die Walküre" revived. Erich Leinsdorf is the conductor and Wolfgang Weber the stage director. Both operas contain individual performances of great merit.

For several years, Birgit Nilsson has not sung Brünnhilde in either Bayreuth or Covent Garden—and in Salzburg never. Though we can admire, in the work of her younger colleagues, the fresh tones and naturalness of Catarina Ligendza and the passion of Berit Lindholm, Miss Nilsson remains unmatched for the heroic, goddesslike vigor of her voice, effortlessly powerful, brilliant and burnished, untiring, unforced. She sounds the subtleties of the role, vividly declaims and inflects the words. A stern critic may note that once or twice she was not perfectly in tune (decisively, almost defiantly so, for Miss Nilsson always hits and sustains her notes dead-center, even when they may be not quite the right ones), that some episodes of the "Siegfried" love duet call ideally for a more tender tone, and that several phrases (for example, "Der diese Liebe mir in's Herz gehaucht," in the last act of "Die Walküre") would be more eloquent still if sung with an ampler use of portamento—but then must add that these things hardly mattered and that it was glorious to hear her Brünnhilde once again. Jess Thomas, the Siegfried, and Thomas Stewart, the Wanderer, are both singers of uncommon intelligence and imagination. Each was cogent, each in his best voice. Mr. Thomas was far more lyrical, freer, and fuller of tone, and Mr. Stewart far more steady and commanding, than in much of their recent work. The Volsung twins in "Die

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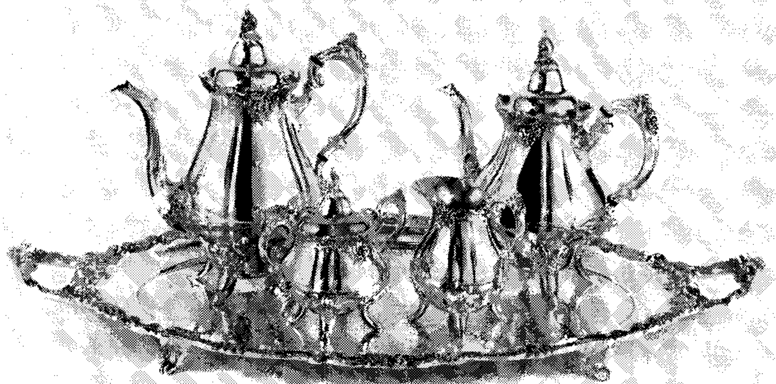

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Walküre" were Gwyneth Jones and Jon Vickers. I have heard them often, in various productions of the opera, but never in better form. Gone was the unruliness that sometimes ruins Miss Jones' singing; beautifully handled the warm, full, lustrous voice, reflection of a warm, spontaneous personality. Again, more portamento would have been welcome, and also a clearer utterance of the words; again, it hardly mattered when the general effect was so radiant. This Sieglinde was Miss Jones' Metropolitan début, and a successful one. Mr. Vickers did not croon; he sang Siegmund's music freely, fully, easily, with the poetic intensity and incisive utterance of the words for which he is famous. Miss Jones and Mr. Vickers made a lyrical, ardent pair. Wotan in this opera was Theo Adam. In an age that lacks true *Heldenbaritone*, Mr. Adam approaches most often to the weight and grandeur of delivery that are needed, and on this occasion he, too, reached peak form. Gerhard Stolze's Mime and Gustav Neidlinger's Alberich (the latter a local début) are justly celebrated. John Macurdy was a ringing, decisive Hunding, who bore himself bravely and sang out in a dark, impressive voice of impeccable focus. Mignon Dunn's Fricka and Lili Chookasian's Erda were weaker.

When several of the world's regular Wagner singers are heard performing at their very best, their conductor must obviously share in the praise. Mr. Leinsdorf's readings also had the virtue of being energetic. There were dramatic moments: the chords that accompany the emergence of Erda, for example, were timed with real theatrical flair. But in general his conduct of the score was choppy. Tempi did not grow one from another or relate to the basic movement of an act, even of a scene. The string tone was shallow, and the brass tone mat, with mean, tinny sound from the solo trumpet. The aim seemed to be to get everything done with as fast as possible. There was no weight, no breadth. Moment after great moment passed by signalled with just a spurt of emphasis but never any attempt to let the music breathe or to let us appreciate the full sense of a chord shift or color change. Wotan was urged to gabble his narration as if it were *secco* recitative; did Mr. Leinsdorf fear that his listeners might grow bored? (But the passage becomes boring only when they are not invited to follow, word for word, thought by thought, the progress of the god's brooding.) The noble rhetoric of his

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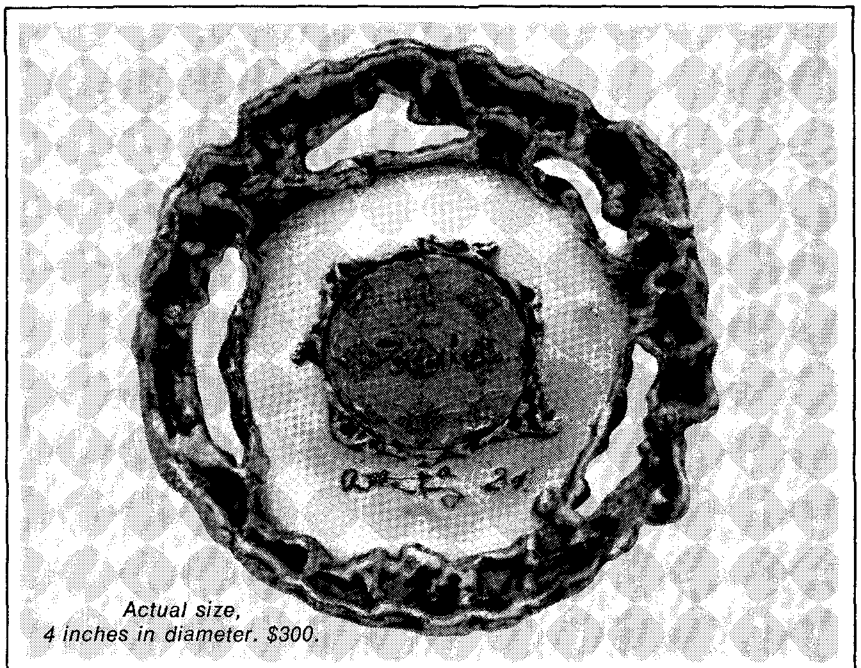
“Wunschmaid war’st du mir” was reduced to a scramble. Though the stopwatch is not a precise critical instrument, it can confirm impressions of undue haste or of dawdling, and if there were some squalid little race in which conductors vied to see who could dispatch the “Ring” most quickly, Mr. Leinsdorf would now probably hold two lap records. The first “Walküre” in Bayreuth, under Richter, in 1876, lasted three hours and thirty-nine minutes, and the very fastest in the annals, Otmar Suitner’s, of 1966, three hours and twenty-seven. Mr. Leinsdorf last week managed it in three hours and nineteen. For the first two acts of “Siegfried,” Lorin Maazel holds the Bayreuth record, set in 1968, at two hours and twenty-two minutes (Richter had taken two hours and forty); Mr. Leinsdorf has now clipped nearly two minutes off that time. (His Act III timing is irrelevant, since there was a rude cut in the encounter between the Wanderer and his grandson.) In defense of this racer, it can be said that the singers seemed to thrive at his speeds (though the music did not) and on occasion took in a single breath phrases for which they generally require two.

The Karajan-Weber production is hard to appraise. Besides being technically less accomplished than in its Salzburg incarnation, it now inevitably gives the impression of being a series of illustrations to a “text”—Karajan’s—that is no longer there. On the other hand, as “house ‘Rings’ ” go, it must be among the best: large, handsome, and for the most part uneccentric. The light levels are higher than they were in Salzburg, which is good (how important it is to be able to “read the libretto from the singers’ lips”), though some scenes could be brighter still. The murmuring forest needs a sunnier dapple; Brünnhilde should wake to greet a more glorious radiance—sense, sound, and the shine of Miss Nilsson’s voice all demand it. In general, not much impression remains of a single directing personality with convictions about what the “Ring” should express. The work can mean many things. It was first plotted as a political allegory, influenced by Bakunin and proclaiming that wealth and power should not be left in private hands (as Wieland Wagner put it, too bluntly: “Walhalla is Wall Street”), and this, of course, it remains. But then it also became an allegory of how man learned to know and command both himself and the natural world around him. The forging scene is an epitome of the elements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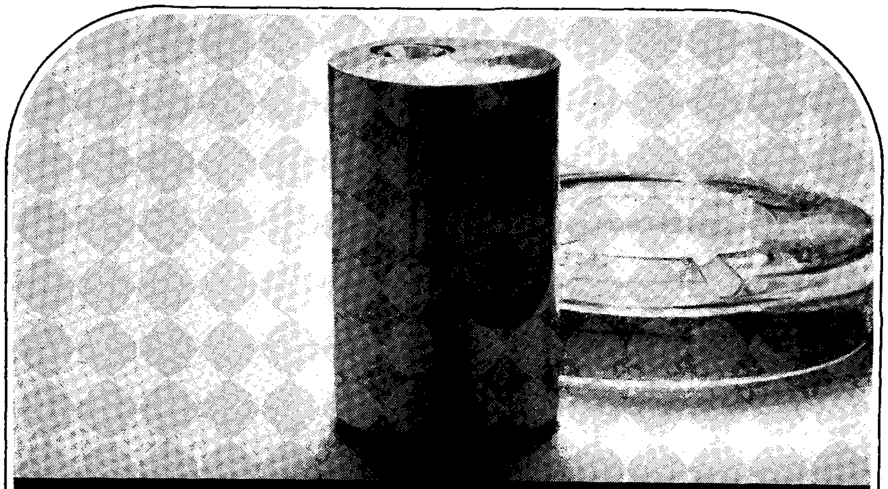
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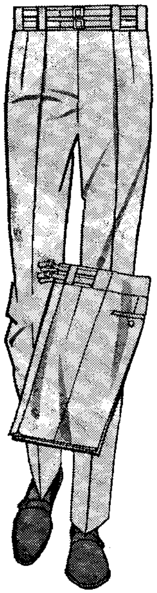

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Length	34	36	38	40	42	44
28	x	x	x	x	x	x
29	x	x	x	x	x	x
30	x	x	x	x	x	x
31	x	x	x	x	x	x
32	x	x	x	x	x	x
33	x	x	x	x	x	x
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harnessed to man's use. On a deeper level, the forces influencing human action, which at the start are externalized in gods, are by the end analyzed as aspects of man's pysche. (It was in this sense that Wieland planned his 1965 production.) On a simpler but not insignificant level, it is a rousing old tale with interesting characters acting hugely amid highly picturesque scenery, and a feast of splendid music. If Karajan cannot be brought back, then, given the shifting casts, the short rehearsal time, and the fact that no other great producer with a mind of his own will want to work to Karajan's visions, the Metropolitan should probably be content to offer a large, impressive frame in which the world's seasoned Wagnerians can be seen and heard to best advantage, both individually and in mutual reaction. To this end, a more realistic enactment of emotions is needed. Brünnhilde should really look at Siegmund during the Annunciation of Death, meet his eyes not only on arrival but also while he fires her heart with new, strange feelings. (Looking *is very important in "Die Walküre;"* there is scarcely a page of the libretto in which eyes and glances are not mentioned—another reason for insisting on adequate light.) Brünnhilde and Siegfried should sing their love duet side by side, as lovers might, and address *one another, not hold forth independently.*

To judge only—and therefore on inadequate evidence—by the final "Götterdämmerung," the San Francisco "Ring" produced by Paul Hager, designed by Wolfram Skalicki, has a more distinctive character. It favors a straightforward, direct presentation of emotions. Bernard Shaw's dictum—that if a passage of Wagner's is rendered as faithfully as possible it simply cannot take on the wrong expression—can be extended to the staging of his operas. Miss Nilsson was superb. Mr. Thomas was reliable; the interpretation was well studied and keenly presented, but his tone flowed less lyrically than in New York. Mr. Stewart's Gunther was first-rate; so were Clifford Grant's bold, clever, powerful Hagen and Margarita Lilova's shining Waltraute. Mr. Suitner, conducting, was fast but not flip. With unusual candor, the program revealed that he used Gotthold Lessing's reduced orchestration, often heard but seldom remarked. The whole performance generated that special excitement which so often marks the final night of a "Ring" series.

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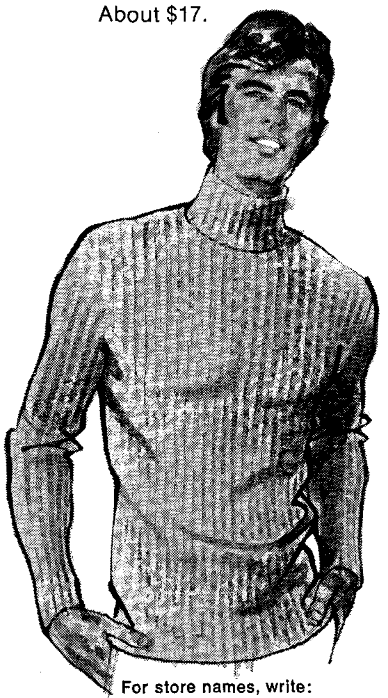

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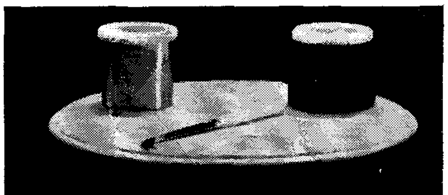

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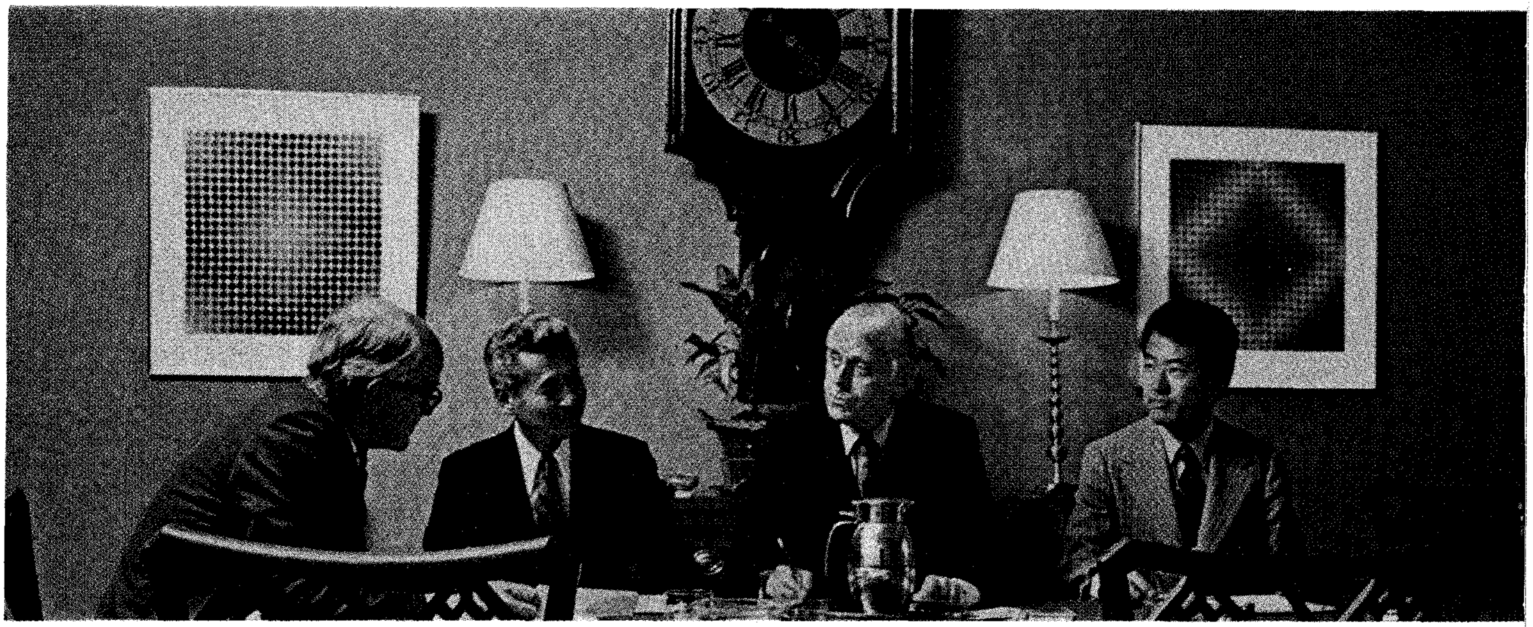

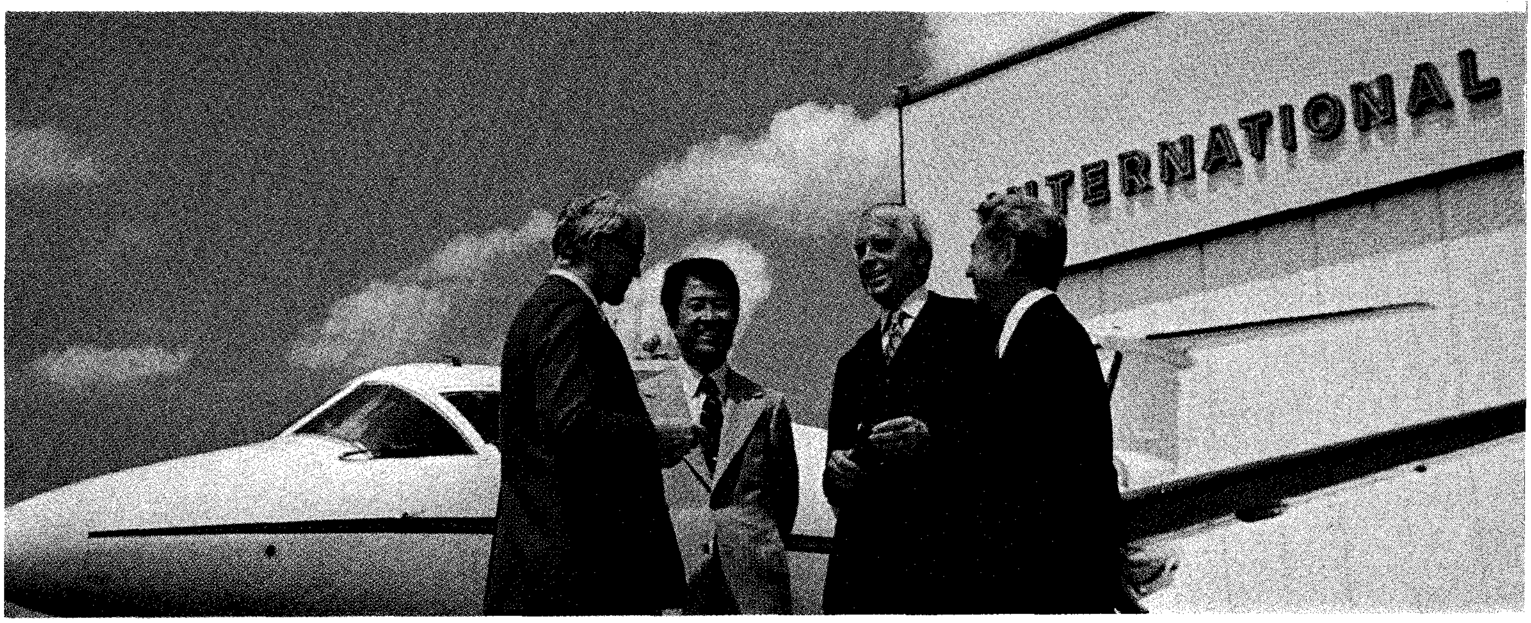

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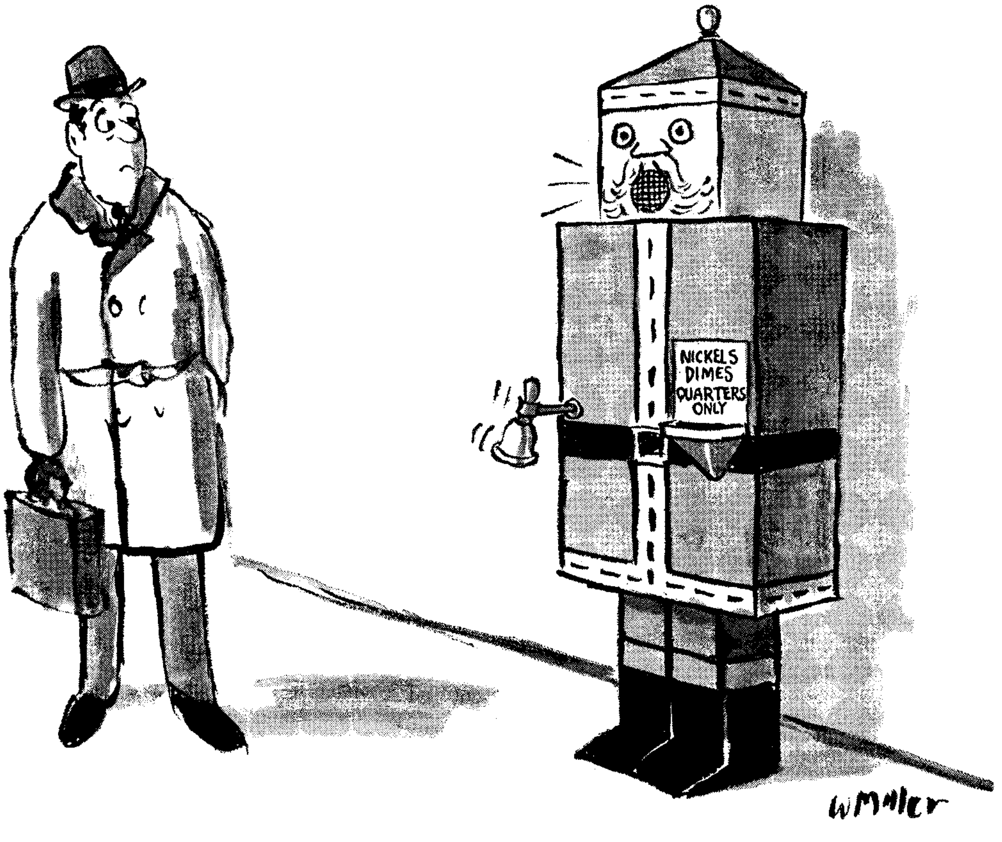
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

THE drawings of Thomas Nast, the Victorian gentleman who was largely responsible for our concept of Santa Claus, nowhere depict that celebrated pack as being stuffed with things to wear. Christmas, of course, is trains and dolls and jack-in-the-boxes; in fact, Clement C. Moore specified a bundle of *toys*. Nonetheless, clothes (and not only clothes that teach or clothes that squeak) can be a happy offering this day, provided that the reckless integrity and sure aesthetics of real children aren't violated in the ritual of selection—which, of course, is what adult gift-giving is all about, too. The proliferation of a new blue-and-white striped stroller that looks like a miniature boardwalk pushchair but can be folded up as easily as an umbrella, and hooked over one's arm, gives a jaunty air to the street scene this year. The body is of a heavy nylon mesh slung on a metal frame at such an angle that a child sits back, as if in a bucket seat, and the price is $30, at Bloomingdale's, Gimbels, and elsewhere. This vehicle calls for a lap robe, and there is a crib coverlet at Bergdorf Goodman that would suit laps of any age, so fine is its design and so appealing its colors. In an acrylic weave of blue, maize, and white, or of red, white, and blue, or of orange, brown, and white (all with the colors reversed on the other side), a frieze of square elephants parade around a central oblong of latticework. The design measures forty inches by fifty, and is framed by a thick tricolor fringe; $19. Also at Bergdorf's, you will find that the traditional fringed English wool pram blanket has been folded, zippered, and transformed into a bunting—a shape that would also suit this stroller. In Stuart, Gordon, and Royal Stuart tartans, it's $19. Another Old World design has been turned into a bunting at Pinch Penny Pick-A-Pocket, a shop that has recently found new glossy-white quarters at 1242 Madison Avenue (89th). In the quieter moments of shoptending, presumably, the owner has been crocheting stripes of rich gypsy hues—purple, red, emerald, black—which she alternates with a sampling of afghan squares in the same colors in assembling a bunting and a matching helmet. Three small strawberry buttons close the neck, and a drawstring secures the bottom; $25 in wool or acrylic. Giant Christmas stockings (eighteen inches long and almost half as wide) are materializing in this same rich design and seem admirably suited to the ritual of stocking-stuffing: they not only expand but close, by means of a drawstring at the top, to keep the contents stashed within; $15. Up on the seventh floor at Lord & Taylor, there is a sleek alpine bunting from Switzerland, made of a bold orange, gold, or navy nylon thickly lined with fleece. When the bottom half is unbuttoned, a separate, double-breasted, hooded anorak remains—a welcome item for a baby of six or seven months, we should think. The buttons are brass, and a fringe of fleece shows about the face; $38.

The full color spectrum has at last penetrated the nursery, and the stores are brimming with baby quilts, for example, in orange, red, and unexpected tonal combinations. The Chocolate Soup, at 328 East 9th Street—a shop that is open every afternoon except Sundays and Mondays—has been making extraordinarily beautiful quilts for several years. This year, the owner has disassembled some cloth baby carriers from mainland China and patched the pieces—of deep-red embroidered silk and red floral and solid-red cotton—into crib-size quilts; $25. Two fine colors—a cornflower blue and a cherry rose—appear in a simple round-necked zippered jumpsuit of plush velours for medium-large and extra-large infants; $14, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Although strong, unabashed color is usually viewed as an American domain, Europeans seem to be making the most stylish use of its privileges—at least in clothes for the very young. A French knitwear company called Absorba is the current phenomenon in color, turning out an extravagantly large collection of clothes for children in durable, stretchy knits of bright, fruity shades. For infants, they offer, amid a head-spinning assortment, a two-tone stretchsuit suggestive—in its wide ribs and buckle belt, and despite its buttoned drop seat—of an earlier-day baseball suit. An orange suit has brown or blue trim, a red suit has blue. The sizes are three months, six months, one year, eighteen months and two years, for $8 and $10, at Pinch Penny Pick-A-Pocket or at Bambi's Boutique, Ltd., a new shop, tucked in at 29 East 61st Street, which houses a particularly large group of Absorba knits. Another suit at Bambi's has a camisole top and is cut out of terry cloth in solid colors like orange or dark turquoise; $7.

Two meritorious jumpsuits are to be found at Lord & Taylor. One, a buttoned acrylic knit suit from Switzer-



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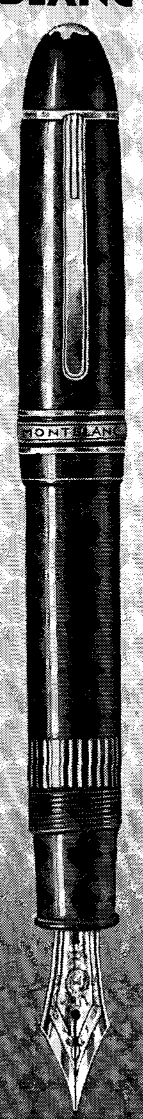

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land, has horizontal stripes of red, white, and blue, and the other, of fisherman's knit from Spain, comes in a striking but not very seafaring burgundy or apple green and has tiny back buttons to the drawstring waist; $12 apiece, in a size to fit six-month-olds. Have a look, too, at a commendable three-piece knit set here: a navy pullover sweater is striped diagonally (red, yellow, and purple) in the fashion of ski wear, with a matching pompon cap, and solid-navy drawstring pants; $20, in infants' medium large and extra large. For a slightly older child, a pair of quilted overalls might be useful. Such articles are made for Wee Folk, a corner shop at 1024 Lexington Avenue (73rd), out of either a red cotton stamped with little dogs or a patchwork print of green, blue, and red apples and pears; $6.50, in infants' small, medium, and large, and in toddlers' sizes 2 to 4.

Storybook characters, comic-strip heroes, and Pop-culture freaks are favorite subjects for decorating children's clothes these days, and do seem to bring special pleasure to the wearer. It is still not too late to invest in a denim jean jacket—either stiffly new or vintage—and to sew on a selection of patches that might make a young friend proud. Pandemonium, at 2133 Broadway (75th), has a full selection of bleached and unbleached jean gear for children; jackets, in sizes 4 to 18, cost from $6 to $8, and the shop is open from 11 A.M. to 9 P.M. except on Sundays. Stone Free Kids, 243 Columbus Avenue (71st)—it's the offspring of Stone Free, around the corner—has been collecting used jackets, with the lovely pallor of age, in sizes 1 to 12. They are $5, unless you have an outgrown jacket to trade in, in which case you can make the exchange for just $1. Winnie the Pooh has been lifted from the page where he is seen floating skyward as he clings to the string of a balloon, and has been colorfully hand-patched across the chest of a bright French tab-front T-shirt, to be found at Pinch Penny Pick-A-Pocket. Pooh is his customary buff in color, the balloon is yellow (or some other bright color), the string—red or blue—is real, and the Absorba shirt can be orange, navy, turquoise, red, white, or lime, for ages two, four, six, and eight; $7. Children's Concepts, 2295 Broadway (83rd), has stockpiled T-shirts and sweatshirts printed quite gracefully in black, back and front, with Charlie Chaplin as the Little Tramp; a T-shirt in sizes 6 to 16 is $3.75, a sweatshirt is $5. A sweatsuit—that is, a hooded zip-front sweatshirt and matching pants

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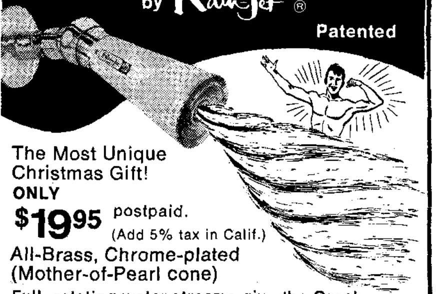

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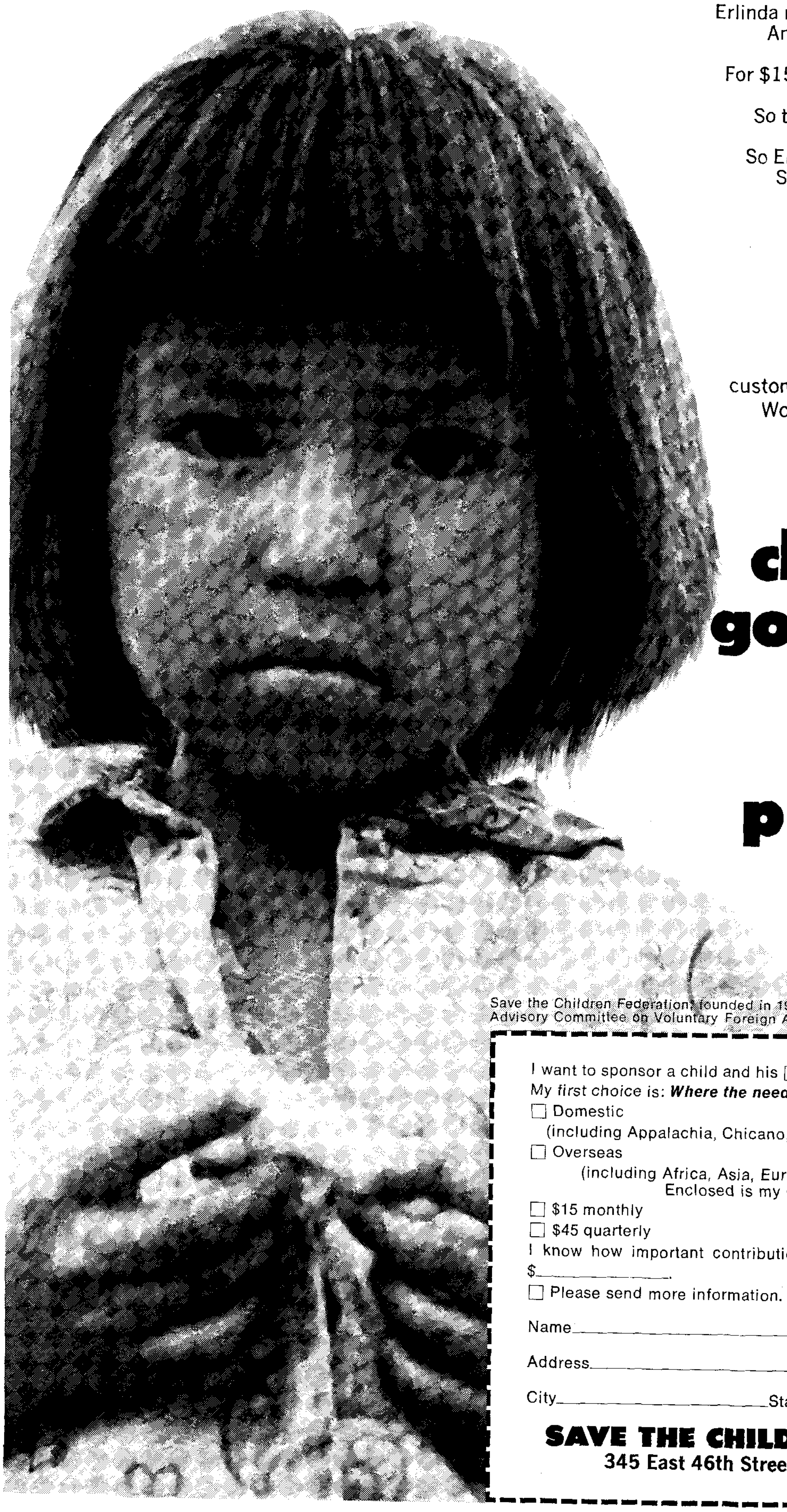

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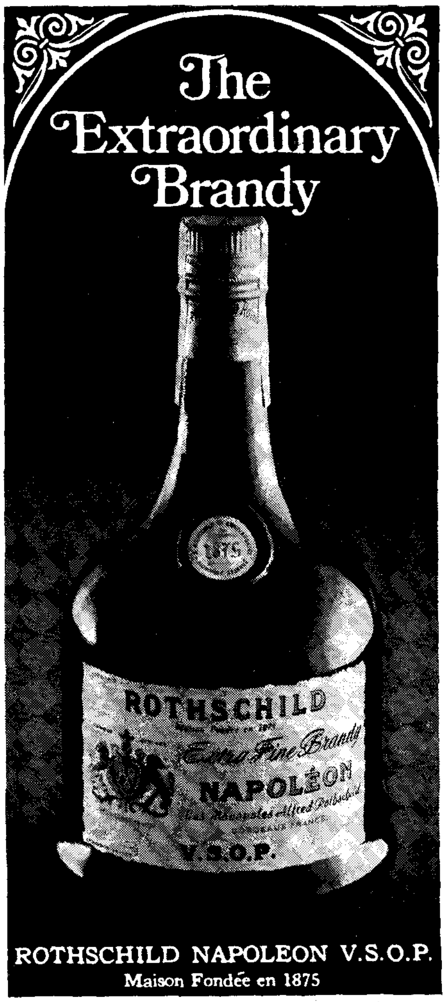

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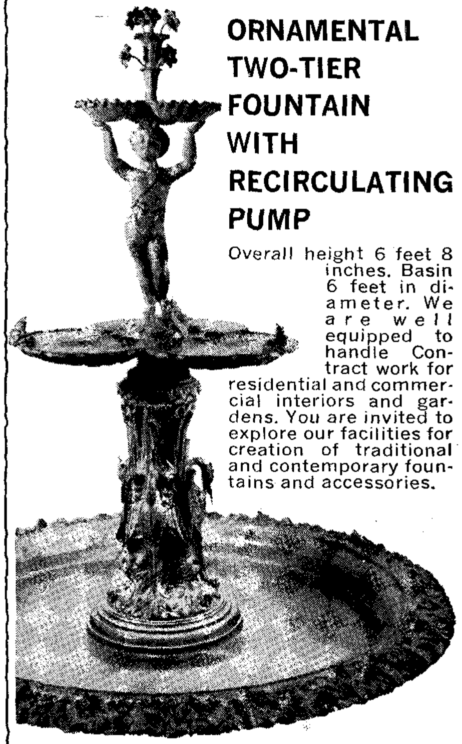
with elasticized waist—would be wildly welcomed by most children we know. Stone Free Kids has such apparel in navy, red, light blue, and white (the suits in the latter two colors inexplicably have an additional pouchy pocket on the front of the sweatshirt); in sizes twelve months to eight years, the sweatshirt is $5, the pants $4. A long hooded cardigan with toggle closings should also suit any number of city activities—bicycling, for one; Children's Concepts has such a sweater in red, white, or navy Orlon; sizes 4 to 6 and 7 to 14 are $9 and $12, respectively.

Many of the outfits we've admired can be assigned a gender only arbitrarily, since the new, liberated use of color has removed that stuffy old pink and blue polarity. The current chicness of the tomboy further obscures the boundaries between a young girl's wardrobe and a young boy's. Most active sportswear, however, remains distinctly feminine or masculine. Any little girl would cheer a fine red wool skating dress from Lord & Taylor, complete with panties and a matching headband. Black Tyrolian ribbon adorns the bodice, suspender-fashion, and trims the low waist; the high collar is rolled. Sizes 4 to 6x are $16, and 7 to 14 are $18. A younger sister watching from the stands might like to snuggle her hands into a white bunny-fur muff; $5, at Saks. Wee Folk has two hats, at $8 apiece, styled to keep a young girl's mind off the cold. A pretty cerulean-blue or turquoise embroidered cap has long blond yarn braids falling most convincingly from behind the ears. The other hat, also blue, is crocheted into a druidic point and has pinwheels of primary colors over the ears. A stocking cap can be rolled or unrolled to flatter any head, particularly if the cap is made of the pure Irish wool that the people of Donald Davies, at 19 East 57th Street, have dyed extraordinarily clear and brilliant colors; $7, for any one of fifteen shades. An almost sure success these days is tennis gear. For a boy on your list, Cerutti, at 807 Madison Avenue (68th), will update the classic V-neck cable-stitch tennis pullover by cross-stitching his name in block letters—vertically, perhaps—on one shoulder. The sweater, which is of Orlon, costs $7, in toddlers' sizes 2, 3, and 4, and the lettering is $1 per letter. The long-sleeved varsity sweater has been revived, too, in red or navy Orlon, sporting a pair of white stripes on the arm, between which Cerutti will insert a child's initials; infants' and toddlers' sizes are $7, and boys' sizes 4 to 7 are $7.50. (Cerutti



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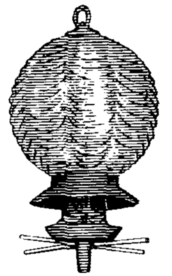

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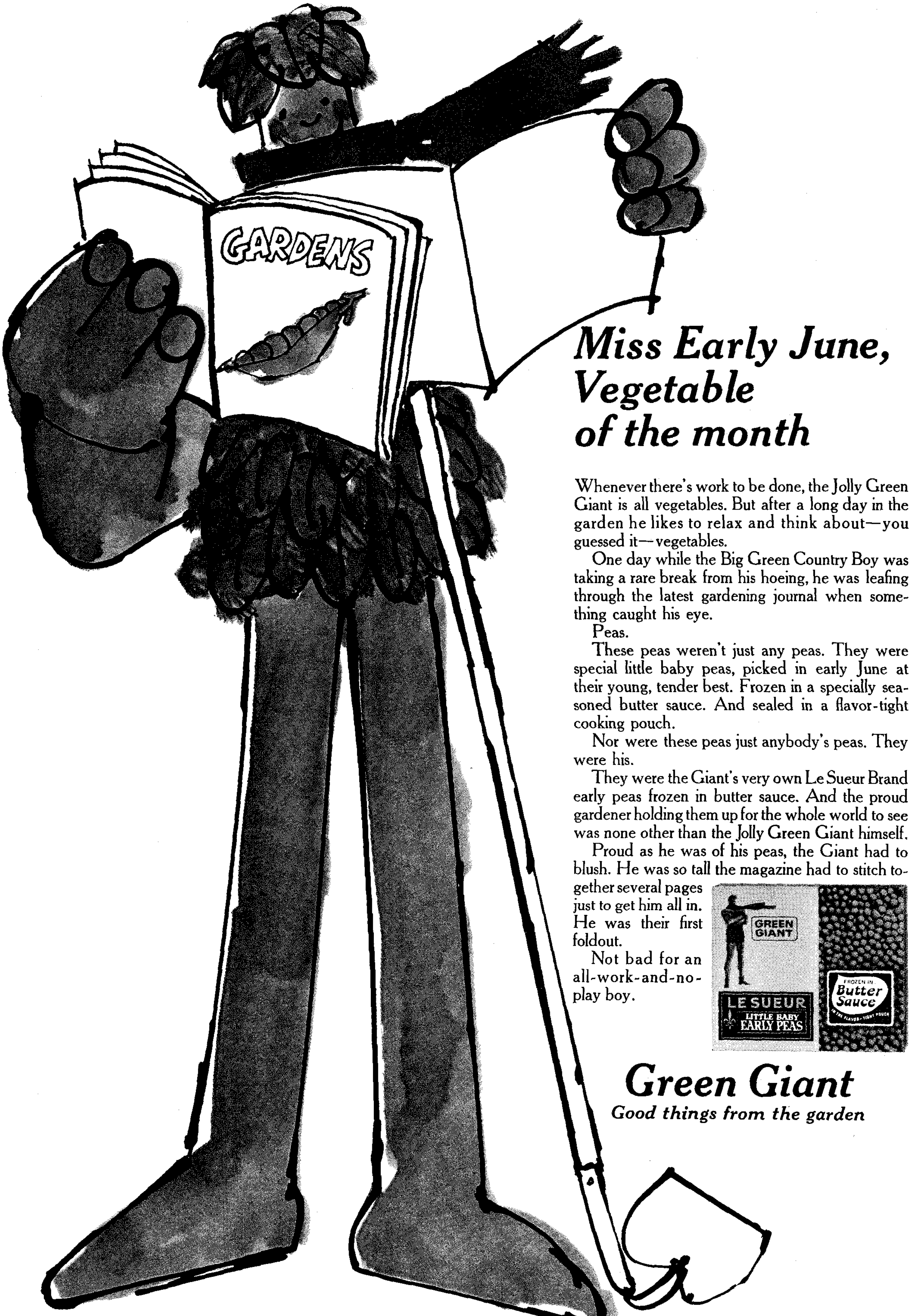

Miss Early June, Vegetable of the month

Whenever there's work to be done, the Jolly Green Giant is all vegetables. But after a long day in the garden he likes to relax and think about—you guessed it—vegetables.

One day while the Big Green Country Boy was taking a rare break from his hoeing, he was leafing through the latest gardening journal when something caught his eye.

Peas.

These peas weren't just any peas. They were special little baby peas, picked in early June at their young, tender best. Frozen in a specially seasoned butter sauce. And sealed in a flavor-tight cooking pouch.

Nor were these peas just anybody's peas. They were his.

They were the Giant's very own Le Sueur Brand early peas frozen in butter sauce. And the proud gardener holding them up for the whole world to see was none other than the Jolly Green Giant himself.

Proud as he was of his peas, the Giant had to blush. He was so tall the magazine had to stitch together several pages just to get him all in. He was their first foldout.

Not bad for an all-work-and-no-play boy.

Green Giant

Good things from the garden

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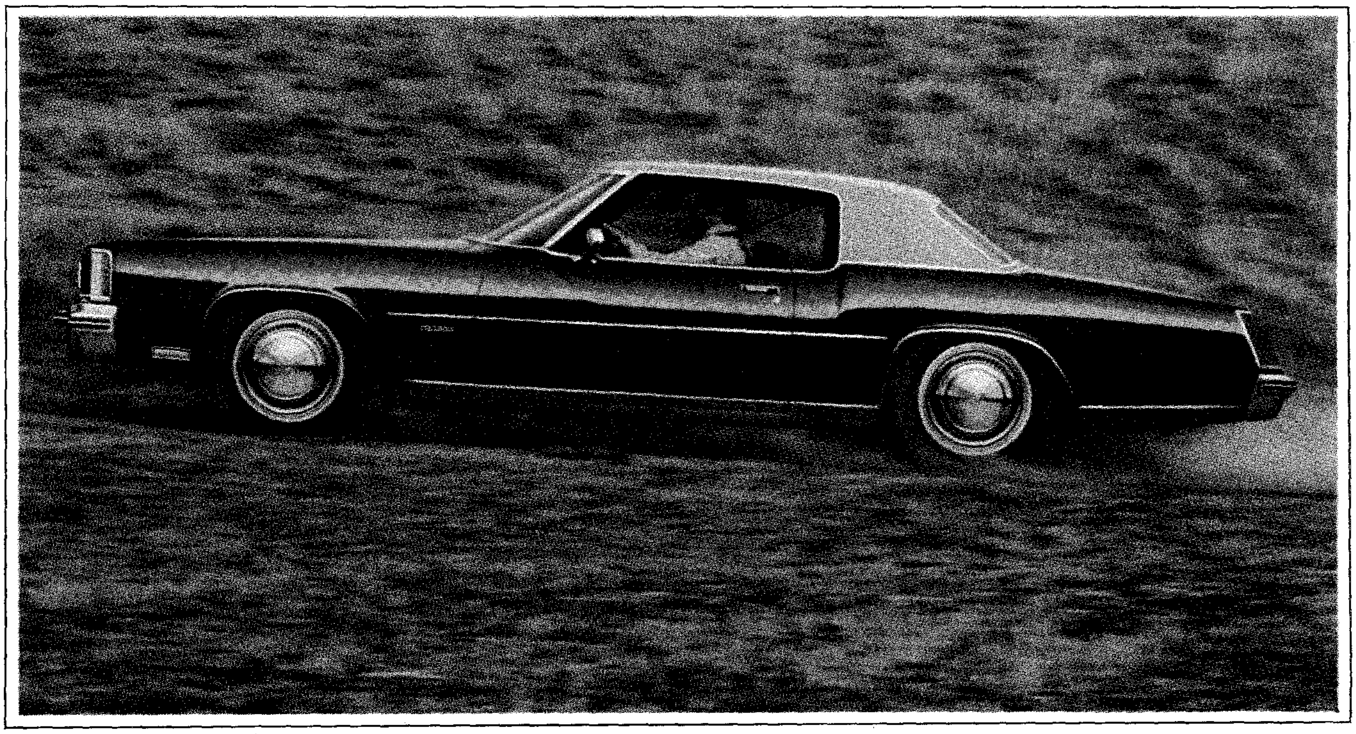
TORONADO



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Oldsmobile.

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1973 Oldsmobile Toronado.
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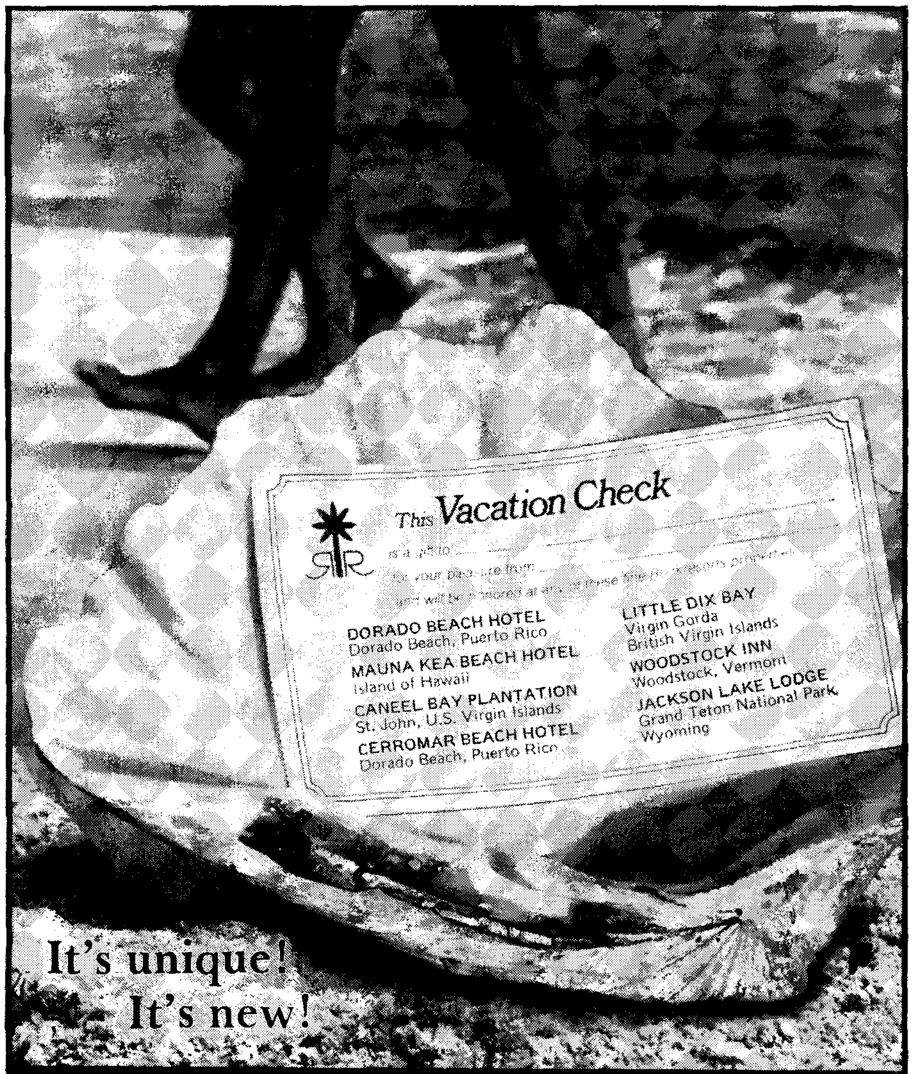
GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

also offers a nice assortment of unusual metal whistles, hung on chains, that would make good stocking stuffers; $4 each. A bos'n's pipe is one example.) Stone Free Kids gives the name sweater another form. In a week's time, this store will make a fine sleeveless pullover bearing a name below its shallow V neck; the price depends on the size, but is usually around $16. The wool has a rough cast that looks good in bright combinations—red and yellow, for example.

A handmade vest of very different tone is to be found at Wendy's Store, 1046 Madison Avenue (80th). It is a beautiful composition of horizontal bands of rainbow colors, finished at the edges with contrasting crochet. On the lower right quadrant is patched a tiny pocket bearing a special design—a trumpeting elephant, say, or a quiet mushroom. The front buttons are special, too—a Teddy bear, a flower, a heart. In the smallest size, the equivalent of infants' 1 and 2, the cost is $14; medium, or 2 to 4, is $16; and large, 4 to 6, $18. A girl more inclined to a romantic mode of dress would be happy to find under the tree a pale puff-sleeved sweater in a soft angora blend. The U neck is flattering, as are the gentle hues of yellow, blue, and pink; $10, in small, medium, and large, in Saks' Juniorette Department.

Lady Madonna and Baby Madonna are together at 67th Street and Madison Avenue, and offer, in addition to admirably stylish and undowdy maternity clothes, fashionable, layered outfits that either sex could wear. Under a light-gray velveteen blazer, along with cuffed pants, we find a red-white-and-gray plaid flannel shirt and a skimmy burgundy Orlon vest, finished off with a red-and-white polka-dot bow tie, all for $22, in sizes 1 to 5. Less polished but certainly as confident and as kinky is a dusty-brown or gray pin-striped gangster suit in light, unscratchy washable wool, seen at Pinch Penny Pick-A-Pocket and Children's Concepts. The jacket has wide, rakish lapels and two patch pockets and one breast pocket; the pants have an ingenious adjustable waist; sizes 2, 4, and 6 are $40, sizes 6 to 12 are $45. Saks offers a more gentlemanly gift: their handsome red wool blazer piped in white; in sizes 4 to 7, and $25. Another fitting indulgence from this store for any young male would be a Pierre Cardin blazer, splendidly cut of either Royal Stuart wool tartan or a muted light-blue-and-brown plaid cotton-and-polyester blend; the price in sizes 8 to 12 is $40, and in sizes 13 to 18 is $50.

The old-fashioned spirit of Christ-



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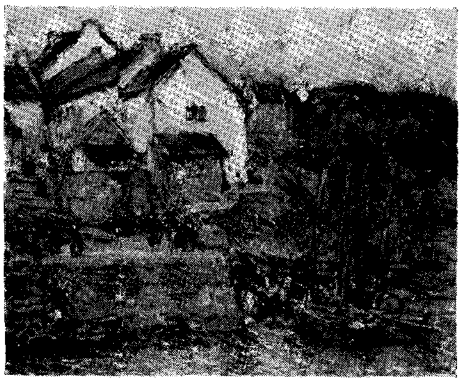

Breton Fishing Village and Boats,
France, c. 1910,
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mas may precipitate many young girls' return to dresses. The simple lines of some shirtwaist dresses at Donald Davies would befit either a stern or a fluffy little girl, and the fine Irish wool is dyed in colors whose purity is bound to flatter and delight. The dresses appear in all sorts of solids, checks, and plaids—a deep green-and-blue check, a soft blue-and-brick plaid, solids of emerald or yellow-gold. Their style is a classic tab-front shirtwaist gathered gently from the yoke, with several slight variations of neckline: the man-tailored, the high ruffle, the standup collar. They are $30 in sizes 4 and 6, $35 in sizes 8 and 10. The praiseworthy qualities of English textiles are in evidence at Owen, Ltd., at the corner of Lexington Avenue and 70th Street. The shop's selection of hand-smocked dresses of English fabrics is wide and particularly tempting. Take note of a long-sleeved Viyella dress in a tiny red-and-white check, which is fully smocked in red all around the bodice and at the wrist. Prices range from $20 to $50, according to size, which corresponds to from two to seven years.

For Christmas Day, there are lovely variations on the traditional velvet dress. This year, Small Business, a small SoHo shop at 482 West Broadway, at the corner of Houston, and Children's Concepts have an Indian mirror-cloth dress in a velvet of rich brown, bronze, burgundy, or navy, for toddlers' 1, 2, and 3; $14. At Wee Folk you will find a two-piece pinafore dress, traditional enough, but in this case a dusky blue-gray velvet is printed all over with tumbles of light-blue mushrooms on red stems; $31 is the price for toddlers' sizes 2 to 4 and sizes 3 to 6x. For a complete departure from velvet, Wendy's Store has a Victorian dress of a creamy smocked challis, printed all over with dusty roses. The sleeves are long, the collar is large and rounded, and the length can be either short or long (a small ruffle replaces the collar on the long version); the basic color can also be varied—to emerald green, royal blue, or red. In sizes 2 to 10, the short dress costs from $34 to $38; the floor-length from $38 to $44. You might offer a set of sisters matching long pinafore jumpers of a pretty quilted cotton with a floral print in brick-red and white. A generous eyelet ruffle edges the bib top and also trims the high collar and cuffs of a matching shirt. This ensemble in toddlers' sizes 2 to 4 is $20; in 4 to 6x, $20; and 7 to 14, $23, at Saks.

A snowy choirgirl nightgown is the very image of Christmas. Of a soft brushed nylon, the gown falls to just

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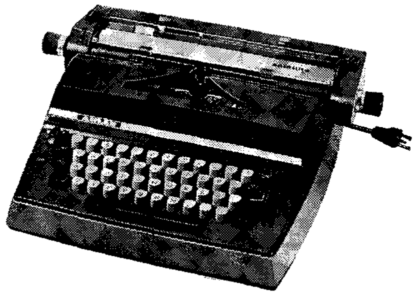
below the knees from a red rolled collar; $8, in sizes 4 to 14, at Lord & Taylor. For a cover-up, consider Bonwit Teller's long quilted robe of red gingham, with pinafore details on the bodice; sizes 4 to 6 are $17, and sizes 7 to 14 are $19. Viyella keeps the English warm, and Owen has a long or short dressing gown in this fabric in a rich cream printed with red or blue rosebuds; sizes from two to seven years are from $25 to $35. At Porthault, 57 East 57th Street, there is a grand hooded and sashed robe of red terry cloth piped in white; $25, in sizes 1 to 6. For the bath or the seashore, Saks has what is in fact a large white beach towel threaded with a drawstring, so that one quick pull creates a hooded cape. A border of bright-colored toys appears at the hem and face; $15. Into this package one might tuck a facecloth that has been stitched into a floppy dragon hand puppet; seventy-five cents, at the Lighthouse Craftshop, 111 East 59th St.

The easiest, most popular answer to the question of bedclothes is "Sleeping bag." The latest development is a life-sized (fifty-four-inch) Raggedy Ann or Raggedy Andy. These old friends, dressed as usual, have been tailored out of quilted cotton; a child slips in at the neck, zips up the side, and rests his head on a soft, cushioned Raggedy head. Andy is an oblong, while Ann, with long striped legs dangling under her apron, is more like a pajama to get into; $18, at F.A.O. Schwarz. Bloomingdale's offers a red-white-and-blue tattersall bag cheerily printed with daisies and strawberries; $15. So that a young girl is all of a piece, a matching cotton flannel nightie, cut like an Austrian dirndl, can be acquired for an additional $8, in sizes 4 to 14. Here, too, is a navy sleeping bag lined with red and decorated with cowboy lore—jargon like "Dodge City" and "Howdy Partner" printed amid stagecoaches and horseheads; $13. B. Altman has a white sack decorated with hungry and sleepy mice tucked between rows of strawberry ice-cream cones and ice-cream sundaes; $15. Snoopy and some of his famous words are found on turquoise or orange sleeping bags at Children's Concepts; $18. Or, if a child you know is a real traveller, a gift of luggage might be in order. Bonwit Teller has designed children's luggage in red-and-blue plaid corduroy in four sizes, all vinyl-lined: a sixteen-inch and an eighteen-inch valise ($14 and $16), a garment bag ($16), and a tote bag ($6). Into the eighteen-inch bag, perhaps, a child can pack all the new clothes that were under the Christmas tree.



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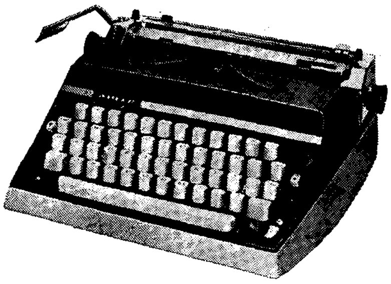

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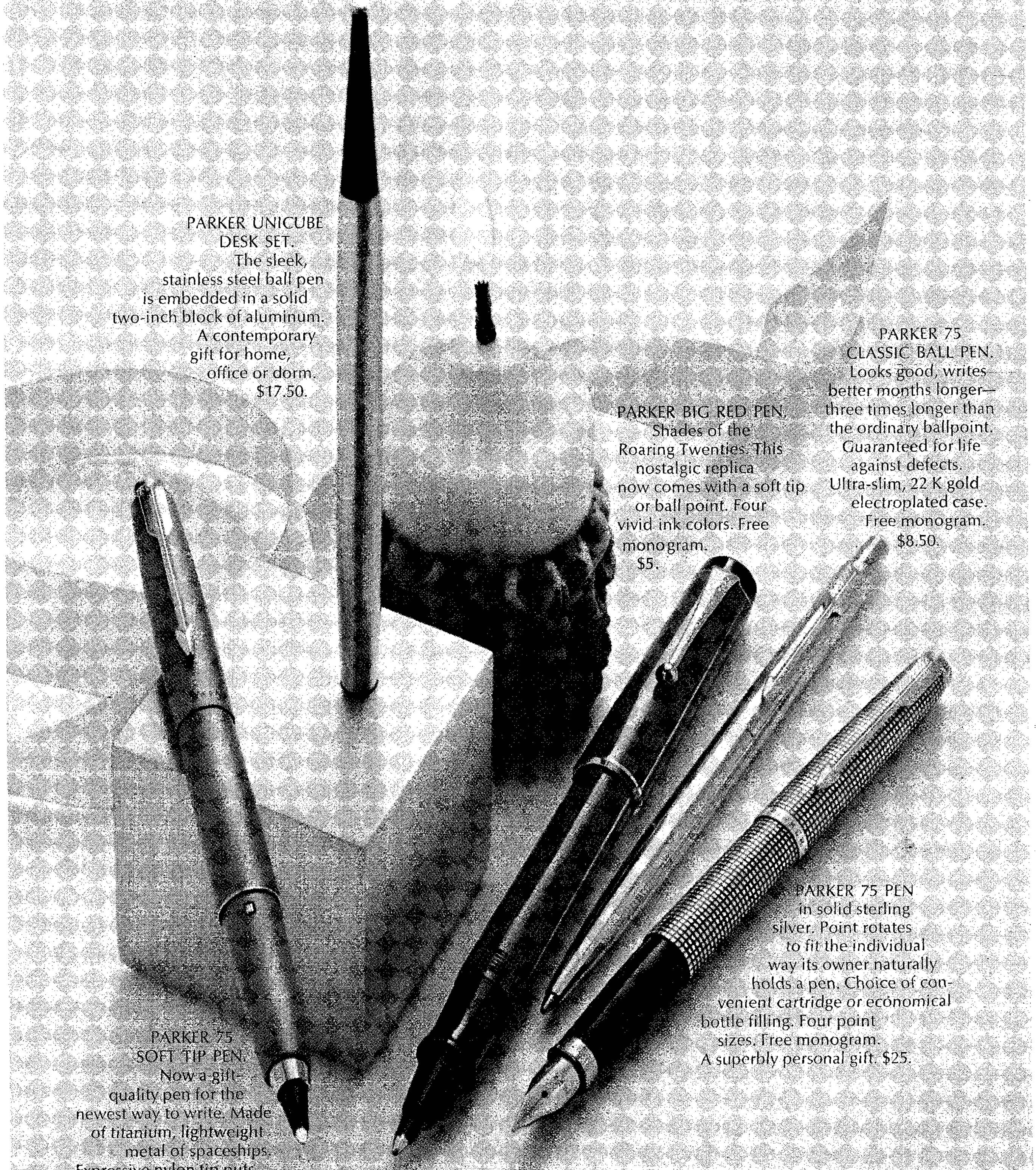
FIVE GIFTED WAYS TO SAY HAPPY HOLIDAYS



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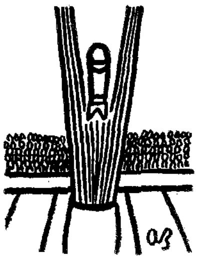
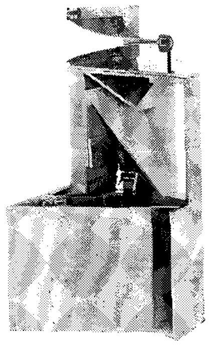


ONLY trainers who hold to the pathetic fallacy believe that race horses can, while they are being saddled for a stakes, communicate their feelings at the moment—ill temper, drowsiness, dyspepsia, nerves. It appears, too, that there is really no hot line between quarterbacks and coaches at game time. One week, Doyle, sent in, as distinctly second choice, to impart law and order to a Yale that was tumbling and fumbling on Cornell's man-contrived turf, was fair-to-middling; a week later, against a Dartmouth that at times looked capable of dealing with something on the order of Penn State, he was invincible; next weekend, against Pennsylvania, again operating on substitute greenery, he (and his teammates, be it noted) seemed uncertain, unconfident from the beginning, and ended up by being unconquering as well; the weekend after that, though never as sharp as he was against Dartmouth, he had Princeton well in hand before he was withdrawn in favor of Purrington, who until Doyle came along had been top man in Yale's posse of quarterbacks. Uneven indeed, but sufficient indeed for a first-year man. Then, more of the same last Saturday: Doyle throwing the ball to the four winds instead of his catchers, Harvard rolling as far ahead as 17–0, and Purrington taking over once more—now not to give his smart young co-worker a fully deserved rest but to save the afternoon. And save it he did—Yale 28, Harvard 17. It was Purrington's final match, and his very best.

Dartmouth's Stetson put paid to his career that same afternoon, and did it the same way: Pennsylvania off and running (and throwing) to a 14–0 headway, then Stetson bringing his companions up from behind to make it Dartmouth 31, Pennsylvania 17. This correspondent and his outriders have had this quick-witted, quick-moving performer under steady surveillance a matter of three years; consensus is that he never had, win or lose (and Dartmouth is not given to losing), an off day. Part of the fun of being a Stetson is being durable enough to rarely need repairs; part of it is that permanent craftiness is not compulsory: always there is a Klupchak to take—in



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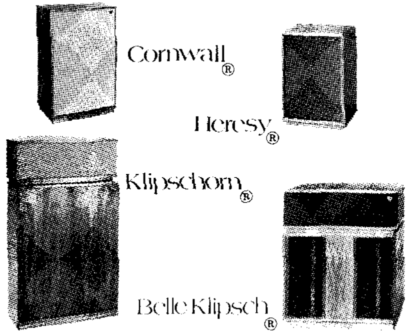

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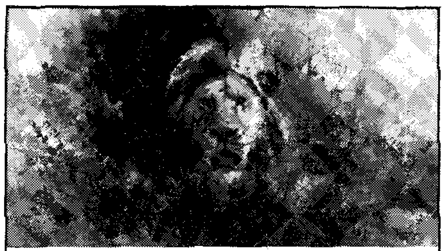

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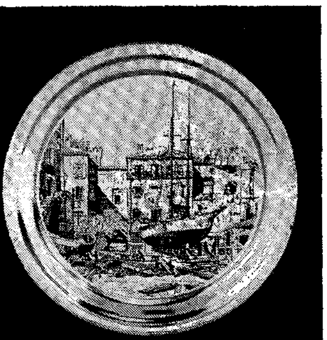

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plain view of all—a pitchout and simply outrun everyone else. Doyle and Purrington had their Jauron to work the same barefaced, glorying-in-sheer-power maneuver; Pennsylvania's Pinto and Mandel and Shue had their Bellizeare for this feat of prowess. Klupchak will be back next year (and so will Bellizeare), but who on earth will be throwing to him? None of the Stetson fillers-in who have been seen under fire will, on this season's form, do. Perhaps, from the always ample Dartmouth freshman squad, a new Doyle will appear.

IN the matter of durability and efficiency and balance (the assets of a Stetson), there has been no one in the Ultimate League, the professionals, to match up with Namath. (The famous old set of bad knees must have been replaced.) He and all the other Jets were at ease this past weekend, and none too soon. Surviving the Jets' misdemeanors—among them a lackadaisical defense and a disinclination to hold on to the ball—has been an uneasy assignment for Namath. (As much could, naturally, be said for Tarkenton's efforts to convert the Vikings into a football team.) Then came, Sunday before last, the match in Miami with the Dolphins. The Jets had lost, along the way, not a few useful performers this year (Snell was the most noticeable invalid), and before action began, an invocation was offered up—calling, as invocations do (whether they be the annual blessing for the herring fleet or for a flower show), on Heaven to look kindly upon the participants in whatever endeavor is to ensue and to preserve them in good health. Three hours later, Miami was on top, 28–24, and eight Jets were practically in traction. Most of those eight were among the missing four days later—i.e., Thanksgiving—when (such are the exigencies of television football) another professional offering had to be staged: Jets vs. Lions. The Jets' defense upheld its reputation, and the Lions came out ahead, 37–20.

For reasons that need no explaining, Namath is not a scrambler, and neither—or so it has been said—is Morrall, the nearly invincible quarterback of the Dolphins. His dislike of scrambling (his legs, after all, are thirty-eight years old) was a reason for letting him go from the Giants and the Colts. His unexpected sprint out of the pocket, good for thirty-one yards against the Jets, just about made the year for all the admirers who mourn his exile from these parts. —J. W. L.

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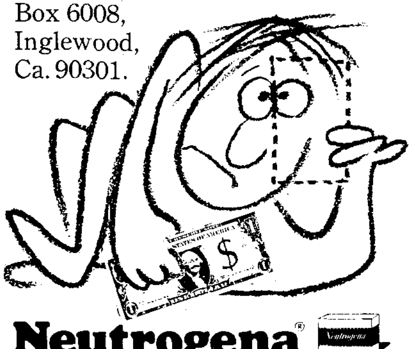

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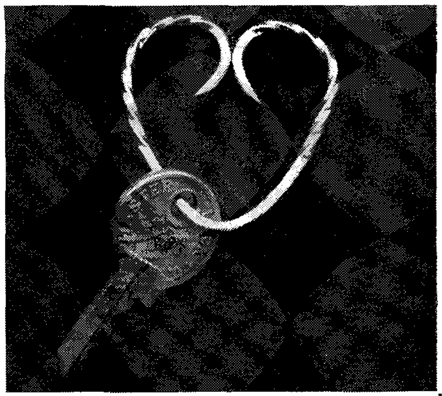

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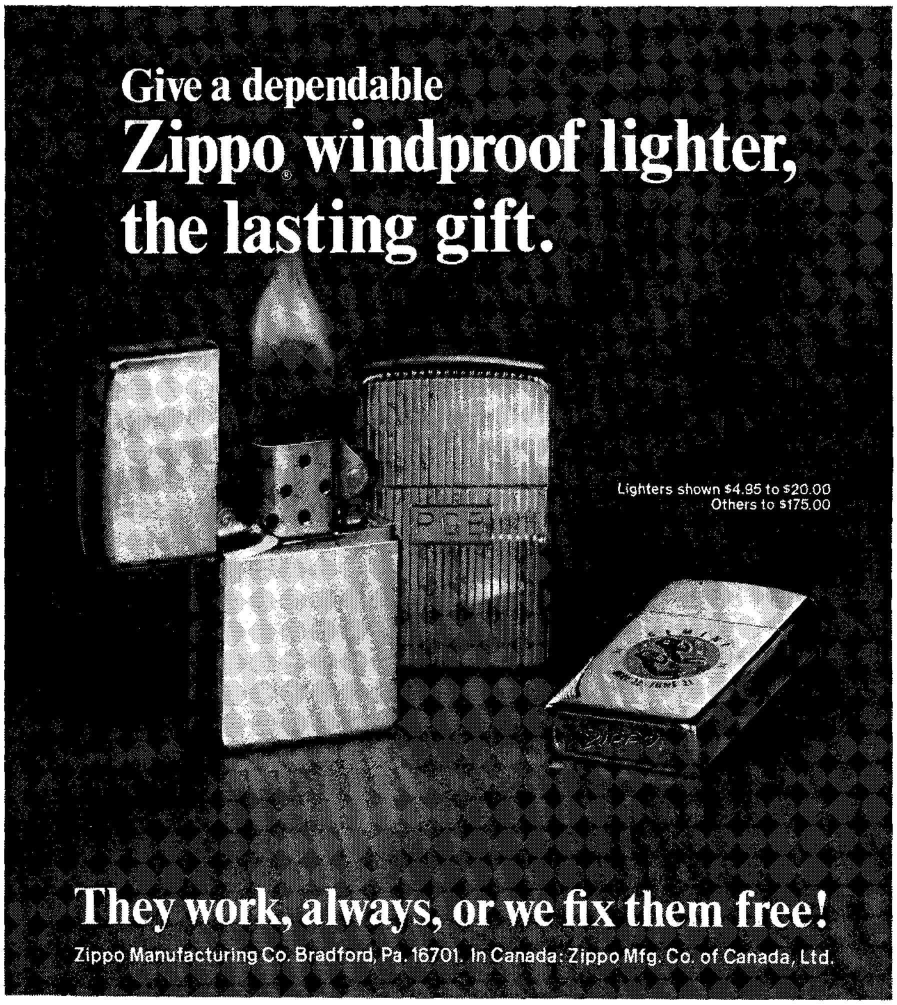
THE RACE TRACK

Latecomer

HIGH TOP FARMS

SINCE it was first run, in 1944, the Roamer Handicap has almost invariably brought out a first-class field of three-year-olds and ended in a thrilling finish. The renewal at Aqueduct last Saturday was no exception. True Knight, coming up on the rails with an astonishing burst of speed, whipped past Sunny and Mild less than a furlong out to win going away by a length and a half. Forage was third, two lengths back. A dozen ran, but for about three-quarters of the mile and three-sixteenths Sunny and Mild, the winner of the Queens County Handicap the week before and right now probably the most improved colt hereabouts, raced along together with Halo and Quill Gordon, lengths ahead of the others. True Knight was way behind. I'd say that leaving the far turn he was tenth, but from there he began to make tracks. Belmonte, who rode him, deserves full marks for saving ground and for his judgment of pace. He also was lucky. If Venezia, who was on Sunny and Mild, had kept close to the rails in the stretch, True Knight wouldn't even have been third. Venezia didn't, and Belmonte popped his mount through an opening the way—as old-timers will tell you—Pony McAtee used to do when he had a bet down. Freetex was an also-ran, as was Crafty Khale, who had won by eighteen lengths in Jersey last month. True Knight, as you know, is by Darby Dan Farm's Kentucky Derby winner Chateaugay out of Stealaway, by Olympia.

Two-year-old fillies, as many as a starting gate can hold, were out for the Demoiselle Stakes, at one mile, on Thanksgiving Day, and Elmendorf's Protest led them from beginning to end. Away on her toes, she stepped the first quarter mile in 0:22⅗ and the half mile in 0:45⅖. Then she began to slow down; she passed the six-furlong mark in 1:10⅖ and had to go all out to beat Flightoletti by three-quarters of a length in 1:37⅗. Rose Chapeau was third. Favorite-players in the crowd of twenty-four thousand had nothing to be thank-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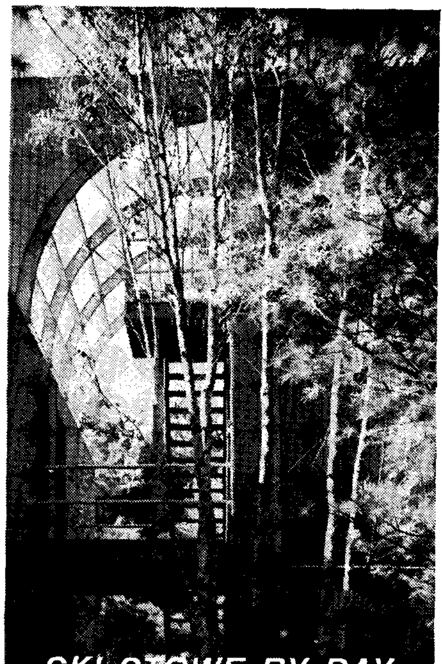
ful for; all nine first choices were beaten.

I CAN'T recall when a two-year-old colt made a deeper impression on racegoers, or won with such ridiculous ease, as did the Meadow Stable's Secretariat in the Garden State Stakes Saturday before last. The big, handsome chestnut wound up his chores for the season with the race, and it was no more than a good gallop for him. Leaving the gate slowly, as usual, he was last of the six runners for the first couple of furlongs of the mile and sixteenth—nearly ten lengths behind Piamem, a colt from Venezuela, and Angle Light, who were having a head-and-head tussle for the lead. Presently, however, Secretariat settled into his long, smooth stride and began moving up. Even before he reached the turn for home, he looked the winner all over. At the end, he passed the post three and a half lengths to the good, while Angle Light was hard pressed to save the place from Step Nicely. After the riders weighed in, there were minutes of concern among those in the crowd who had backed Secretariat, at 1–10, because Arellano, who rode Knightly Dawn, lodged an objection against Secretariat and Impecunious for crowding and bumping on the turn into the stretch. The stewards dismissed the charge against Secretariat but disqualified Impecunious. Needless to say, there was a minus pool on the entry of Secretariat and Angle Light to place (both are trained by Lucien Laurin), and it will probably go into the records as the smallest ever. It came to a total of fifty-eight cents.

I'm curious to see to whom Kenneth Noe, Jr., the Handicapper to the Jockey Club, assigns top weight in the Experimental Handicap, the official rating of the two-year-olds of 1972. Secretariat won seven of his nine starts; he was fourth in his maiden effort, and came in first but was disqualified and placed second in the Champagne Stakes. La Prevoyante won all of her twelve starts. No filly has ever led the Experimental, but one has tied for the lead. That was back in 1946, when Jack Campbell put 126 pounds on First Flight and the same weight on Cosmic Bomb and Double Jay.

I CAUGHT the Colonial Cup—the last, most important, and richest steeplechase of the season—on television, and I thought it was a good show. It was also a particularly happy occasion for Mrs. Marion du Pont



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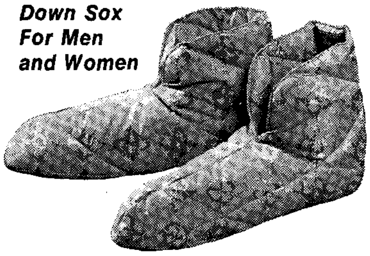

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Scott, who sponsors the event, and over whose estate at Camden, South Carolina, it is run, for her Soothsayer won it. What's more, he beat Inkslinger by a couple of lengths, reversing the placing in the race last year, when Inkslinger beat him by a neck. Sixteen jumpers, two from abroad, went to the post for the chase, at two miles and six and a half furlongs over eighteen fences of the Springdale Course, and it was easy to follow them. Soothsayer took the lead turning for home and held it easily. Inkslinger took second place as easily from Shadow Brook. Top Bid, winner of the first Cup, was fourth. Selah!

THEY'RE off and running in Florida again—at Calder Race Course instead of Tropical Park, which had opened the winter season in Miami ever since Bill Dwyer made it over from a discarded dog track, back in 1931. Tropical is being turned into a football stadium. And the Fair Grounds at New Orleans opened, as is its tradition, on Thanksgiving Day, marking the hundred-and-first year they've had winter racing there. Horses are still moving South. Secretariat is on his way to Hialeah, if he isn't there already. La Prevoyante is at Gulfstream. Cougar II won't be in the Gallant Fox Handicap at Aqueduct this weekend; he went back to California, where he'll await the opening of Santa Anita the day after Christmas.

ALTHOUGH there were many onlookers, bidding wasn't as high as many had expected at the dispersal of some of the late A. B. Hancock, Jr.'s, horses at Belmont Park. Even so, thirty-five yearlings and horses of racing age brought $2,580,000. The British Bloodstock Agency, acting for an unnamed client abroad, gave $240,000 for a yearling bay colt by Round Table out of Gamely. Not bad.

—AUDAX MINOR

●

MORRISTOWN—All Souls Hospital is on its way toward realizing its plan to discontinue maternity.—*Morristown (N.J.) Daily Record.*

Take a bit of doing, but worth a try.

●

"Movies can never find that same aggression you get on stage," he said, sipping a glass of tomato juice and speaking through smokey, long-lashed eyes.—*Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.*

That's not the way to spell "smoky."

Her father gave her away when she was three years old.

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BOOKS

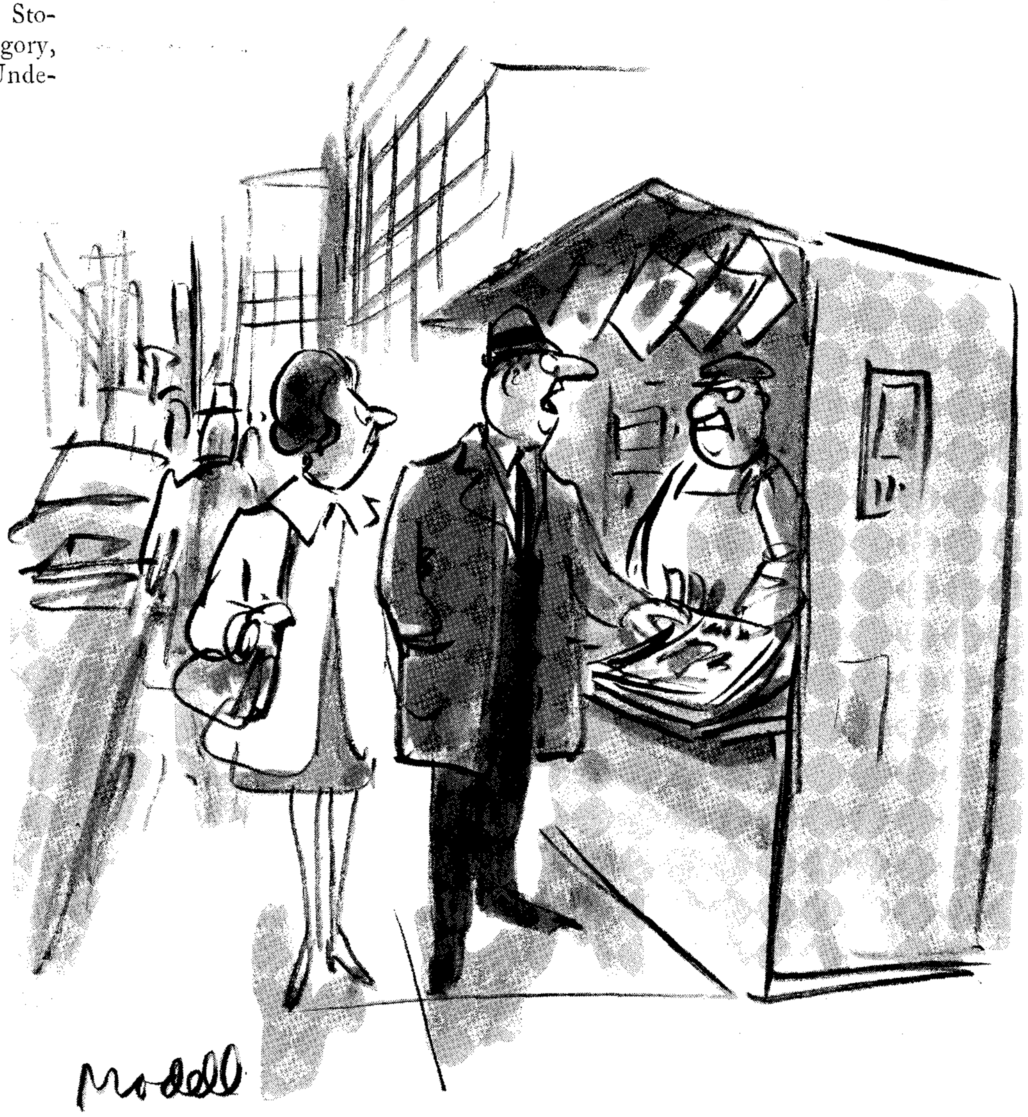
Christmas Books for Children

THE possibilities for the arrangement of libraries are engrossing and well-nigh infinite. Shall I put all of Virginia Woolf's novels with English fiction, or shall I leave her corporeally intact in a room of her own, together with her essays and her diary? But where, then, will E. M. Forster *on* Virginia Woolf go? Next to "A Room with a View" or "A Room of One's Own"? A notional friend of mine proposed, late at night, his theory that an alphabetical ordering according to publishers would, if nothing else, provide the owner of a library with a reputation for originality and safeguard him against undiscriminating and larcenous aficionados of jokebooks, unless, of course, the borrower found himself in the Random House section.

To "Travel," "Natural History," "Current Events," and "Ghost Stories" I have added a new category, "Books with Hypnagogic or Undesirable Titles." Houghton Mifflin has published something with such a title—"Poetry Is," by James Playsted Wood. Who ever said that poetry was *not*? The author argues that "poetry is a reality." And he goes on to say, in sorrowing but let's-make-the-best-of-it profundity, "There are not many basic realities. Life is one. Death is another. Love is one. Pure mathematics has been said to be one." He does admit that an anchor is an anchor and a piece of bread is a piece of bread, but they are nothing more than that. Are they, then, only molecularly real, and therefore not worth bothering with? Poetry, being the whole cheese, IS. I do not like the subtitle any better: "Thoughts About the What, Why, and Who of Poetry." And I certainly do not like that condescending crack about pure mathematics' being a putative reality. Bigotry is out of place in books for the young. It may come as a surprise to Mr. Wood that, according to Dawn C. Thomas, "Downtown Is." A Harlem child finds this out much as did Edna St. Vincent Millay when, in Euclid, she looked on beauty bare, or Keats when he first eyeballed Chapman's Homer. The word "eyeballed" is used in this book, and so are the expressions "most action place" and "you better believe!" Nevertheless, the *gestes* and discoveries of the inquisitive little boy on his journey from 125th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue to lower Manhattan are mildly beguiling, and Colleen Browning's paintings are sometimes charming. It is McGraw-Hill who publishes this ramble with the silly title. Fashionable in the quarterlies and among the university presses are speculations on "The American Woman Writer as Mediterranean Throwback" and "The Chicano as Metaphysician." Could we not interest someone in "Poetry as Downtown" or "Downtown as Poetry"? "More Strange but True Baseball Stories," by Howard Liss (Random House), would not keep me awake very late at night, despite some catchy-sounding yarns like "But You Were Wrong, Ump!" and "Too Much Hustle." "Dinky Hocker Shoots Smack!," by M. E. Kerr and published by Harper & Row, is not only a revolting and cryptic title (I called the local grammar school to find out what smack is and how it is shot); it is, as well, a put-on. Dinky, whose perfectly reasonable real name is Susan, is not a hophead but a lunchhead, and hers is the story of the ups and downs of weight-watching with her obese and mossback boyfriend, P. John Knight, whose admiration for the late Senator Joe McCarthy is not less credible than this gobbet of dialogue:

> "Does heroin give you pimples?" Tucker asked.
>
> "All junk does. Junkies love sweets," Dinky said authoritatively. "I never met a junkie who didn't verge on bulbous acne."

The publicity people at Harper & Row are so struck with the verve and know-how of their heroine that they begin



"I didn't call you a harbinger of bad news, I called the 'Daily News' a harbinger of bad news."

their flap copy with this come-on. I hope the original Harper Brothers have long ago become insentient mycelium.

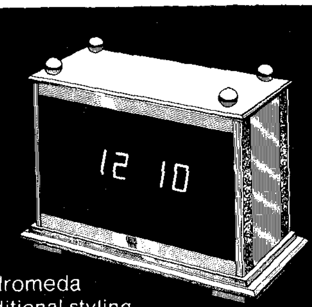
Doubleday, for reasons best known to itself, has brought out a series of Love Lines—“poetry books that [say] very special things to very special people”—by Lois Wyse. Some of the titles are “A Grand-(Kind-of-a) Father,” “A Father Is Love and Other Nice Things.” In “Small Poems for the Daughter I Love” I find these abstruse lines:

> The life we loom
> Is spun,
> Not of gossamer,
> But of corn flakes at breakfast,
> Intermittent headaches,
> Letters to the editor
> And the deep unaccountable thing
> Parents feel for a daughter.

I have never seen a cornflake that could be spun, and I spent the first twenty years of my life in a town where there was a highly conspicuous Kellogg's Battle Creek Sanitarium: Grapenuts were made into pretend meat loaf and shredded wheat was made into vermicelli Siena, but cornflakes were never spun. These slim volumes are, I gather, to be sent as greeting books—a little more substantial and expensive (three smackers) than Hallmark cards—as tribute to all manner of kin. The possibilities are grandly varied: “Tender Tokens for My Spinster First Cousin Once Removed on the Maternal Side,” “Oh, Natural Child, What Big Blue Eyes You Have.”

While it would be churlish to object to the title “Baby,” I find it wanting in particularity; a punctuation mark might help: Baby? Baby! (Baby). (Or perhaps Baby could get into the running with Poetry and Downtown: “Baby Is.”) Fran Manushkin has written the text and Ronald Himler has made the pictures for this story of an unborn female infant who has a full head of curly locks, the mobility of a junior-high athlete, and a stubborn reluctance to see the light of day. (Harper & Row is the publisher.) Sassy, she does reasonably accomplished calisthenics in her great big mummy's great big tummy and refuses bribes to be born: her brother offers her a nickel and her grandfather offers a fast automobile ride; her grandmother, who would sure as shooting cut no ice with *me*, promises to bake the tad a delicious banana cake. It is the sound of Daddy kissing his wife's stomach and kissing the foeta's siblings and kissing her grandparents that persuades her finally to get hatched, because kissing sounds so “umm.”

“Science Experiments You Can



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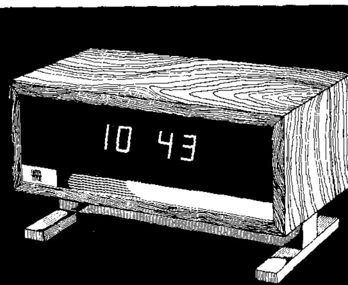

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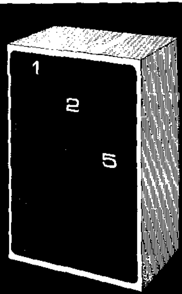

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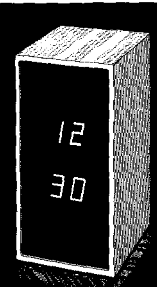

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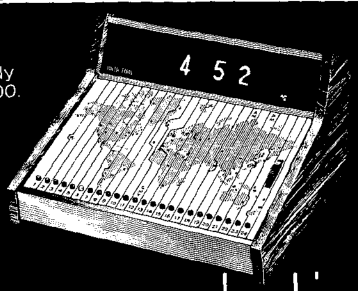

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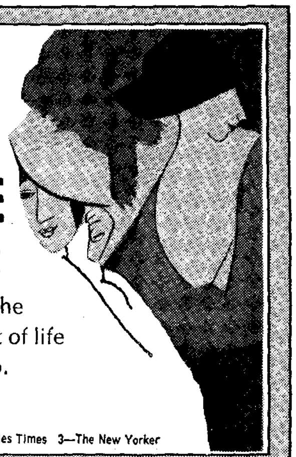

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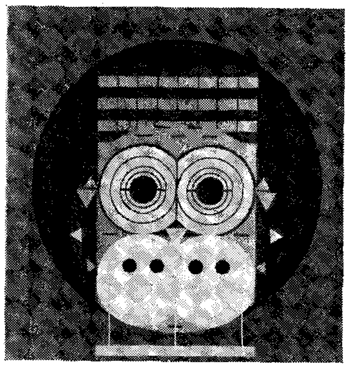
Eat," by Vicki Cobb, and illustrated by Peter Lippman (Lippincott), worried me, because I did not know whether it was a cookbook for me or for my white rat. After soaking a red cabbage in water to produce an "indicator" that would tell me whether I had an acid or a base in my bowl, I was invited (or my rat was) to make a salad or to "divide the cabbage in half, putting each half in an aluminum pot. Put a cut-up tart apple in only one pot. Use enough water to just cover the bottom of the pot (½-¼ cup).... Which cooked cabbage is redder? Why? How do your findings support the idea that small amounts of aluminum combine with water to form aluminum hydroxide, a base? Mix all the cooked cabbage together and season with salt, pepper, and butter to serve."

At this point, my white rat took a powder, and, not liking the look in his sagacious eye, so did I.

Carolyn Balducci has published a book called "Earwax" (Houghton Mifflin), which has to do with the gallopingly contemporary adventures of a twenty-year-old miss on her own in Europe. We learn the meaning of the title at the end: "But life? It just keeps going on until it stops and there's nothing you can do about it except be glad you've got it, even though you're not quite sure it's doing you any good. It's like earwax, you know? No matter how hard you think about it, there's not much you can do with it." It might be interesting, though scarcely important, to know how often and how much the average American citizen who has reached the age of franchise contemplates earwax.

The protagonist of "Barbapapa's Voyage," written and illustrated by Annette Tison and Talus Taylor, and published by World, is a pinkish nebula on the order of a shmoo or a vast bulge of Silly Putty. Born in a garden, he is found and fostered by a boy named François, and for a time he seems happy with the trees and flowers and birds and the cat, but one day he goes into such dark melancholy that François and his parents take him to the vet, who diagnoses his trouble as the natural need for a Barbamama. So a search for a partner is made in London, India, New York, rural America, and outer space, but the excursion is a failure. Who ever would have dreamed that there is a Barbamama living in the home garden all the time? François and his friend discover her when they return from their fruitless journey, and, true to our ever-expanding ethical culture, the Barbamama is black and beautiful and

FAMILY OWLBUM



by Charles Harper

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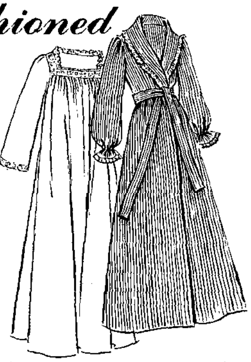

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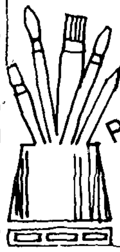

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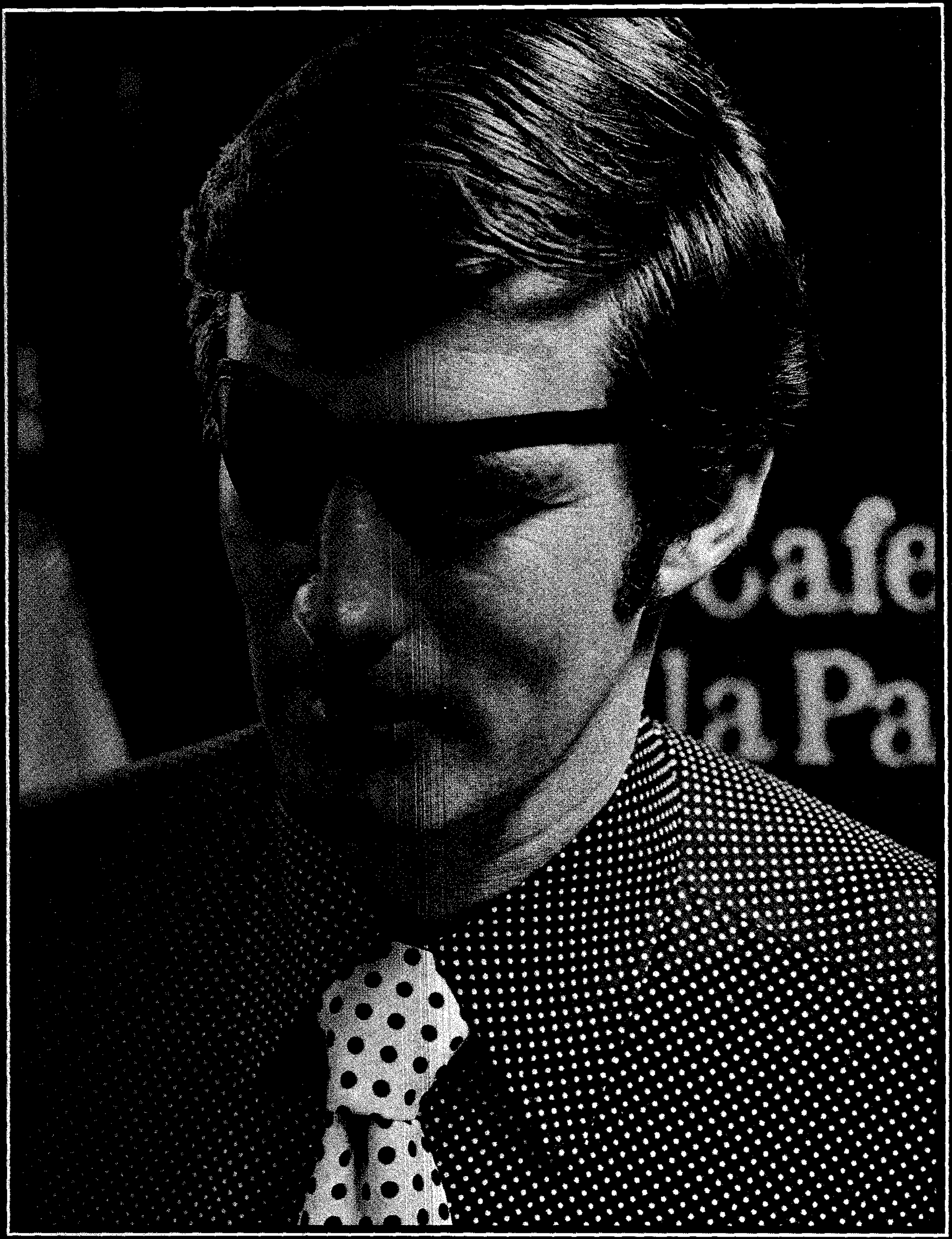

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their sevenfold issue come in lollipop colors. Pshaw!

I made only a cursory examination of "Winnie-La-Pu" (Dutton), because it is a translation into Esperanto, and, while it is advertised as being for all ages, I find myself too grownup for such academic coquetry. "Jane's Blanket" is a harmless if pedestrian title, but one wonders why Arthur Miller chose to reissue the book bearing it: the (security: surprise!) blanket is pink, and it grows smaller (through successive launderings) as Jane grows bigger (through larger ingestions of solid food); the kid is mulish about growing up, as many children seem to be these days—an observation that has somehow lost its piquancy. Viking publishes Mr. Miller's avuncular parable and Emily A. McCully illustrates it.

THERE are plenty of other witless titles by which you can pretty much judge the books, but there are, as well, goodly stores of riches, and no child (at least, no small child) should have to put up with a dud. The late (and, to the literate world, the sorely lamented) Randall Jarrell had, among his multitudinous exuberant and rational, frolicsome and scholarly affinities, one with romantic Germany and with the language of romantic German literature. It can also be said, in passing, and with admiration, that he was a mightily acerb goodfellow. Besides that, he knew what childhood was, and his knowledge deepened as he grew older. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that he could translate from the Brothers Grimm superbly, leaching out the psychedelic folderol, drowning out the fustian, extirpating the sentimentality of most of his fellow-translators, who muddled and moralized and misunderstood decades before he was born. His interpretation of "Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs," which Farrar, Straus & Giroux hopes will be back from the bindery a fortnight or more ahead of Christmas, is as pure as snow, as robust as blood, and as black as man's inhumanity to man. His text—like so much of his poetry and so much of his criticism—has a holy jollity, a joyful holiness. Let me expose myself to his enemies and mine by using a mauled and violated word and say that his view of Snow-White is instinct with *love:* he knew her as well as he knew his own cat and the birds in his own garden, and he addressed them all in their personal idiom because he took the pains to learn and honor their hearts. The pictures, by Nancy Ekholm Burkert, are, like Jarrell's bounty of mercy and delight, so triumphantly

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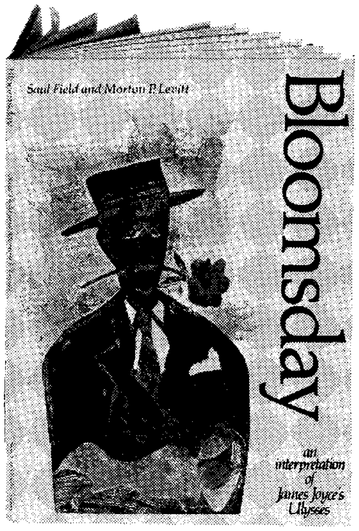
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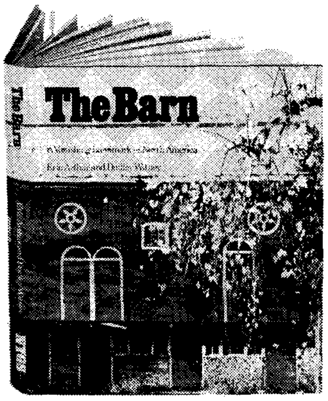

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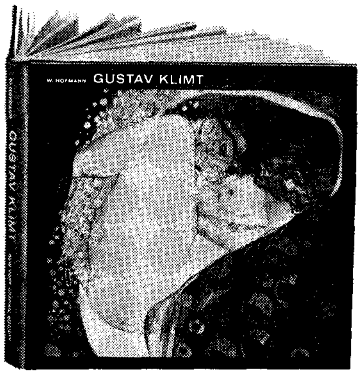

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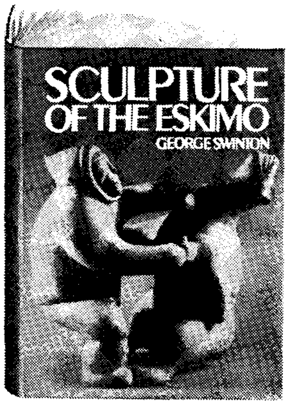

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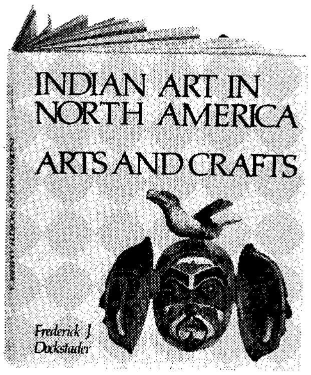

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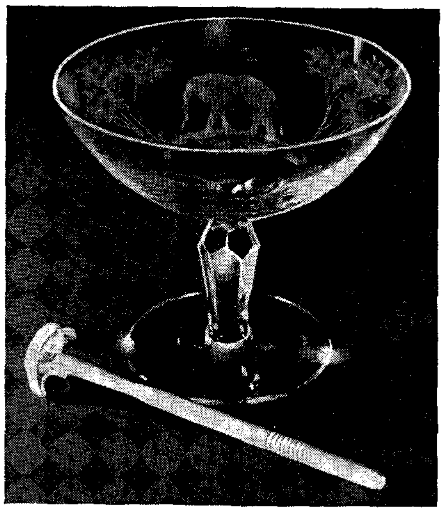

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beautiful, so *breathtakingly* wise, so wisely innocent that about all a reader and a beholder of this collaboration of the quick and the dead can say is "Hallelujah!"

I am not sure that I would buy "Granny Bear's Birthday," designed and written by Desmond Marwood and illustrated by Ben and Stephanie Manchipp (World), *but I am glad to* have had the opportunity to examine it, because it is a "Scratch-and-Sniff" book: the pictures of lemons do smell like lemons if you scratch them, the orange gelatin also smells like lemon, and the cakes smell something like Hostess cakes, but the strawberry and the strawberry jam made therefrom are *distinctly ersatz, and the chocolate pud*ding smells like paper dyed with a rather unwholesome mulberry-brown chemical substance. Nancy Larrick has collected, in "The Wheels of the Bus Go Round and Round," a bonanza of school-bus songs and chants, and Gene Holtan has illustrated them with great good will (Golden Gate). Some of *them are as familiar as* "The Bear Went Over the Mountain," and many of them are old tunes with new verses; I had not, I'm glad to say, encountered the following variant before:

> Cinderella dressed in yellow
> Went upstairs to kiss her fellow
> Made a mistake and kissed a snake
> How many doctors did it take?
> 1-2-3-4 . . .

Nor was I acquainted with

> Roses are red
> Violets are blue
> The skunks had a college
> And named it P.U.

It is to be hoped that the bus drivers are a fun-loving breed, because some of these songs are very long indeed and very repetitious.

Elegantly and eloquently illustrated by Hélène Poirié is the Librairie Larousse "Mon Premier Livre de Chansons," and my only objection to the presentation of the scores and lyrics is that they are printed too finely—at least too finely for most parents' eyes. A further collection of rhymes and songs to amuse and to please the taste is "Hey, Bug! and Other Poems About Little Things," selected by Elizabeth M. Itse and illustrated by Susan Carlton Smith (American Heritage). The old yarn of the rapscallion to whom the giddy maiden insistently reiterates "Soldier, Soldier, Won't You Marry Me?" is retold by John Langstaff and illustrated winsomely by Anita Lobel (Doubleday); as you recall, the soldier puts off the importunate lass until she has given him a complete set of new clothes and only then admits that

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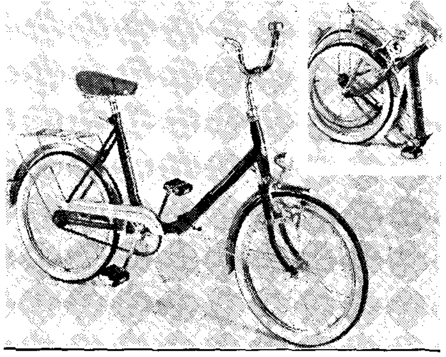

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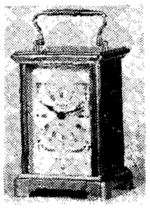

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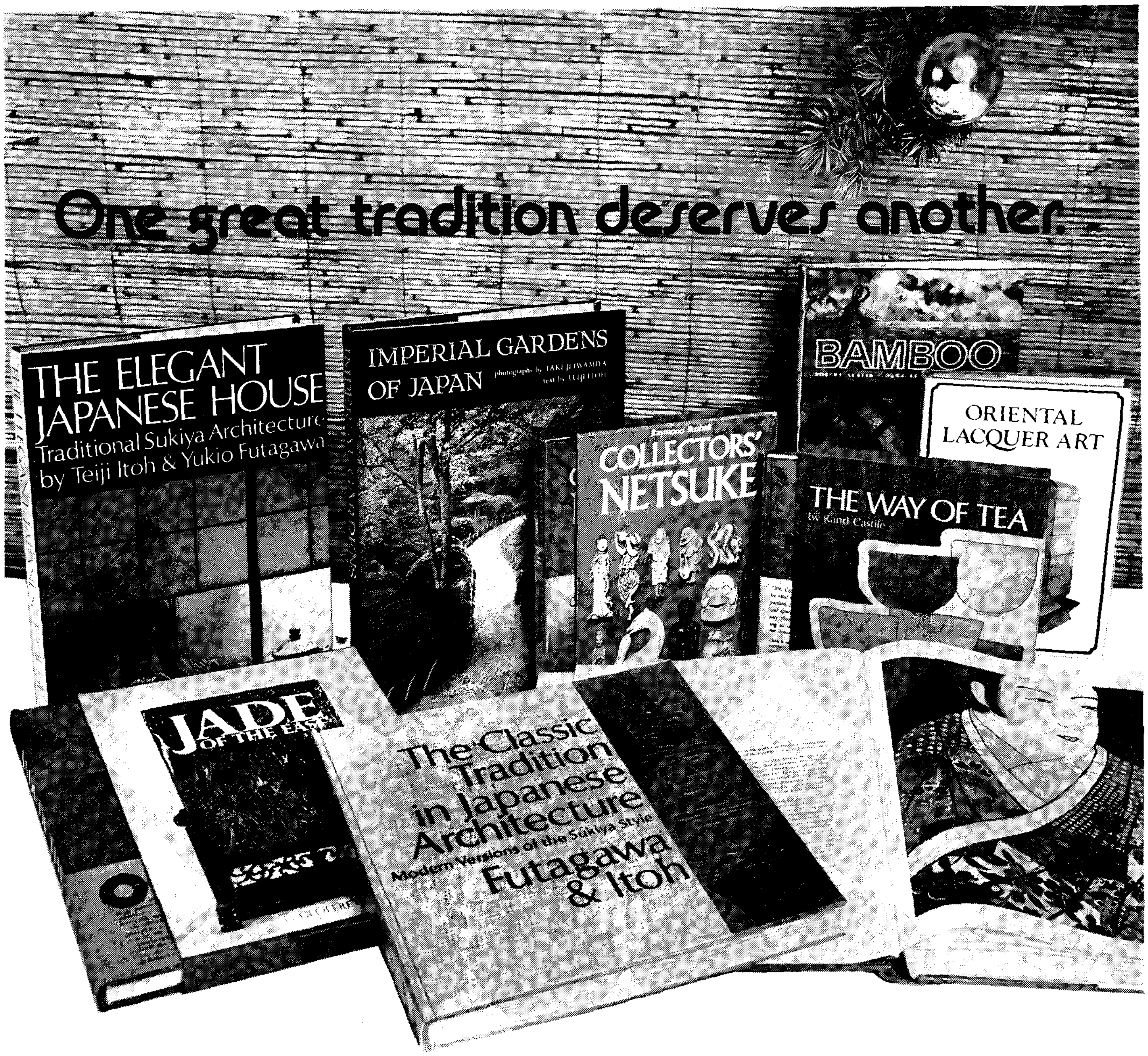
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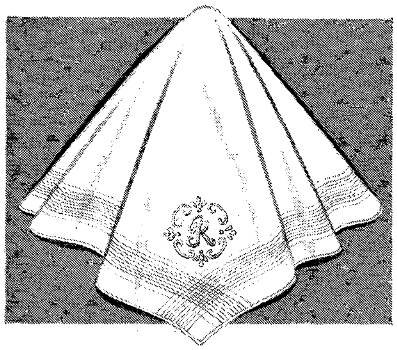

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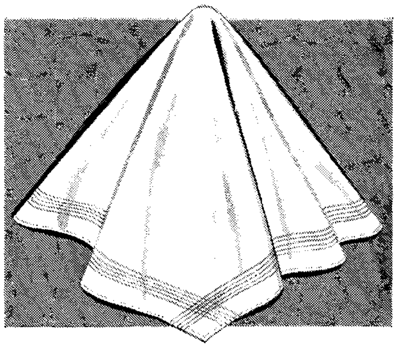

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he already has a wife. "Waltzing Matilda," the Australian classic of the outback, by A. B. Paterson, has been robustly illustrated by Desmond Digby in lugubrious shade and hot bright light; I suppose a glossary is mandatory, but it seems a pity, since "billabong" and "jumbuck" and "tuckerbag" are such grand strange words that they lose their gumption in translation. Any child worth his salt can construe them to suit his fancy (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Nonny Hogrogian, whose eye is wry, has selected a group of Mother Goose rhymes about love and made them into a pretty little book, "One I Love, Two I Love," published by Dutton. Since I first heard it, I have always been bewitched by "The Twelve Days of Christmas," and Brian Wildsmith's exuberant, resonant version of it, published by Watts, does as much as anything can to reconcile me to the tribulations of Yuletide. Arthur Rackham, the prolific Victorian illustrator of children's books, is represented this year by Viking's reissues of his "Cinderella" and "The Sleeping Beauty," both told by C. S. Evans. In each of these, Rackham uses silhouette, but in "Once Upon a Time," a collection of children's classics, his drawings are detailed, and many of them are in color. This book is expensive ($14.95), but, considering the immoral cost of a great many (indeed, *most*) of the books I have already mentioned, it may well be the bargain of the year, for it contains "Rip Van Winkle," seven tales of the Brothers Grimm, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," three of the Lambs' "Tales" from Shakespeare, "A Christmas Carol," a number of Aesop's "Fables," and "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens." It is edited by Margery Darrell, who writes a succinct and illuminating sketch of the artist, and in general it is so pleasing to hold (its heft is comfortable), so easy on the eye (the print does justice to the marvellous illustrations), and such good reading (nobody will be the wiser if you skip "A Christmas Carol") that I recommend it as the best buy I have encountered. "Red Riding Hood" is most successfully retold in verse by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers, and Edward Gorey shows how he thinks that dumb little girl looked: she has a very plain mug and she appears quite old and anxious, but one likes her even though one gets the impression that conversation with her would be an uphill job (Atheneum). A bit of fluff but with engaging pictures is "Good-Night, Owl!," by Pat Hutchins (Macmillan), in which a real slob of an owl keeps everybody awake at night because he has

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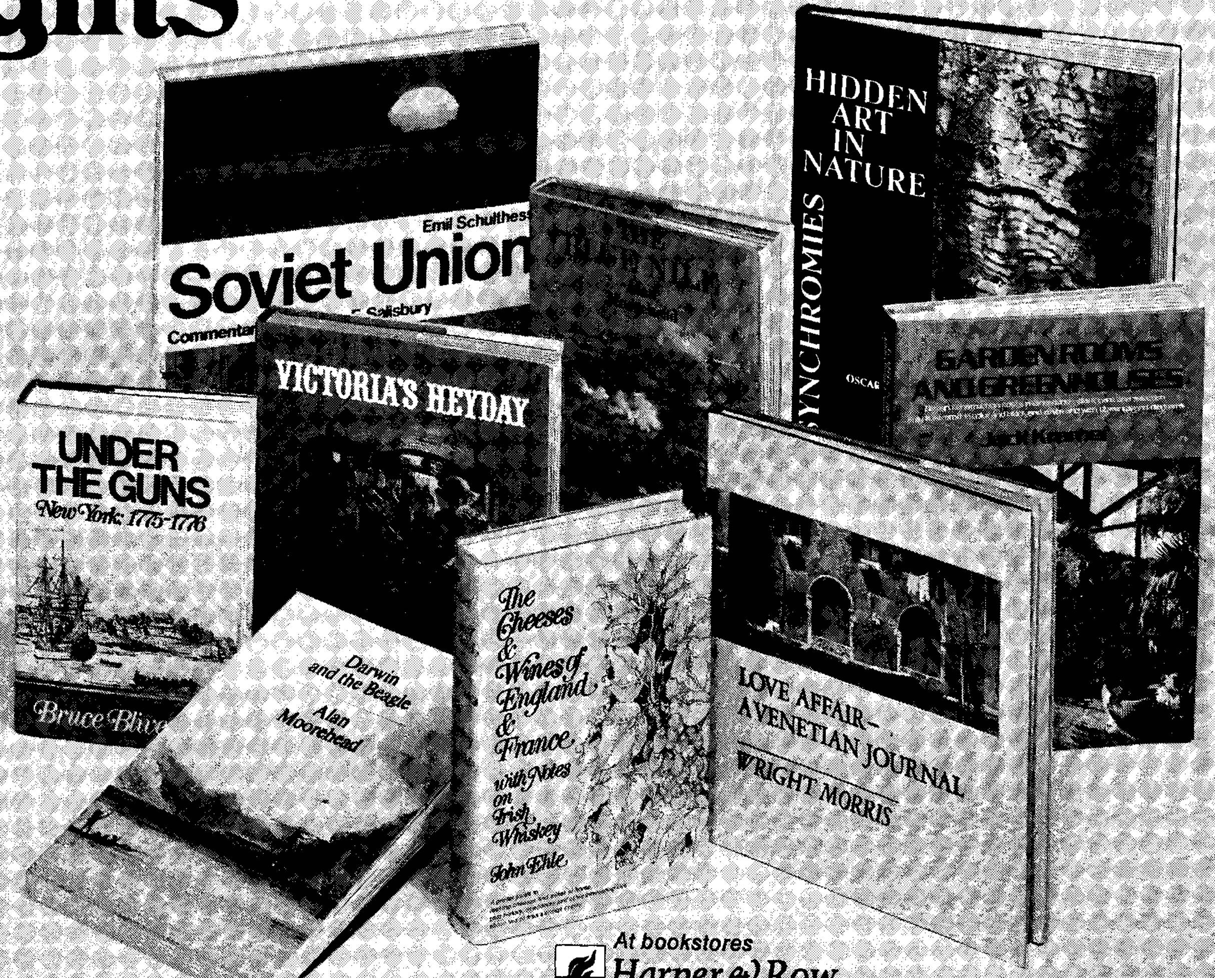
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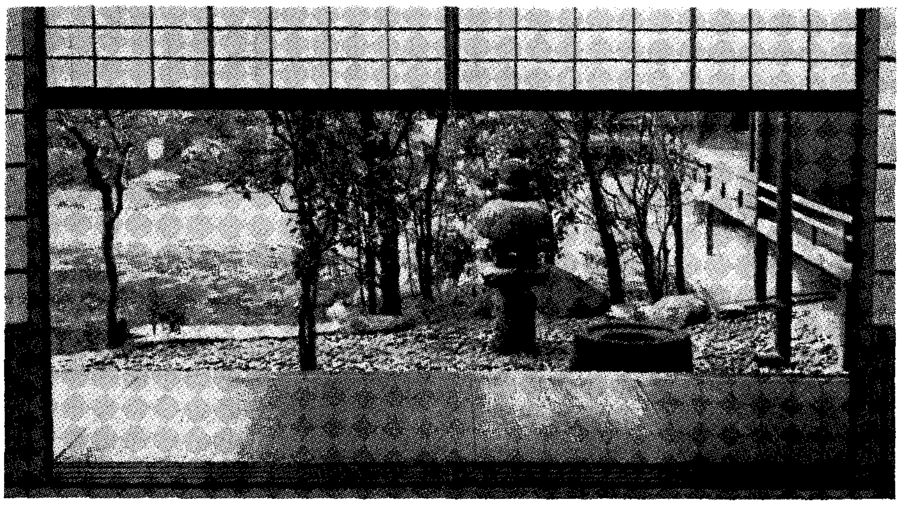

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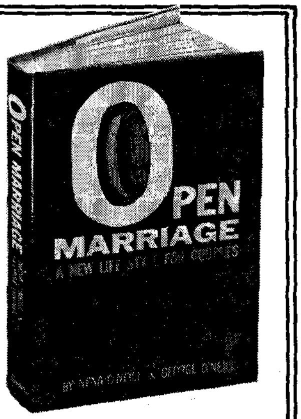

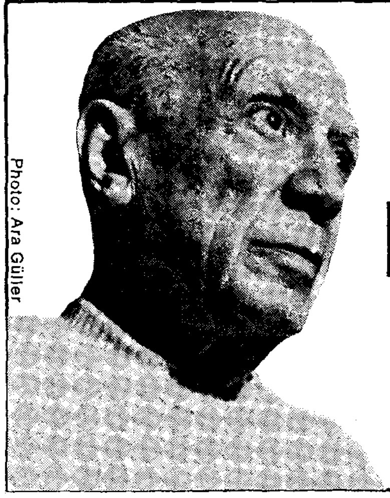

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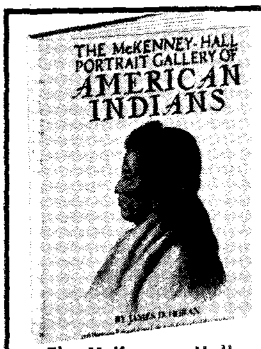
been kept awake all day. "Good Neighbors," written and illustrated by Diane Redfield Massie (McGraw-Hill), is meant, I feel, to point a moral—the title suggests that—but it isn't solemn and it isn't complicated, and the great stumblebum Ratty, who tries to share Mouse's tidy pad without asking leave, is, in the end, such a dear that you can't help liking him, and, anyhow, he heroically saves the day when a badger who is *really* a thug threatens Mouse's life.

William Steig's "Dominic" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is an awfully do-gooding dog, but, leery as I am these days of social messages (for citizens from nine to ninety-nine), I like him very much. With no especial purpose in mind, Dominic, who is a year and a half old (a hound, I judge, or a corollary thereof), sets forth one bonny day to look around the world, packing with him a collection of hats, his piccolo, and a bandanna of provisions, including a lot of sardines. He runs up against some ugly customers—the Doomsday Gang (a fox, a ferret, and a weasel), who have been harrying the peaceful creatures of the woods—but he outwits them and restores law and order. Mr. Steig may have intended something portentous here, but I don't think he did, and I really don't care: I am touched when Dominic fondly howls for joy at the sheer beauty of nice smells, and I was very nearly moved to tears when, in a wondrous garden, he comes upon his intended, "in a room where candles flickered and moonlight streamed through stained-glass windows, illuminating a canopied bed where the most beautiful dog he had ever seen lay sleeping. She was black and shimmered in patterns of luminous purple, yellow, green, blue, and carmine from the windows. She looked unreal." But she is real. Her name is Evelyn.

"TROLLS," by Edgar and Ingri d'Aulaire (Doubleday), is a magnificent treasury of Norwegian lore, told with such ease that the scholarship, which must have been considerable, is adroitly concealed and the reader is aware only of the dreadfully enticing world of the trolls. Trolls, who have no souls, love to have their heads scratched, and because they often have twelve heads they must maintain a sizable staff. There are other disadvantages to a plethora of heads: twelve headaches are a dozen times worse than one, and because the creatures have only two hands their arms get worn out shoving food into twelve mouths. Hence, twelve hunger head-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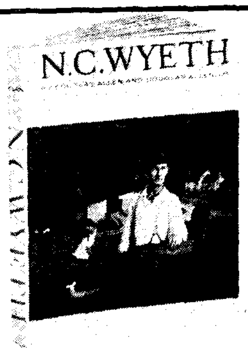

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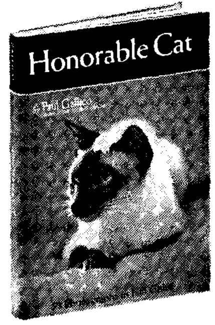
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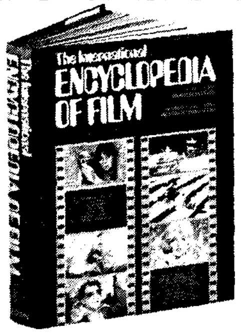
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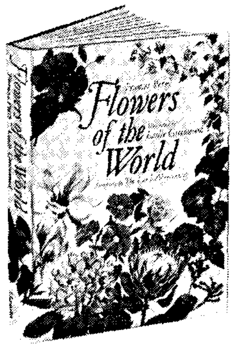
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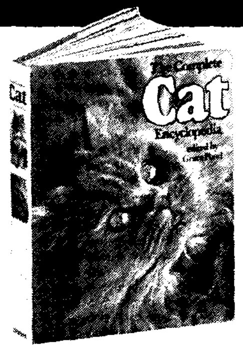
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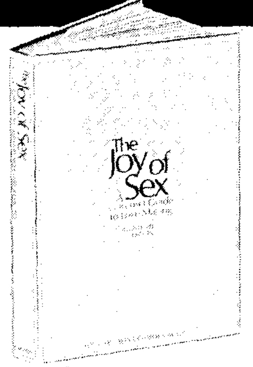
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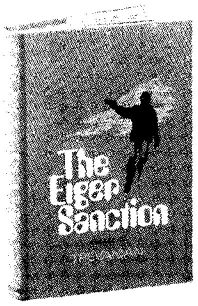
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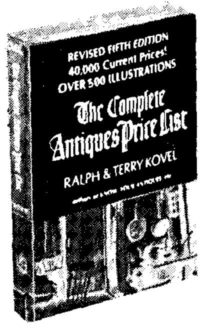
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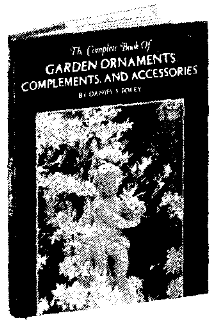
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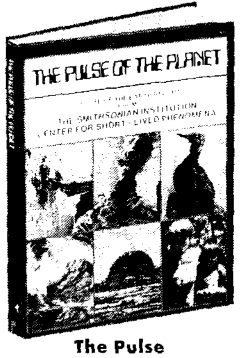
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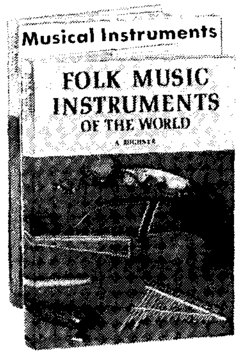
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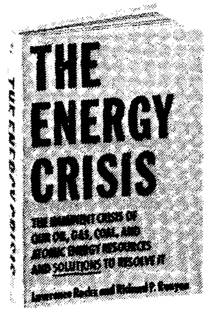
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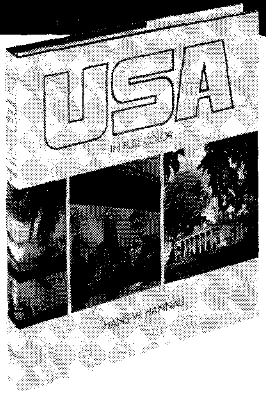

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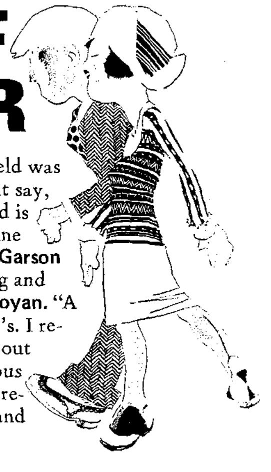

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aches. Trolls live under the earth in palaces of glittering gold and glittering jewels, they live under the sea, they live in the woods. The girls of their relatives, the hulder-people, are beautiful—from the front. But they have long cowtails, and "when a young man heard an enticing song and saw a beautiful girl leading a herd of small black cows on the lonely highlands, he had better make sure that one of the cowtails did not belong to her." For she would enthrall him and entice him underground, and then he would lose his soul. The text is drolly admonitory; the pictures are screechingly, hideously, marvellously awful.

"Caroline at the King's Ball," told by Jean le Paillot, with pictures by Florence (Parents' Magazine Press), is one of the most gratifying stories I have read in a long time. Caroline is a cow, and she does indeed go to the king's ball, wearing a frock belonging to her farmer's wife, since they often wear each other's clothes. Her corsage is a cauliflower, and she captivates the king, who, learning that she makes his cheese, would doubtless wed her if things were not biologically impossible even in nobly democratic France.

"The Bear Who Had No Place to Go," by James Stevenson (Harper & Row), is not as elegiac as the title suggests: Ralph, a circus bear, gets the sack because his bicycling act is obsolete, but he fetches up in the woods, where he belongs, and, after a long, refreshing snooze in striped pajamas, he wakes up for springtime romps with a batch of true-blue new friends.

"What's the Matter with Carruthers?," by James Marshall (Houghton Mifflin), also deals with a bear; this one has become quite unlike his usual sanguine and courteous self, but Emily, a tuba-playing pig, and Eugene, a turtle who has a tambourine, realize that he has forgotten to go to bed for the winter. They put his nightcap on, pull up the covers, and set the alarm for March or thereabouts. All's well.

"Play Ball, Amelia Bedelia," by Peggy Parish, with pictures by Wallace Tripp, is a Harper I Can Read Book. Amelia Bedelia, the sweet, dumb housemaid and the pet of the kids on the block, is as reliably dumb and sweet as ever.

"The Sea-Thing Child," by Russell Hoban, with pictures by Abrom Hoban (Harper & Row), is as delicate as a feather and as evanescent as froth, and I am not quite sure why it works, but it does; it is a charmer.

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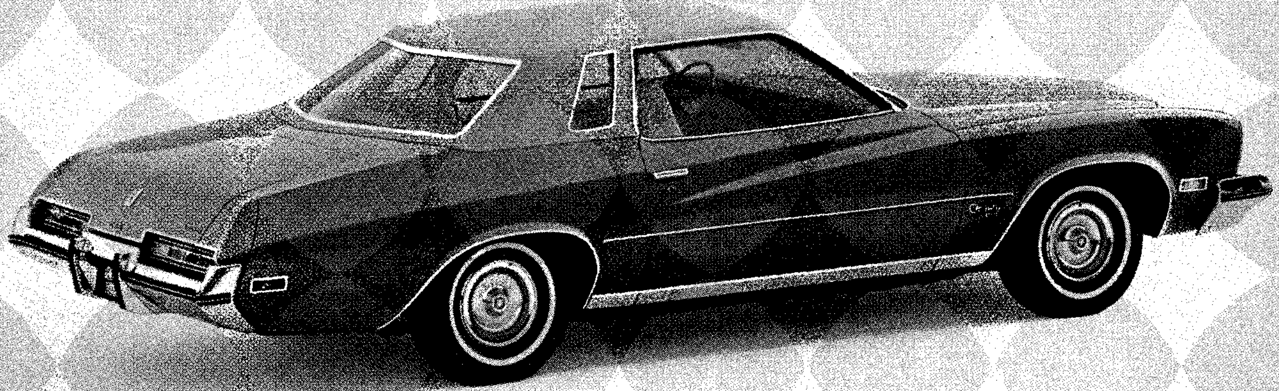

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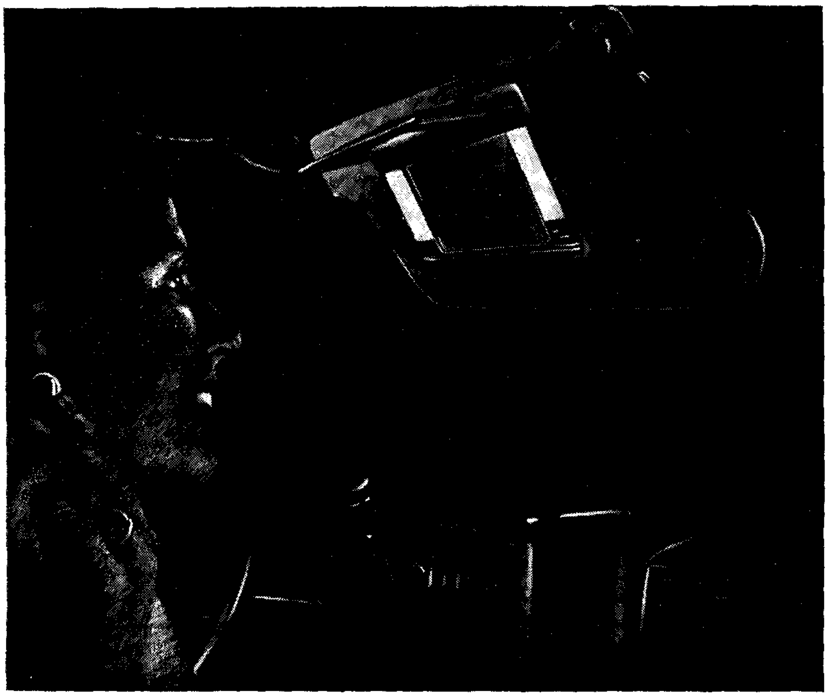
Woman Who Lived in a Vinegar Bottle," Rumer Godden, who retells the tale, says that it was a favorite on hair-washing nights: "The two went so well together that the story is always connected in my mind with the warmth of the fire seen through tangles of wet hair, the smell of damp towels, and the fresh scent of shampoo." She's right; I mean to read it every hair-washing night, which happens, in my house, to be Saturday. The book is published by Viking and is illustrated by Mairi Hedderwick.

"The Bratchets," written by Edith Holden Cooke and illustrated by Lansing C. Holden (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), is a smart little gingersnap about a family of foxy-looking mules or mulish-looking foxes. The children run away from home and build a house in a hollow tree. The house is super, and when the lonesome parents join the fugitives, everything is nifty-peachy.

Do not miss Maurice Sendak's version of Frank Stockton's wonderful "The Griffin and the Minor Canon." The artist and the author were made for each other, and Holt, Rinehart & Winston was at once brilliant and kind to publish it as a Holt Owlet for a small—well, *smallish*—sum of money.

"The Mathematical Princess and Other Stories," by Robert Nye, illustrated by Paul Bruner, and published by Hill & Wang, is ingenious and funny and at times unusually laudable, but to tell the truth (perhaps I was tired and wanted to slip into some old shoes) I really had a better time rereading Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "Understood Betsy," illustrated by Martha Alexander and published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston. I sighed as impatiently as ever at protective Aunt Frances and as nimbly as ever climbed the Northern Spy tree with Cousin Ann and her apple basket. And I was mightily pleased when a sleek, slim new edition of "The Young Visiters" came to light. This one, published by Doubleday, is illustrated by William Pène du Bois. I still think that J. M. Barrie invented Mr. Salteena and Ethel Monticue, but since Daisy Ashford died not long ago (according to the press, at any rate), she must have lived, and I am prepared to accept, with reservations, the fact that a sober little Victorian girl wrote this fine, sober little Victorian romance. A year in which the Peruvian bear Paddington Brown shows up ("Paddington Abroad," by Michael Bond, with pictures by Peggy Fortnum, and published by Houghton Mifflin) and Margery Sharp's soignée (yet down-to-earth) white mouse, Miss Bianca ("Miss Bianca



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and the Bridesmaid," with pictures by Erik Blegvad, and published by Little, Brown), reappears is not a year altogether down the drain. I am afraid I do not find either Paddington or Miss Bianca quite up to snuff this time, but, after all, in the long run you judge a winner by his past performances.

HOW many long tons of books for young children there are each year! It saddens me to scamp so many, and it saddens me, as well, to know that nearly countless works of worth reach me too late in the year or not at all. At the risk of appearing irrelevant to the reader, I would like to address myself to the publisher who postpones publication until the eleventh hour to nab the Christmas trade. His mercantilism, while vile, is understandable, but it frustrates doing justice to his merchandise.

Here, then, is a list of titles I recommend, wishing it were only April and that I had the output capacity of a computer to report with more substance and condiment:

"Mouse Tales," an I Can Read Book (Harper & Row), by Arnold Lobel—seven goofy spoofs.

"The Sly Old Cat," written and illustrated by Beatrix Potter in 1906, and published now, for the first time, by Warne.

"Master of All Masters," a humdinger of an English folktale, illustrated, with great wit and delight, by Marcia Sewall (Atlantic-Little, Brown).

"The Three Billy Goats Gruff," with pictures by Marcia Brown. A Harcourt Brace Jovanovich Voyager Book, and a surefire caprice.

FOR those who have outgrown nonage ("young adult" and "teenager" both smack of the Binet-Simon testing laboratories, and I avoid the terms whenever I can) I advocate with delight, and surprise (possibly unfair), Watts' reissue of "The Importance of Being Earnest," illustrated by Alan Lee, and "The Cocotte and Three Other Stories," by Guy de Maupassant, illustrated by Howard Baer. Mr. Lee's drawings for Wilde are appropriately snide and thereby sympathetic to the first-time voter's cold eye. I like, too, Mr. Baer's interpretation of "The Cocotte," known to nearly all of us as "Boule de Suif," one of the most touching and edifying moralities of modern literature; de Maupassant is rarely deep to fathom, but the embellishments of his truisms satisfy: we wish every now and again to be reminded that the whore has a heart of gold and will share her

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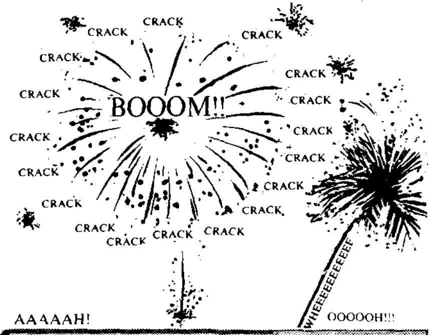

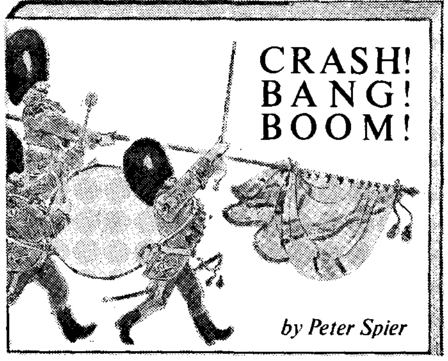
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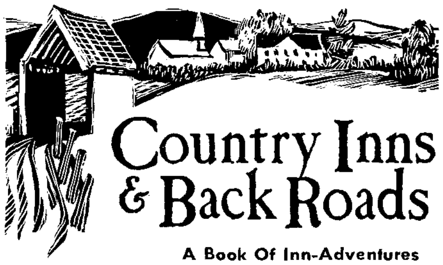

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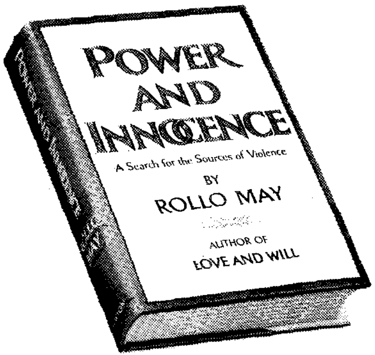
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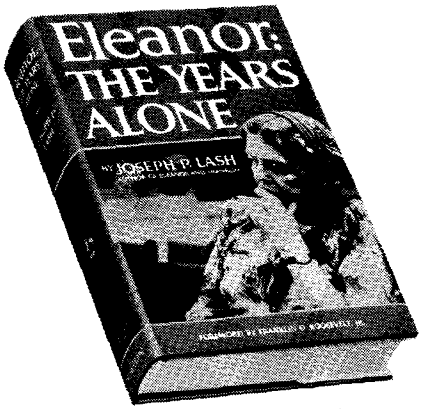
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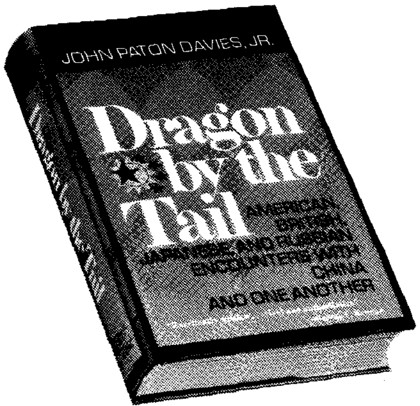
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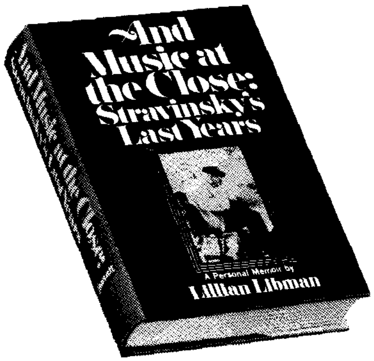
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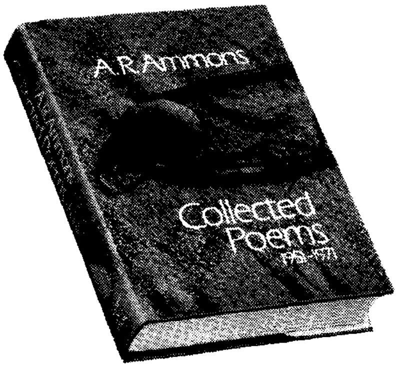
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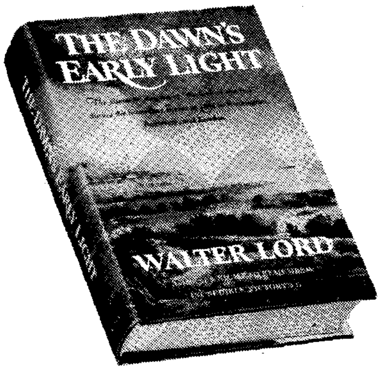
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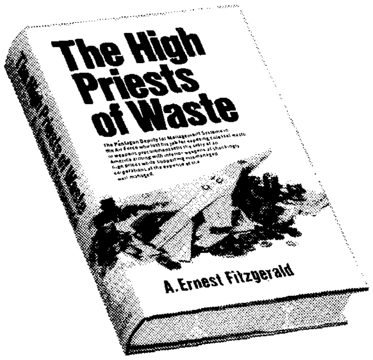
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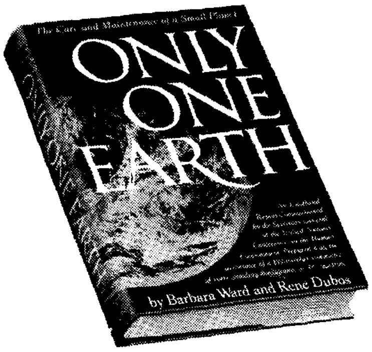
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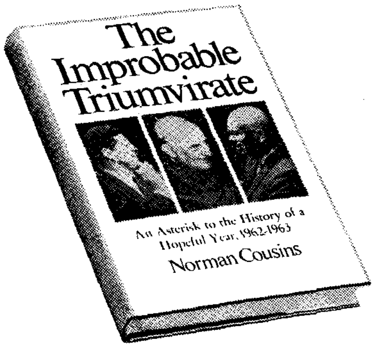
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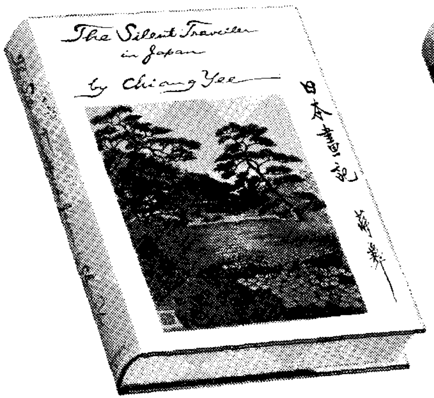
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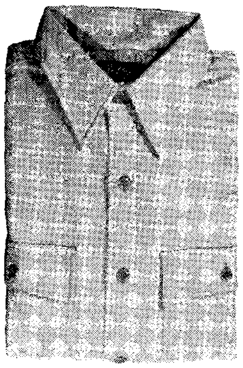

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bird and bottle with the famished, and that then the righteous famished, once relieved of their hunger, will be righteous again and stone the altruistic sinner. I also rejoiced to see a quite splendid edition of the satirical tall tales of Till Eulenspiegel, translated by Paul Oppenheimer from the Strasbourg text of 1515 (Wesleyan University Press). The Low Saxon or Mittelhochdeutsch translation of the roguish folk hero's name is, says Mr. Oppenheimer, " 'owl mirror' and, metaphorically, and also more to the point, 'wise mirror' or 'wise reflection.' " Till is, from all visible evidence, a Simple Simon, a rube with new-strewn seeds of hay behind his ears, but he has mother wit aplenty and he uses his ignoramus, boorish ways to confound and dumbfound and bring down to size the nobility and the clergy and the tradespeople and, most of all, the innkeepers. He is coarse and scurrilous and, not to put too fine a point on it, infamous, but he is as gifted a clown as they come. It has often been proposed that Eulenspiegel represents the country bumpkin who, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, began to resent the toplofty ways of the townsman. I doubt, alas, whether Mr. Oppenheimer's distinguished contribution will be widely appreciated, because our world has grown too sociologically conscious to make jokes about social consciousness.

In "Goldengrove," by Jill Paton Walsh (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), we are introduced to the cousins Madge and Paul, both children of broken homes, whose summers are serene and happy because they are spent at their grandmother's seaside house in Cornwall. This year, Madge is twelve, and she grows out of childhood through her friendship with a blind scholar deserted by his wife. She guides him on walks over precipitous paths and she reads to him; it seems a trifle thick of him to ask a twelve-year-old to read William Empson's "Seven Types of Ambiguity" aloud, but there's no accounting for certain kinds of Englishmen. The girl's growing pains are familiar and the stirrings of her compassion are unremarkable; the edginess between her and her scholar are plainer than day. But Mrs. Paton Walsh has told her old tale freshly and immediately, and with surpassing kindness for everyone involved.

The cozy grandmother (*her* seashore is Massachusetts) of Jerry and her younger brother, Freddy, has lately died, and the children's prospect for summer is dismal—with Grandfather, a clergyman given to embarrassing out-

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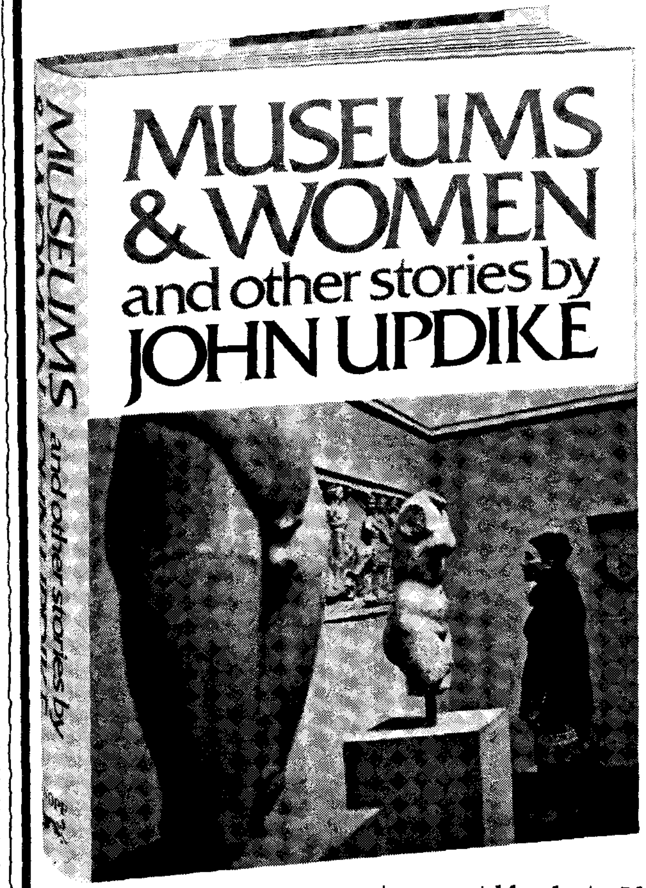
bursts of emotion over his widowerhood, and Aunt Edith, who teaches Latin and whose general style is that of mild but nettling reprimand. But there is a mystery laid away in the shambling old house, The Haven, once Grandmother's warm and unneurotic bailiwick, and the mystery (to do with the chills and thrills of rum-running) is tantalizingly unravelled in "The Secret of the Crazy Quilt," by Florence Hightower (Houghton Mifflin)—an adventure that is brisk, probable, and (what in these times is remarkable) intelligent. Freebootery is an attractive subject, and the shenanigans that were generated by the Volstead Act are Grand Guignol, whether enacted in Cicero and Chi or in the North Atlantic, superlatively hospitable in its hidden harbors and covering coves.

AT the top of my list of new fiction for the post-Poppins reader is "Deathwatch," by Robb White (Doubleday), a novel that has nearly everything: action so fast it makes your heart race, suspense so taut that it curls your toes, a moral battle that outrages the mind and breaks the heart. Mr. White's setting is the California desert, and he makes terrifying use of its brutalizing heat and the mean sagacity of the ancient earth. His villain is at once not to be believed and monstrously recognizable. For most people, it is hard to credit naked evil: this is Mr. White's subject, and he handles it with fearsome legerdemain. This book should win a distinguished award.

"When Hitler Stole Pink Rabbit," by Judith Kerr (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan), may convey some of the terror and the degradation of being a child refugee from the Nazis, but the nine-year-old narrator, Anna, though she moves one, is a little wistful and limp; her wanderings, from Switzerland to France to England, weary more than they dismay, and because her whole family remains together almost all the time the reader cannot work up much anxiety over her. Still, the Second World War is a fact of life as important as birds and bees, and Miss Kerr's introduction to one grievous aspect of it is not to be dismissed.

Much more exciting and therefore much more instructive is "Petros' War," by Alki Zei, translated from the Greek by Edward Fenton and published by Dutton. Petros, ten, is a fierce and inventive member of the Resistance in Athens. He cannot alleviate the wretchedness of his people—they are dying of starvation; the oc-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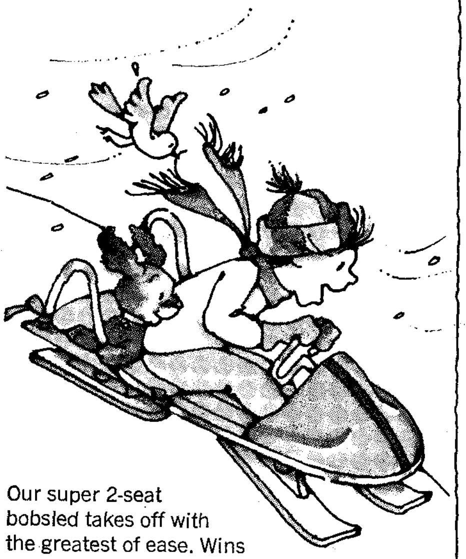

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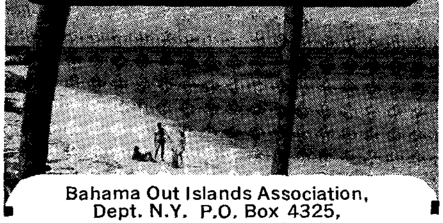

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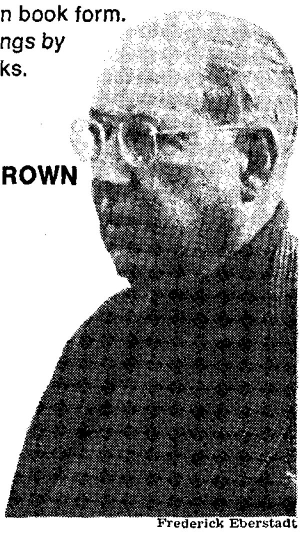
cupying Fascisti don't even leave them enough garbage to sustain them, though what there is of it they gobble ravenously—but he can bedevil the Germans and the Italians by painting protesting slogans and slashing tires. Brought up, like all Greeks, on a tradition of suppression, occupation, and the impassioned fight for freedom (the cycle that has been going on for centuries), Petros, aged by famine and cold and futile rage, thinks, "Something has happened to all of us. . . . It was as though the Germans had put them all under a spell, like the character in the story whose heart was turned into a stone. . . . 'And Dame Vassilo said "Och!" and her heart turned to stone when she saw the Turks cut down her husband and her children before her very eyes. . . . And tears did not spring forth to cool his fevered eyelids. The lava of grief had dried them up.' "

IT had been my hope that the collection of Hemingway's "The Nick Adams Stories," in one volume (Scribners, with a preface by Philip Young), might offer a way of bridging the gap between "Winnie-the (or La)-Pooh" and "Crime and Punishment," and that the adolescent heart laid bare by a responsible writer would allay the embarrassment that can take form either in sub-Spillane anti-intellectualism or Rilkean *Weltschmerz*. I have found out that I am wrong, but my disappointment, almost complete, did not surprise me. One might expect Hemingway's emotional terrain to be familiar to today's fledglings, whether they are pinioned or are *Wandervögel*, but it is not. The pastures are green, but the grass, somehow, is too bedewed for immediate use—either for eating or for smoking.

THERE is this year the usual spate of soul-searching but bravely wisecracking novels about abortion, women's lib, the Jane Fonda syndrome, and the reasons packs of rat finks change their coats. The fun isn't good and it isn't clean, and, fortunately, it is not the kind of fun that sticks to the ribs. So it can all go in the chuck-out bin.

In "An Explanation" to the most recent appearance of "The Rainbow Dictionary for Young Readers," by Wendell W. Wright (World), the publishers say, without a hint of a blush or a stammer, "The words chosen are those that occur most frequently in a consolidation of eight word lists for children from five to



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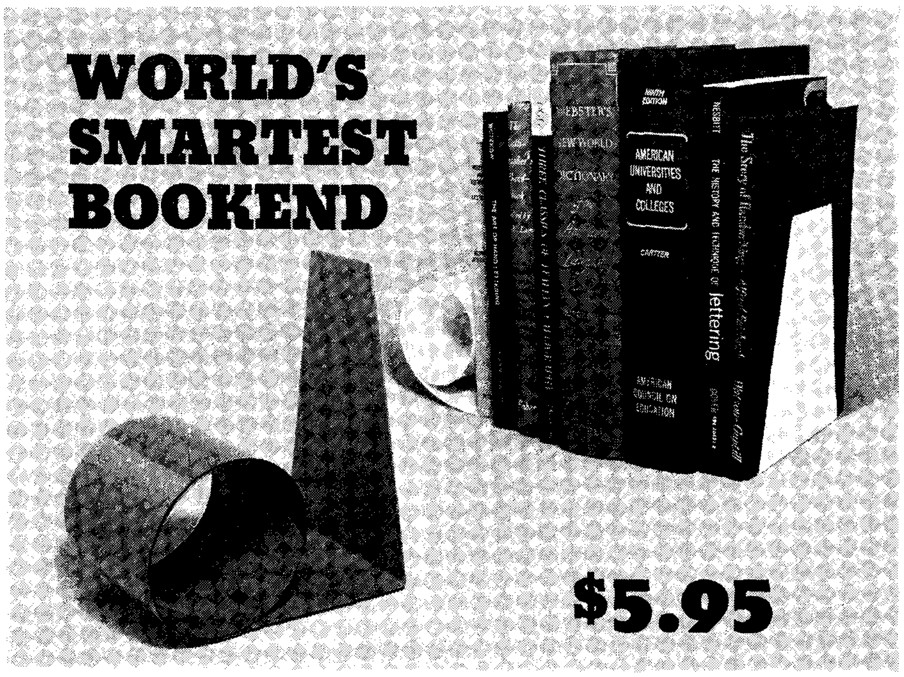
eight years old. . . . Of the last two [lists], one was based on the most commonly read children's books, the other on an analysis of the comic pages of standard Sunday newspapers sampled over a period of one year. The vocabulary of *The Rainbow Dictionary* . . . is thus based almost entirely on frequency. . . . Consistency of style . . . has been disregarded wherever it seemed that to do so would be helpful to the young reader. The parts of verbs given, for instance, are those most frequently used, rather than any regular number of parts chosen merely for the fact that they are, say, the present, past, and future tenses." This subversive manifesto was issued a number of years ago, and is referred to in this review only because I missed it when it first appeared. Pent-up apoplexy is bad for me, so I shall simply reveal and revile World's early misdemeanor. (I can, however, grant World probationary absolution, because this year it has published a Larousse in English—that supremely useful two-in-one dictionary and encyclopedia.) I do not understand why there should be lexicographers for the nursery set, and I am serious about my bewilderment. For that matter, why should a college freshman consult an abridged dictionary that deprives him of the origin of the word, its nationality, and the permutations of changing custom that brought it to its present use? Language diluted and adulterated is not quite what stylists like Hippocrates and Henry Adams had in mind.

TO the literate young history buffs on my list this year (its length does not impress) I am going to give Constance Fecher's first-rate life, "The Last Elizabethan," of Sir Walter Raleigh (Farrar, Straus & Giroux); "King Philip's War," by Louise Dickinson Rich (Watts); "Bloody Kansas: 1854-65," by James P. Barry (Watts); "Hunted Like a Wolf: The Story of the Seminole War," by Milton Meltzer (Farrar, Straus & Giroux); "Rum, Slaves, and Molasses: The Story of New England's Triangular Trade," by Clifford Lindsey Alderman (Crowell-Collier); "The Scopes Trial: The State of Tennessee v. John Thomas Scopes," by Mary Lee Settle (Watts); and "Seven Arrows," by Hyemeyohsts Storm (Harper & Row), a monumental novel by a young Cheyenne about the Indians of the Plains, their ancient history, and their annihilation. Discursive and naïve, this book invites a good deal of skipping,



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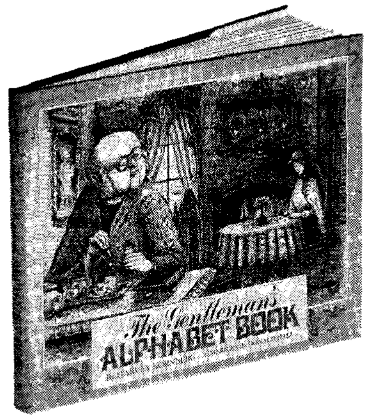

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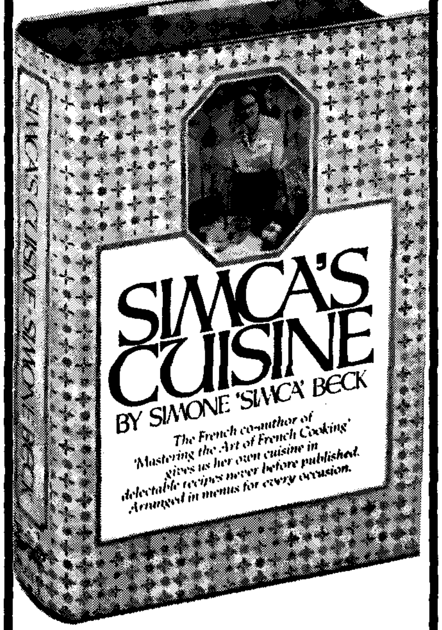

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but the oases are worth the saharas. Margaret Hodges' "Hopkins of the Mayflower: Portrait of a Dissenter," published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, will go to my keen, attractive juniors. It will be observed that I favor the American historical scene this year for my bright young friends, and I do so for the simple reason that these books are the best written and the least pedagogic. I had looked forward to a series Doubleday is publishing under the general editorship of Antonia Fraser, whose "Mary Queen of Scots," of a few years ago, was such a triumph of scholarship and passion, but I was disappointed in "The Life and Times of Charles II," by Christopher Falkus, and I didn't finish "Edward VII," by Keith Middlemas. It would be pretty hard to go wrong on a story of the tried-and-trusted Loch Ness Monster, and Elwood D. Baumann's lowdown (of that very title, published by Watts) on Nessie is short and snappy, as authoritative as the circumstances allow, and as chilling as they invite.

IF I had a naturalist pet (and I don't mean an ecology cat), I would introduce him to William Bartram, the eighteenth-century botanist and ornithologist, through Marjory Bartlett Sanger's affectionate biography, "Billy Bartram and His Green World" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Though he was in his way more influential than Audubon (and far more grand and gentle), his studies of American wildlife are surprisingly little known. This excellent life should lead to a reissue of his extensive "Travels," of which Carlyle wrote to Emerson, "All American libraries ought to provide themselves with that kind of book; and keep them as a future *biblical* article." Out of context—and I have not been able to find the whole letter—"*biblical*," italicized, seems dire. What was the dilemma Carlyle seemed to be predicting for the New World? But forget dire, dour old Carlyle and delight in Billy Bartram—wildly enthusiastic, Hellenically elegant in his style, and a fine man to have in our midst again. Thomas Jefferson thought highly of him, and Mr. Jefferson was a man of—well, how better to say it than "sense and sensibility."

—JEAN STAFFORD

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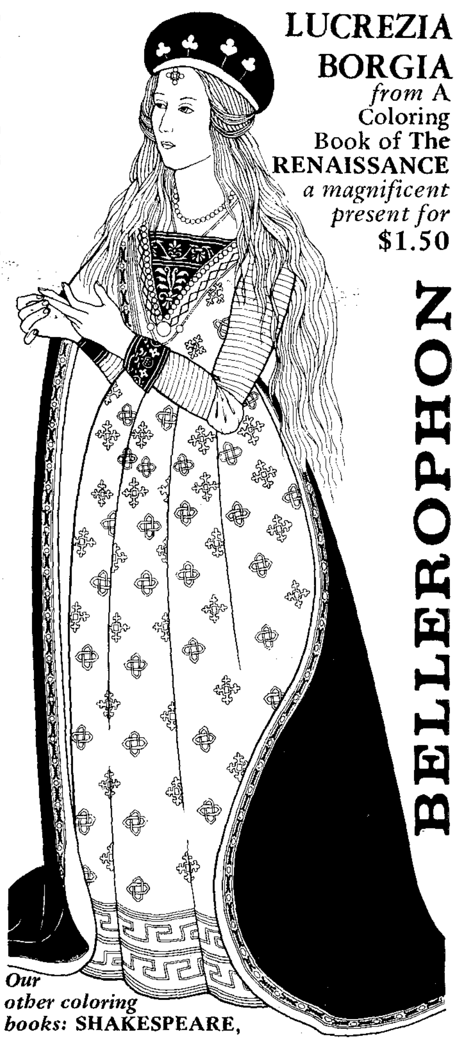

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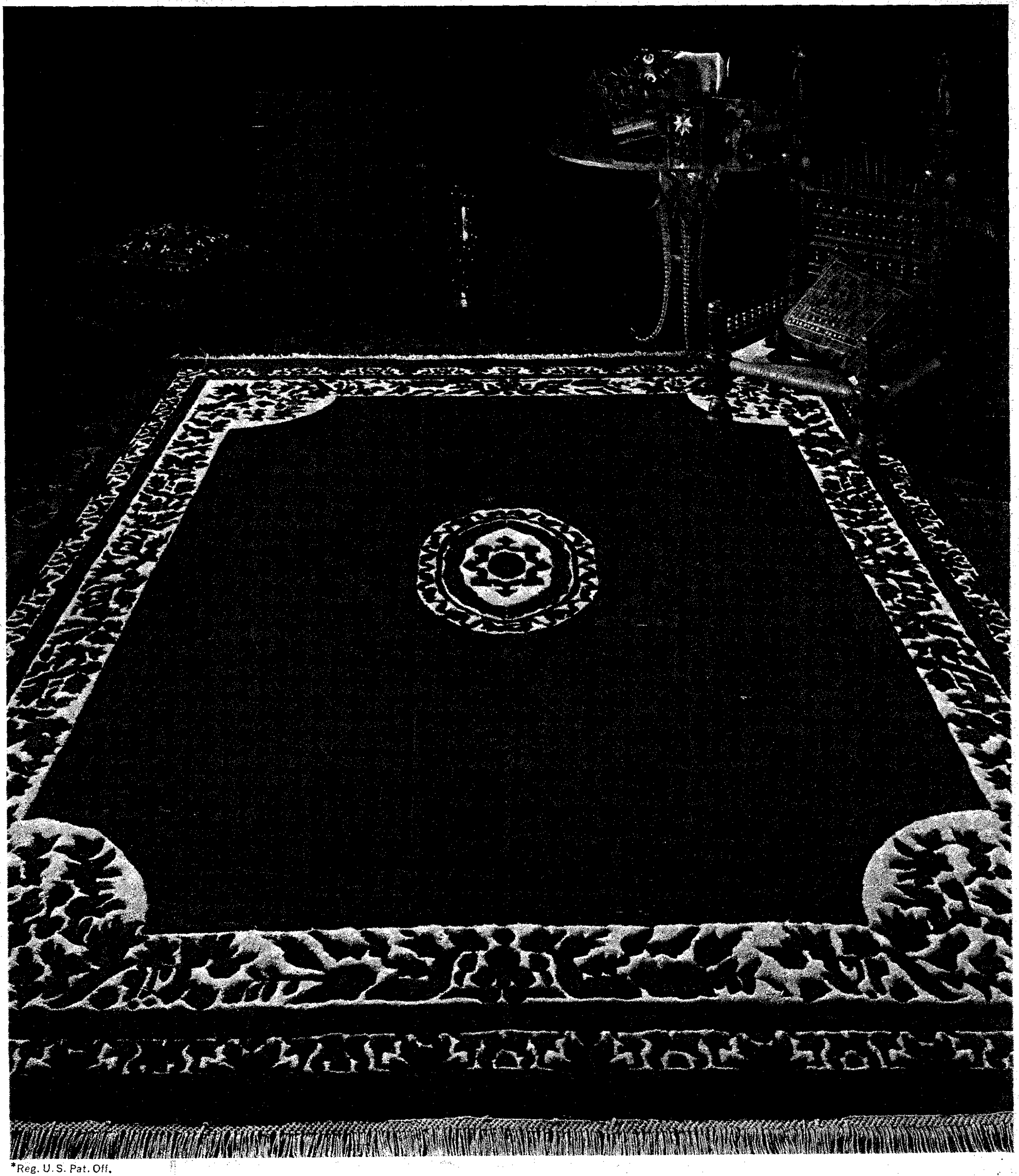

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